THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Volume 200, Number 33

FEB. 11, '28

5 cts.

Saint Valentine's Day

William Hazlett Upson—Lucian Cary—Gilbert Seldes—Joseph Hergesheimer
Fontaine Fox—Margaret Culkin Banning—George F. Worts—W. O. McGeehan

Will Your Pen Do It?

This illustrates Parker's new *Pressureless Touch*—capillary attraction combined with gravity feed makes the ink flow at the slightest contact with paper—Barrel now Non-Breakable.

This pen's *feather-light weight alone* is sufficient to start it writing instantly and keep it writing. Scarcely any pressure from your *fingers*, no effort, no fatigue. You simply *guide* this pen. Until you've written with it, you don't know what a fountain pen can do.

Doubly remarkable is this improvement, because the new Duofold is 28% *lighter* in weight than when made with rubber. Now we are using Parker Permanite, a new material. This pen, therefore, is one of the lightest writing instruments we know.

We've distributed this light weight evenly, thus finely balancing the Duofold—a feature known as "Parker Poise," resulting in an entirely new "*feeling*" in a fountain pen.

And last, but by no means least, Parker Permanite Material, while making the pen *lighter*, has made it *Non-Breakable* also. We have thrown these new Duofolds from an aeroplane 3,000 feet aloft, and from the rim of the Grand Canyon, and not one has broken!

But *Pressureless Touch* is most important because of its effect of taking all the *effort* out of writing. It clears the track for THINKING as no other feature in a fountain pen has ever done before. In this way it is almost like a *new writing invention*. Try it at your nearest dealer's before you buy a pen of any other kind.

Five smart colors—Lacquer-red, Lapis Lazuli Blue, Green Jade, Imperial Mandarin Yellow [new] and flashing Black and Gold—all black-tipped. Duofold Pencils to match.

Three sizes of pen barrels—the Over-size, the Junior and slender Lady Duofold, each offering six styles of pen points tempered to yield to any hand but proof against distortion from the shape you like.

Get all these Parker features by being sure to look for "Geo. S. Parker—DUOFOLD" imprinted on each pen or pencil. Don't let color only be your guide.

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY, JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN
OFFICES AND SUBSIDIARIES:
NEW YORK • BOSTON • CHICAGO • ATLANTA
DALLAS • SAN FRANCISCO
TORONTO, CANADA • LONDON, ENGLAND

$7 and $5, according to size

There is no reason today to pay more than Parker Prices for a fountain pen. You can't buy more than DUOFOLD EFFICIENCY, which will last you all your life.

The cost of highest quality is always lower when there is great demand. More than 17,000,000 Parkers are now in operation.

Thus Parker Popularity pays Parker Users an Extra Dividend in Lower Price.

Parker

For Lifelong Use— **Duofold** OVER-SIZE **$7**

Red and Black Color Combination Reg. Trade Mark U.S.Pat. Office

Parker Duofold Pencils to match Duofold Pens. The lead turns *out* for writing, *in* for carrying. $3, $3.50 and $4

IN DRESSING WELL ····

the First Essential is CORRECTLY CUT CLOTHES

When you choose your Spring Outfit, remember—a man might be rather careful of his general appearance and still not be well dressed.

To be sure the whole effect is right, he must first choose a correctly cut suit.

You know many men, no doubt, who are always coming out with a new tie—a fancy shirt—yet never appear really well dressed.

Very often the trouble is in the very foundation of the outfit—in the suit itself. Perhaps the shirt and tie harmonize beautifully—but are worn with a suit that crumples between the shoulders and neck. Or perhaps the shoes are smart and well polished—but appear beneath poorly shaped trousers which fail to drape properly over the calf.

Such mistakes as these can make all the difference between a well dressed man and one whose appearance is a liability.

They are mistakes in the *cut* of the clothes—which, of course, is the very basis of good appearance.

Discriminating men are learning more and more to do away with such faults in their clothes—by insisting on the correct cut.

Often at first a man has a hard time finding what he wants, but sooner or later—as usually happens—some good friend introduces him to Society Brand. And he finds that there actually *is* a kind of clothes with the character he is looking for.

All Society Brand Clothes have the exclusive Snug-Ease Shoulder assuring a smooth, snug effect at shoulders and neck.

A Society Brand suit fits snugly and smoothly about the neck and shoulders.

The buttons (sewed to stay on) are spaced with meticulous care. The lines of the lapels, waist and pockets are the work of skilled designers—masters of their craft. Every part of the suit is in keeping with every other—and the whole effect is right. *The cut is correct.*

With a Society Brand suit for the foundation, and well-chosen accessories, your Spring outfit is certain to be smart!

Suit Fabrics for Spring—

Briarcliffs ····

Worsted twists, exceptionally long wearing. Grays, browns, tans—with stripes of contrasting color. Between these, run more subdued stripes that you scarcely notice at first—colorful, remarkably rich! *Exclusive.*

New Bristol Stripes

These fabrics are tremendously popular with young men. Light tans, medium tans, grays, light browns—with stripes of bright contrasting color. Clear, vivid shades, such as come only from pure virgin wool. Wonderfully smart! *Exclusive.*

ALFRED DECKER & COHN, *Makers,* CHICAGO, NEW YORK · SOCIETY BRAND CLOTHES LTD., *Montreal*

Society Brand Clothes

IT'S THE CUT OF YOUR CLOTHES THAT COUNTS

AN ACTUAL LETTER FROM A P AND G HOME

"Dressed pretty" to suit their Georgia mammy's fussy notions...

Procter & Gamble, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Gentlemen:

I am a Southerner, and I believe there is no place in the world where they use more white clothes than in a well-to-do Southern home where there are several small children. My negro Mammy washes for my two children every day and has told me many times she "wouldn't nurse in a family where the baby didn't have plenty of clothes so you could dress it pretty."

It is a sight to see these old negro women out under the trees, with fires burning under their black iron pots, boiling the clothes. Not long ago they made their own lye soap, but nowadays we mistresses insist on P and G White Naphtha Soap. *It gets the clothes just as clean and makes them last lots longer.*

Your series of "Actual Visits to P and G Homes" has led me to write you. I am sorry you cannot visit our P and G home in Georgia because we are in New York for the present.

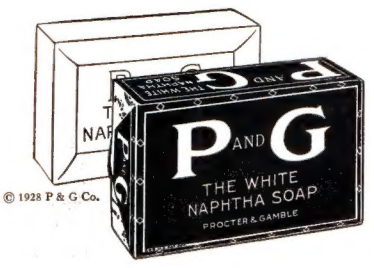
Sincerely, M. K. B.

"Gets the clothes clean and makes them last longer," quick-working and safe—P and G is used by more women than any other soap in the world.

This unequaled popularity means that P and G is made in enormous quantities. And since large-scale manufacturing costs less in proportion than small-scale manufacturing, a very large cake of P and G is sold to you for actually *less* than even ordinary soaps.

So—P and G costs less *because* it is so popular. And it is popular because *it really is a better soap.*

Free! *Rescuing Precious Hours.* "How to take out 15 common stains . . . get clothes clean in lukewarm water . . . lighten washday labor." Problems like these, together with newest laundry *methods*, are discussed in a free booklet—*Rescuing Precious Hours.* Send a post card to Dept. NE-2, Procter & Gamble, Cincinnati, Ohio.



© 1928 P & G Co.

The largest-selling soap in the world

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President

George H. Lorimer, First Vice-President
William Boyd, John B. Williams and Walter D. Fuller, Second Vice-Presidents
Philip S. Collins, Treasurer

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A° D¹ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Frederick S. Bigelow, A. W. Neall, Thomas B. Costain, Wesley W. Stout, B. Y. Riddell, Thomas L. Masson,
Associate Editors

Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia. Under Act of March 3, 1879. Additional Entry at Columbus, O., St. Louis, Mo., Chicago, Ill., Indianapolis, Ind., Saginaw, Mich., Des Moines, Ia., Portland, Ore., Milwaukee, Wis., St. Paul, Minn., San Francisco, Cal., Kansas City, Mo., Savannah, Ga., Denver, Colo., Louisville, Ky., Houston, Tex., Omaha, Neb., Ogden, Utah, Jacksonville, Fla., New Orleans, La., Portland, Me., Los Angeles, Cal., Richmond, Va., Boston, Mass.

Copyright, 1928, by The Curtis Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain. Title Registered in U. S. Patent Office and in Foreign Countries. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Can.

Volume 200 — *5c. THE COPY* — *PHILADELPHIA, PA., FEBRUARY 11, 1928* — *$2.00 By Subscription (52 issues)* — *Number 33*

THE WONDERS OF SCIENCE

I Stated Very Positively That I Was Not There to Knock the Other Man's Tractor, But——

By William Hazlett Upson

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

FARMERS FRIEND TRACTOR COMPANY,
MAKERS OF EARTHWORM TRACTORS,
EARTHWORM CITY, ILLINOIS

MARCH 4, 1921.

MR. ALEXANDER BOTTS, GIFFORD HOTEL, OMAHA, NEBRASKA.

DEAR MR. BOTTS: We have just received word that the road commissioners of Willow County, Nebraska, are to hold a meeting on Monday, March seventh, at the county seat, Willow Bend, for the purpose of considering the purchase of a tractor for use in grading and maintaining roads. We want you to attend this meeting and sell them an Earthworm tractor. As they already have our literature and have written us that they are interested, we feel sure that it will be very easy for you to close the deal with them.

Be sure to keep us informed of your progress in your daily reports. We are counting on you.

Very truly,
GILBERT HENDERSON,
Sales Manager.

FARMERS FRIEND TRACTOR COMPANY

SALESMAN'S DAILY REPORT

DATE: MARCH 7, 1921.
WRITTEN FROM: WILLOW BEND, NEBRASKA.
WRITTEN BY: ALEXANDER BOTTS, SALESMAN.

I received your letter in Omaha and came out here this morning. You were right when you informed me that the Willow County road commissioners were holding a meeting this afternoon for the purpose of considering the purchase of a tractor. I attended this meeting as you suggested. However, you were all wrong when you told me that it would be easy to sell them an Earthworm tractor. As soon as I explain the conditions here you will see that this is a very delicate proposition indeed. It is a very lucky thing that you sent out a man like myself, who is not only a good salesman but who also possesses a clear mind, is a diplomat and understands how to handle an unusually ticklish situation.

I will first relate what took place at the open meeting this afternoon, and I will then describe the dark and devious doings which happened after the meeting.

"Just Exactly How Much Would it Mean?" He Asked, Looking at Me With What I Can Best Describe as an Evil Gleam in His Eye

It was exactly three P.M. when I entered the courthouse and made my way to the room on the second floor where the meeting was to be held. The commissioners—four in number—were already there, and I was pained to observe that there was also a young man representing the Steel Elephant Tractor Company. The meeting was called to order by the chairman, a very large and imposing-looking gentleman by the name of George Terwilliger, and the Steel Elephant man was invited to address the commissioners on the subject of his tractor. During this address—which seemed to me very weak and lacking in all the elements of a good sales talk—I improved my time by unobtrusively looking over and sizing up the commissioners.

As I am a very good judge of men, I soon saw that three of the members were very weak sisters indeed, and that Mr. George Terwilliger was the boss bull of the herd. He is a man of very commanding presence, being over six feet tall and apparently weighing considerably more than two hundred pounds. In general I like big bozos such as this, but as soon as I saw Mr. Terwilliger I knew that I was not going to like him. For he had in his face a low, shifty, underhanded look that to a person of my straightforward nature was most disagreeable. Furthermore, his voice had an ugly nasal twang which grated most raucously on my sensitive eardrums. In spite of his unpleasant personality, however, he seemed to have the other members of the board pretty well buffaloed; he did practically all the questioning of the statements of the Steel Elephant man, and the rest of the commissioners deferred to him on all points.

After the somewhat feeble effort of the Steel Elephant salesman was completed, I arose and delivered a sales talk which was—if I do say so myself—even better than my usual performance along this line. Before the meeting, one of the commissioners had showed me a map of the county, had told me the number of miles of road to be maintained and had outlined a certain amount of new construction which they intended to do. At once I saw that this large and prosperous county had work enough for three or four tractors instead of the one they were thinking of buying. And when I was told that the county had fifteen thousand dollars in the treasury my mind was made up.

When I came to address the meeting I analyzed the county's needs in a masterly and thoroughly scientific manner, proving that—for the purpose of moving dirt in their new

He Sprang to His Feet, Grabbed His Chair, Whirled it Once Around His Head, and Brought it Down With a Terrific Crash on Top of the Phonograph

construction, for maintaining their old roads, for snowplow work in the winter and for miscellaneous other work—they would need one ten-ton Earthworm tractor at six thousand dollars and two five-tons at four thousand dollars each. By a strange coincidence, this added up to fourteen thousand dollars and left them one thousand dollars—plus whatever they could borrow—for various new graders, snowplows and other machinery which they would have to purchase.

I spent practically no time at all in pointing out the advantage of tractors over the horses which the county had been using heretofore. I could see that the commissioners were completely disgusted with their old-fashioned methods of doing work and were already sold on the idea of getting machinery. I did, however, touch lightly but very skillfully upon the subject of the Steel Elephant tractor. I stated very positively that I was not there to knock the other man's tractor, but I could not help alluding in a casual way to all the trouble they had had with Steel Elephants in Minneapolis, Kansas City and several counties of Iowa. I assured them that the Elephant was a good machine and that I was at a loss to understand why three of them—which had been sold to a contractor in Council Bluffs last year—were now deposited in a junk yard on the outskirts of that city.

I further stated that all the important financial writers in the country believed that the Steel Elephant Company was on the verge of bankruptcy, and I pointed out that all Steel Elephants would soon be orphaned tractors, for which the unfortunate owners could get neither service nor parts.

I then recited, with most convincing effect, my fourteen reasons why the Earthworm tractor is the best in the world, and concluded by giving some interesting statistics—which I made up as I went along—proving that the Earthworm is selling three times as rapidly as all other tractors combined.

As I sat down and observed the interest in the faces of everybody—and especially in the face of the big but somewhat disagreeable guy called Terwilliger—and as I considered the feeble and unconvincing chirpings of the Steel Elephant representative, I could see no valid reason why this sale should not go through.

At half-past four the meeting adjourned, it being agreed that there would be another meeting at three P.M. the day after tomorrow—March ninth—at which time they would make their final decision and sign up the orders for any tractors they decided to get. After handing out a copious supply of our beautifully illustrated folders and advertising material, I went back in a most optimistic frame of mind to the local hotel, which used to be called the Hopkins House, but which has recently been repainted and the name changed to Ye Olde Willow Inne.

So far everything had seemed perfectly straightforward and aboveboard, but I was soon to learn that appearances are often deceitful. Just before supper, as I was sitting in my room on the second floor of Ye Olde Willow Inne, a knock sounded on the door.

"Come in," I said. The door opened and Mr. George Terwilliger entered. "How do you do, Mr. Terwilliger?" I exclaimed, springing forward very cordially. "I am indeed honored. Take a chair. Make yourself comfortable. Have a cigar."

I have repeated my exact words, so that you can see I am still the live wire that I have always been. I am always eager—even in the case of a prospect who is personally distasteful to me—to show the greatest cordiality and good fellowship, and thus to break down, by kindness rather than force, whatever sales resistance I may chance to encounter.

'It's a nice day," I remarked as Mr. Terwilliger sat down and took my cigar.

"Yes," he said in his nasal yet oily voice.

"It's a nice little town you have here," I said, "and a most excellent hotel."

Note: I will admit that these last two statements were not entirely in accordance with the facts, but I always aim to be the polished diplomat even at the expense of absolute scientific accuracy.

"Yes," he said, "it is a nice little town; and the hotel is good enough for the people that usually stay here."

My quick mind at once detected that this remark might be a dirty crack at myself, and I was tempted to come back with some brilliant repartee that would have put this yokel in his place. But brilliant repartee, when directed against a prospect, is not good salesmanship, so I merely laughed good-humoredly.

For a moment or two my caller tapped and drummed nervously on the table with his large and powerful hands.

"That Earthworm tractor," he remarked after a while, "seems to be a pretty good machine."

"You bet," I said. "It is the finest machine in the world. You can rest assured that a man of my sales ability would not be wasting his time in selling anything but the very best."

"I suppose," he asked, "that it would mean a lot to you if we bought what you suggested—one ten-ton and two five-tons?"

"It would mean a lot to me personally," I replied, "and it would mean a lot to the company."

"Just exactly how much would it mean?" he asked, looking at me with what I can best describe as an evil gleam in his eye.

"I don't think I get the exact idea," I said.

At this point Mr. Terwilliger drew his chair very close to mine, looked about furtively, and lowered his voice to a whisper:

"How much would it mean to you? Would it mean as much as a thousand dollars?"

Even when whispering, his voice had that same nasty nasal twang.

"You can speak up, Mr. Terwilliger," I said. "This hotel is well built. The walls are thick and there is no chance of our being overheard. I don't think I quite understand," I went on. "Just what is it you are getting at?"

"Don't try to kid me," said Mr. Terwilliger. "You are a smart young feller, and you ought to be beginning to see what you got to do if you want to put through this deal."

"What I have got to do," I said, "is to convince the board that it is to their best interest to buy one ten-ton and two five-ton Earthworm tractors."

"Exactly! You got to convince the board—which means you got to convince me. Them other guys are nothing but a bunch of sheep, and whatever I say, they do. You must have seen that at the meeting this afternoon."

"Yes," I said, "I guess you are right on that point."

"You are an intelligent man," said Mr. Terwilliger. "Now, as a road commissioner, I am the servant of the people of this county."

"Exactly so."

"It is my duty to see that the county gets good machinery."

"Right."

"And I will never forget my duty. First, last and all the time, I am looking out for the best interests of the voters and taxpayers of Willow County. But on the other hand, I got to consider myself and my wife and children. A man's first duty is to his wife and children."

"That certainly sounds reasonable," I said.

"Yes, sir, I am a farmer and I am not rich. There is a big mortgage on my farm; I got a thousand-dollar payment coming due next month, and I ain't got the money to meet it."

"That certainly is tough," I said.

"It sure is. If I don't raise the money I am going to lose my farm, and I don't like the idea."

"Naturally."

"If I lose my farm," went on Mr. Terwilliger, "I would be down and out; me and my family would be thrown on the county, and it would cost the taxpayers far more than a thousand dollars to take care of us in our declining years. So I figure that my public duty to myself, to my wife, to my three darling children and to Willow County demands that I retain possession of my farm and continue as an honest, self-respecting and self-supporting citizen."

"Yes," I agreed, "it would certainly be a shame if you lost your property."

"I am glad to see," he answered, "that you look at it in a reasonable way. Now it has occurred to me," he went on, "that if you sell us three tractors all at once you ought to be willing to knock off a little something for such a large

It Gives Me Great Pleasure to Report

(Continued on Page 115)

OLD YARDSTICKS

By Floyd W. Parsons

THIS is not a fantastic tale about imaginary people on Mars, or about traveling to the moon by rocket. It is the true account of an amazing industrial romance; of a nation that is sure that profound forces have carried it into a new day where yesterday's philosophies are ineffectual and old yardsticks worthless.

It is a story of material success unequaled; of a country suddenly flooded with gold; of silk substituted for cotton; two motor cars displacing one; tastes elevated and desires multiplied; conservatism overcoming radicalism in politics and business; radicalism taking the place of conservatism in art, literature and the theater; newspapers for non-readers; and of spectacular developments that will so affect the course of life that forecast has become well-nigh futile.

Riding on the crest of a prosperity wave inclines us to turn away from the lessons of experience and encourages the acceptance of unproved doctrines. This is particularly true in a time like the present, when current conditions appear to have no parallel in history. Other nations are unable to comprehend what is going on in the United States, and we ourselves have only the faintest conception of what lies ahead, so confusing is the rapidity of change.

It was only yesterday when Michael Faraday was putting together bits of wire and steel in order to solve the problem of conveying electric current through a metal conductor over a short distance. Faraday did not even have any electricity to work with except that which he obtained from batteries similar to the ones we use for doorbells.

It is only a step back to the time when the dandies in Europe wore shoes equipped with high red heels, carried muffs and walking sticks, and even went so far as to wear patches of court-plaster on their cheeks. Sir Walter Scott and Lord Byron were among those who made fun of the crazy notion of getting light and heat from gas produced by the burning of coal.

Sugar was recognized only for its medicinal value. The discovery of oxygen was the sensation of the day, and no one had ever heard of the periodic system of the chemical elements.

America in the Good Old Days

THE European idea of early America was strange indeed. A French historian told how codfish were so thick off Newfoundland as "to prevent vessels making sail." It had been discovered already that corn whisky possessed a real kick and that corn bread was worth investigating. Sarsaparilla and sassafras were heralded as wonderful cure-alls. Tobacco was a plant possessing rare virtues. It was said to resist the poisoned arrows of Indians, restore the body, appease hunger and fortify the memory. As a remedy for asthma, it was recommended that the leaves be chewed and the juice swallowed. According to this scribe our forefathers had little courage, were ingenious liars, great drunkards and fine swimmers.

America's growth was painfully slow. For a century diseases of filth took a heavy toll of human life. Urban atmospheres were saturated with steaming abominations from noisome liquids that filled gutters and pools on every side. Fifty generations of people throughout the world had gone on contentedly getting light from lamps that burned only vegetable oils.

Folks in St. Louis talked of their fur trade. Chicago was still discussing its first railway. New Orleans was famed as a terminus of Mississippi steamboating. San Francisco was thrilled by the gold rush, and the chief concern of Boston was cargoes for India. Millions of people met at their local market places and traded the articles they produced for the things they needed. Money was not vital.

PHOTO. BY EWING GALLOWAY, N. Y. C.

Girls From a Fashionable School Out for a Walk on Fifth Avenue in 1899

It was no longer ago than 1876 when two men conversed for the first time over a long-distance telephone. No one dreamed that in a comparatively few years 7,000,000 miles of telephone wires in the United States would be carrying upward of 3,000,000 long-distance messages every day. Many remember when laborers with picks and shovels were set to work in New York City digging the first Subway. Retail merchants along the streets were practically ruined because no one seemingly cared whether the streets were blocked or not. Wooden derricks hoisted the dirt, and horses dragged it to near-by dumps.

When the first apartment houses were started people were amused by the idea and regarded the innovation more or less as a foolish departure. In those days almost every family went once or twice a year to the theater, very much as we now make an annual trip to the circus.

The other day I was hunting for a fact in a file of old newspapers. There I found the announcement that the price of gas had been reduced from nine dollars a thousand cubic feet to eight dollars. One subject of discussion was whether a workman had the right to strike without being jailed for it. Two vessels raced across the Atlantic and the winner made the trip in sixteen days. A gentleman visited some friends living on a farm on the Bronx River. This farm is now New York's famous Zoölogical Park. One spirited editorial raised an objection to Dickens' charge that American men spit into the grate when in the company of ladies in the drawing-room. A news article told of the earnings of featured freaks and stated that Gen. Tom Thumb's receipts had reached the record total of $1000 a week. A further comment by the editor chronicled the fear that our policy of expansion following the Mexican War might start the United States on the path of Rome, which last thought indicates that some of the topics discussed by the modern scribe are not so modern.

Even in a New York paper published no longer ago than October, 1900, the news of the day is so far out of keeping with current customs that one seems to be turning back to times medieval. A dispatch from Newport stated that J. Dunbar Wright, well-known automobilist, had arrived there with a fast-racing nine-horse-power gasoline machine and that he was planning to undertake to run to New York. In the advertisements under Positions Wanted the wages asked by experienced stenographers and office assistants averaged eight dollars a week. The department stores offered women's coats for $9.50; men's suits—fancy styles, worth $18—for $12.50; plain sealskin coats, $37.50 to $60.

Medieval

IT WAS some years later when the motion picture was forced on an unwilling public by theater owners who resorted to every possible device to popularize this new method of entertainment. The owner of the first movie house in a Western city relates how he used to hire women at so much an hour to attend his shows. He followed this plan in order to provide character for his performance by having ladies among the spectators. About this time a near miracle happened in America, and yet foreigners were so little interested in our doings that the world at large did not know the details of what the Wrights had accomplished on their epoch-making flight through the air until three years later.

Our own viewpoint was not what one would call broad, as is indicated by the fact that in 1904 an organization was formed in New York City to give moral support to women who wished to wear the rainy-day skirt, which in its shortest form reached the shoe tops. Grover Cleveland said "Sensible and responsible women do not want to vote."

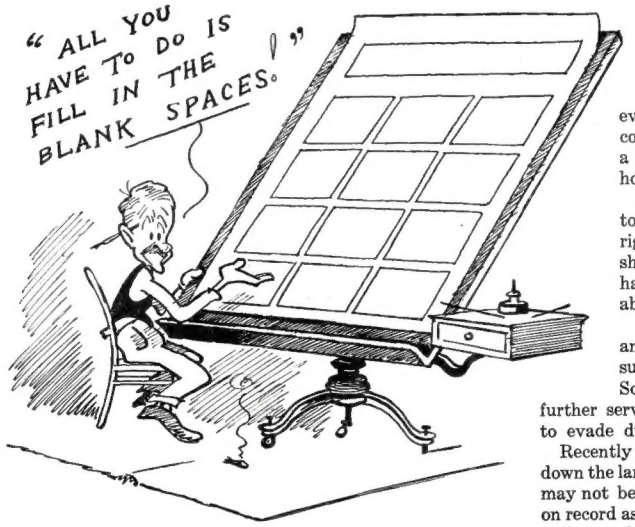
Life has changed more in the past three decades than in centuries preceding. In many respects our present existence is more unlike that of 1900 than the customs of 1900 differed from those of 900 A.D. Roosevelt rode into power during an industrial development that substituted the meat packer for the village butcher. Trusts grew so fast that people became fearful the country would soon be in the hands of a few rich men. Speculation was so little

(Continued on Page 142)

A Queer Way to Make a Living

By FONTAINE FOX

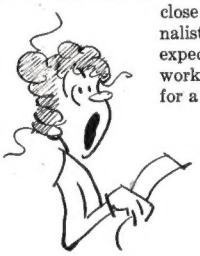
ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR



FRESH—very fresh—from high school I had been able to persuade the editors of the Louisville Herald, after I had had some violent experiences as a cub reporter, that I was the sort of stuff from which cartoonists are made.

It was breakfast time on a Sunday morning and I was descending the stairs with my chest out, chin up, shoulders back and diaphragm quite distended with pride. On this particular morning the front page of the Herald was to carry my first published cartoon. It was wonderful, and as if to complete the satisfaction of the moment, I saw that my father was in the living room looking at the front page where my cartoon appeared.

Kentuckians with chin beards may be assorted in two groups—one of colonels and one of judges. My father was a judge and wrote editorials for the Louisville Courier at a desk beside that of Colonel Henry Watterson, who was his close friend. As a consequential journalist, my father, therefore, might be expected to express an opinion on my work that would be valuable. I halted for a moment and heard him explode:



"All I have to say is it's a mighty queer way to make a living."

I ducked into the dining room, and when I heard him go upstairs, entered the living room to make sure he had been referring to my work. There could be no mistake about it, for the paper was lying on the floor where he had thrown it, and my cartoon was uppermost. That was a terrible blow and I felt so badly I went to church.

My father was fifty when I was born, so that he was counted an old man when he made that comment on my work. When he had been younger—before the Civil War was fought—there were only a few humorists in the country using comic drawings as their medium of expression.

Creating a Comic

I SUPPOSE he was aware of the Yellow Kid, Buster Brown, the Katzenjammer kids, Alphonse and Gaston, Happy Hooligan, Maud and other characters of the newspaper-comic world as he might have been aware of certain social evils; but if he had suspected that they were creating a demand for a product his son was ever likely to supply, it might have been tough on the Powerful Katrinka, the Terrible-tempered Mr. Bang, Mickey—Himself—McGuire, Tomboy Taylor and the Little Scorpions, to say nothing of the Toonerville Trolley and the folks who use it. I mean that Fontaine Fox, Sr., might have exterminated Fontaine Fox, Jr., because there would have been difficulties in the way of my explaining then that the demand of newspapers for humorous drawings would produce something much finer than the Yellow Kid comics. I think he might have shot me then and there if he had suspected that his son would ever become a creator of material for the comic supplement. My father, you see, was a journalist as well as a lawyer, and he hoped that I, too, would become a journalist.

After all is said, though, it is a queer way to make a living, so perhaps my father was right. I can best explain what I mean by showing in what strange fields I reap my harvest. That harvest is one of ideas suitable for comic drawings.

Ordinarily ideas come in the simplest and most innocuous form and they have a subtle way of trying to slip by unnoticed. Sometimes they pretend to be too old for further service, but they must never be permitted to evade duty on any such mutinous plea.

Recently little Buddy Schaaff who lives down the lane got a spanking, and so that this may not be regarded as a libel, I wish to go on record as saying that in my opinion it was undeserved. Nevertheless he was spanked and there was a report which reached me on the golf course that his father had hurt his hand as he administered punishment, through striking a bag of marbles that was concealed in Buddy's hip pocket. Now that is the sort of thing out of which I make a living, just as a soap manufacturer may be said to make his living out of coconut oil and the other ingredients of soap; but it was raw material and had to be processed. The process was going on when I sat down at my drawing table on a Monday morning and confronted a huge sheet of white cardboard, neatly ruled into twelve panels. My secretary makes those rectangles for me and seems to think that is the hardest part of producing a Sunday page of comics, because each week as she presents that drawing surface, she remarks:

"Now, then, all you have to do is to fill in those blank spaces."

I sat there and thought about Buddy Schaaff, and as I thought, I began to sketch on a sheet of scratch paper in the manner of a man waiting for a telephone connection, only, instead of making meaningless arabesques, loops, whirls and swastikas, I keep drawing likenesses of the members of the Little Scorpions club, of the Powerful Katrinka, of the Skipper of the Toonerville Trolley and certain other characters of great importance to the Fox family.

Presently, after I had sung a few stanzas of The Baggage Coach Ahead, little Buddy became Little Stanley of Toonerville, aged about five, and he was picking flowers, as his mother in the background obligingly explained, for little Estelle, the girl next door.

By that time I had determined I was going to need a little girl victim in my Sunday page, because I had remembered an occurrence in which one of the children of Mr. and Mrs. Fontaine Fox had figured prominently some time back. So, drawing rapidly, I showed the parents of little Estelle engaged in a heated discussion, mother insisting that father must give Estelle a good spanking, while he protested that he could not see why he had to be the family executioner.

The spanking scene occurred in the back yard of Estelle's home, close to the board fence on the other side of which the horrified little Stanley was shown as he determined to rescue his sweetie. Picking up a long broken board with nails protruding from the end, he reached across the fence and held the board where the descending hand would smite it instead of Estelle, held as in a vise across her father's knee. For the success of this stratagem and the climax I had to devise some way to cause Estelle's father to look away from his task. That was where the Fox family incident became useful, because in my own rôle of stern father I had exclaimed, in an agony of tenderness, "If I look at it I simply haven't got the heart to hit it." So, I drew the father in the act of looking away from what he was spanking, with the result that his hand hit the board.

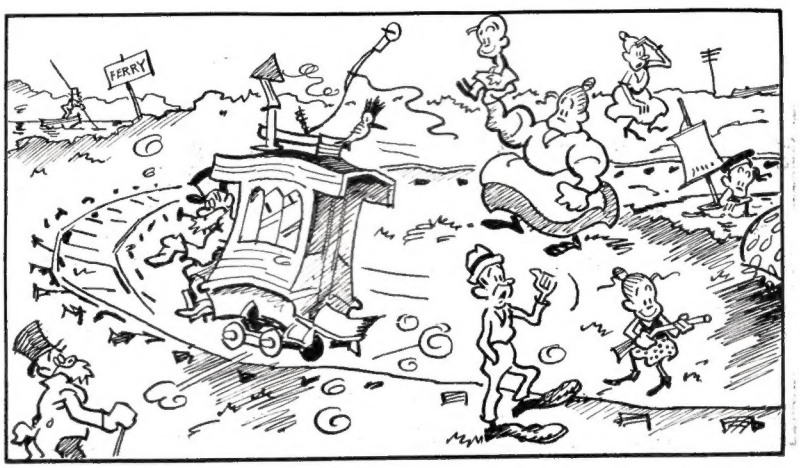
I suppose I picked up that trick of developing an idea from O. Henry's stories, because I noticed early in my career that he seemed to have first thought out his climax and then worked back from it. That climax is usually the result, in my case, of the impact of two disassociated ideas. It is a rare experience to have an idea come in such form that it is ready to be drawn, although it does happen occasionally.

Making Money to Mournful Music

RECENTLY, for example, I was awakened from an afternoon nap on a wicker couch in my office by hearing a woman's voice from a window across the street. She was saying: "If you two boys will go away and play somewhere else I'll give you each a penny."

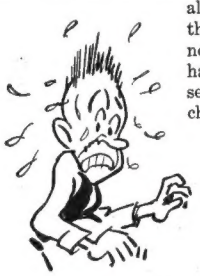
"Good Lord," I thought, "this is going to be a tough place to work if the news of that easy money gets spread among the neighborhood kids." Right on top of that came the happier thought: "I can draw that and have time to get out on the golf course." Even with that one I had to process the idea. I had to let my fancy play with the notion, so that the drawing, when executed, showed a swarm of boys arriving under the window of a disturbed lady who was the black-mailing hearing with horror their spokesman announcement of all go away for a that they, too, would permitting one's price. If the act of an idea is related to fancy to play with might be willing to inspiration, then I artists are inspired, admit that comic very little faith in but actually I have inspiration as a source of money. Turning on my imagination has become, with the passage of years, a function with me pretty much like the mechanics of a character in one of George Fitch's short stories who had discovered that the only way to get his cranky motorboat to start was to perform a series of seemingly irrelevant acts, such as wrapping the life preserver around the battery box.

I always sing, and I always sing sad ballads. I know every word of The Baggage Coach Ahead; I can sing for you on request The Browns Have Lost Their Baby Boy, or any number of other old songs of dismal flavor. I am



quite serious about this need of artificially induced melancholia as a spur to the humorist. They seem to require that dip to their emotions before they can be funny, just as a big bird needs to run before it can take off and soar. The only two persons of my acquaintance who can sing all the verses of The Fatal Wedding are humorists, and that ought to prove something.

At home, when I am merely trying to enjoy myself, I am quite happy when helping to produce jazz, and I am third best amateur trap drummer in Roslyn, Long Island. If the Tooneryille Trolley ever goes into the hands of a receiver I shall be able, after a few lessons, to make a living as a trap drummer in a jazz orchestra. An idea is just as likely to appear when I am playing my drum or playing golf as it is when I am in my office, so that my conscience is clear at all times. I can always assure myself, therefore, that, after all, I really am working no matter how much fun I may be having. I maintain a perpetual sentry post so that ideas may be challenged when they appear, because they mean bread and butter and sport cars and silk stockings to the Fox family.



Caught in the Rain

IT STARTED to rain while I was playing in a foursome one day last summer. We sought refuge under a tree, but now and again the wind swept a couple of quarts of water into our shelter. One man knelt down behind the thick frame of the largest member of the foursome, saying as he did so: "Any sport in a storm." That trite remark started the cartoonist instinct in me to working with something of the spontaneity with which a match head bursts into flame when you scratch it against the sole of your shoe.

"Gee," I thought, "I'll draw one showing how the kids hide from Micky McGuire." I can't expect everyone to know who McGuire is, so I do not mind explaining that he has a diluted counterpart in every community. He is not merely a bully. He is a juvenile terror whose aim with a clod is deadly and whose fists are invincible. I ran over, in my mind, all the possible hiding places in which kids fleeing from the awful McGuire might hide. I decided a garbage can would make an effective hiding place.

There are certain mechanical operations necessary to the development of an idea as crude as that before it may be set down on paper as a droll happening of suburban life suitable for the amusement of the readers of the 250-odd newspapers that publish my work. The various characters employed have to be shifted about until they have been worked into a situation that is dramatic. There was nothing especially funny, I decided, in having McGuire lift the lid of the can and make the discovery for himself. I decided that the worst thing that could happen to a kid in such a predicament would be to have his mother find him crouching there.

I drew it that way, with McGuire, an interested spectator in the background, saying, "So! That's where he hid!"

But the victim was protesting sarcastically to his horrified mother: "I suppose you'd rather I let McGuire ketch me so you could pay the dentist bill after he had socked all my teeth out."

The orthodox way of comic artists would have been to show McGuire actually landing a blow on the victim. That is slapstick, and slapstick comedy is a grand thing, but the next time you see a Charlie Chaplin film observe how his drollest effects are obtained by skating up to the thin ice of slapstick and then going around it instead of in. Exaggeration is a lot funnier than slapstick stuff. It is the exaggeration that makes me enjoy so much one of my favorite acts in vaudeville, for I never fail to laugh when Walter Kelly, in his rôle of a Virginia judge, asks a supposititious negro, "Was your assailant armed?" and then, in a shrill, indignant treble, quotes the colored man as saying, "Armed? Jedge, I should say he was armed. He had a knife you could row a boat wid." I shall laugh at that one whenever I hear it, I suppose, but when you take it apart to see what makes it tick, what else do you find besides exaggeration?

One of the first cartoons I ever made was based on exaggeration. President Taft was ill, and this was before he had reduced. In fact I should say he was at that time at the top of his form. It may have been counterfeit humor, but I succeeded in passing off as a day's work a drawing which showed a porous plaster for the presidential abdomen being delivered to the White House in a huge truck. Fortunately for the comic artist who has to produce a humorous drawing for every day in the year, one idea may sometimes be spun out into a number of drawings. Only recently I found myself trying to evolve a drawing based on an illness of Aunt Eppie Hogg, the fattest woman in the country, and turned by instinct to that old Taft cartoon made years ago when all of my work was based on politics. I showed her, after her convalescence, returning a flock of hot-water bottles that she had borrowed from the neighbors, and she was carrying the collection suspended from a long pole as workmen used to receive their noon coffee in buckets carried on a pole by an apprentice. Incidentally, I suspect, Chief Justice Taft may attribute his present comparative slimness to his diet, but the real authors of his present shapeliness are the cartoonists of the country, who did it not by dieting him but by exaggeration.

I never consciously determine that I am going to exaggerate a simple happening and thereby create a ludicrous situation in pen and ink. I am merely trying now to analyze my work and that of some other comic artists to show how we try, each of us, to make you laugh, or at least make you smile once each day.

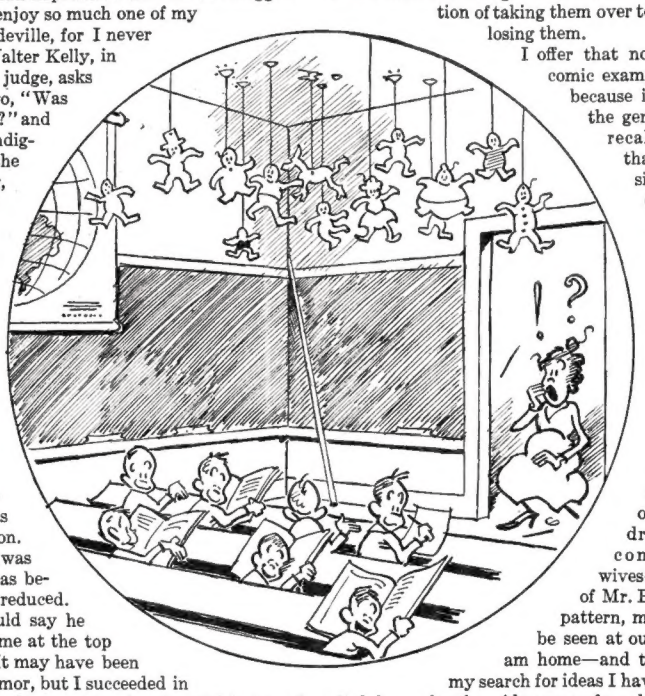
An idea popped into my head one evening last summer as Mrs. Fox and I started out in the car to pay a call on some Long Island neighbors.

"There's a fly in here," my wife complained as she settled herself behind the wheel.

"Fine," I said, "we'll take him over to Hempstead and lose him." Then, after a moment's reflection, I said: "Tomorrow I'll draw that one."

"It is not so funny," said Mrs. Fox, sounding the horn of the car as if to heap more raspberries on my idea.

"I think I can make it funny," I insisted, and the next day I drew a picture showing the Village Half-wit as he spread sweets on the floor of a flivver sedan as a trap for all the flies in his neighborhood and announced his intention of taking them over to the next town and losing them.

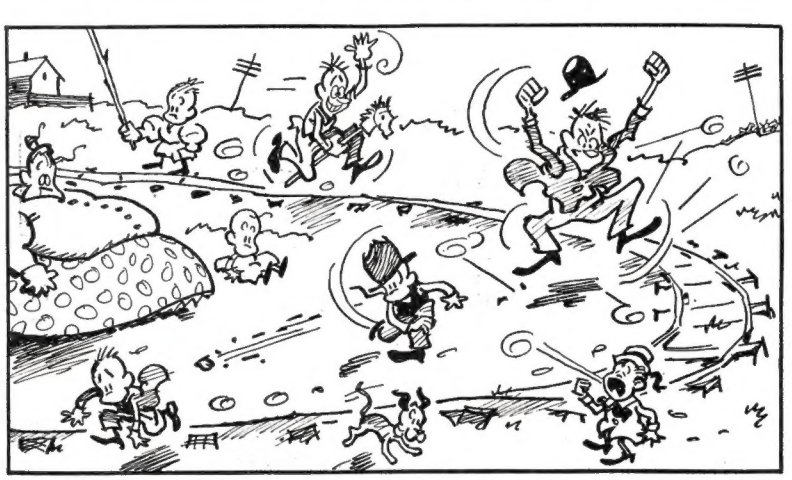


I offer that not as an especially comic example of my work but because it is one of the few the genesis of which I can recall offhand. Ideas that I can develop into situations for comic drawings are a crop derived from the daily experiences of an almost normal existence.

Boy Life

I FEEL quite sure that the majority of the people who see those drawings of mine have experiences similar to my own with their children, their golfing companions, their wives—I'm thinking now of Mr. Bang, whose original pattern, my wife insists, is to be seen at our house any time I am home—and their neighbors. In my search for ideas I have been assisted to a vital degree by the wide range of my hobbies. I have the bulge on most other cartoonists because I have been interested in everything that men and boys do to exercise the competitive spirit and to kill time.

As a kid I played hockey—then called shinny—in the streets with a stinkweed knob for a club and a tin can for a puck. Dismount polo players and you turn their game into shinny. I went swimming in the Ohio River and in creeks adjacent to Louisville. I used to catch chub and I still regard myself as the champion sucker, or chub, fisherman of the Ohio River Falls Dam. Once I caught four buckets full. I never have been a real hunter, but as a kid, with a small-caliber rifle, I got as many as eighty cents' worth of frog legs in a single hunting expedition. By the time I was fourteen I was a squirrels. I stopped shooting marbles and still to be seen buying disgrace for a boy to have any pride in them marbles. In order I originated the handicapyou must win them. ping method of playing in Louisville, where good shots are required to put extra marbles in the ring. As I grew older I became good enough at baseball to play on the teams at the Boys High School and the University of Indiana, from which place I used to mail cartoons to the Louisville Herald, checks for which paid my way through college. After I finished college and returned to Louisville I used to long for a chance to play baseball, and finally joined a team called the Dusty Rhodes, the property of a saloon keeper. His idea in supporting the team was to assure himself of a crowd around his bar on Saturdays and Sundays. His ball park and saloon were at



(Continued on Page 42)

THE GUN IN THE ARCHWAY

By Leonard H. Nason

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING

AS SOON as it was quite dark, a limber drawing a field gun left the houses of the town where it had sheltered itself, and after one or two false starts and some profane language, the lead team finally turned into a road that struck across the fields.

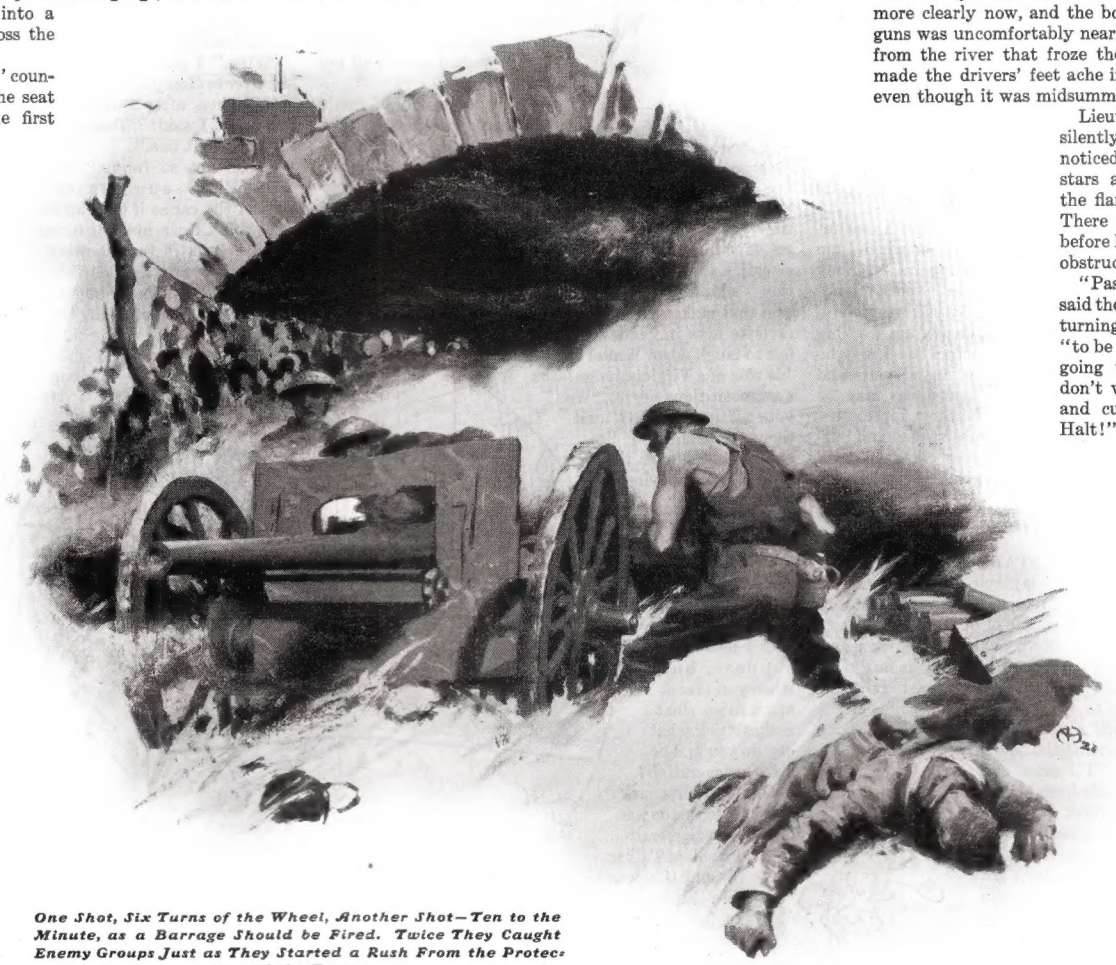
"Not too fast now," counseled someone from the seat of the limber. "The first road on the right. 'Tain't but a step after you leave the town. Boy, if we run past it we're done."

"Who's doin' this?" inquired the driver of the lead team. "If you was atop one o' these perambulatin' sawhorses with another one to guide, instead of on the flat o' your spine on a limber, you wouldn't have so much to say!"

"Sergean' Dennison will be there to guide us," said the swing driver. "I heard the lieutenant tell him to meet us where the road turned off."

"Silence, men!" said a stern voice from farther back. "No talking!"

Silence fell, broken only by the stamping of the six horses' feet on the hard surface of the road, the rattle of the harness and the click and bang of the gun trail as it tugged against the pintle hook of the limber.



One Shot, Six Turns of the Wheel, Another Shot—Ten to the Minute, as a Barrage Should be Fired. Twice They Caught Enemy Groups Just as They Started a Rush From the Protection of the Trees

Far, far away a bright light suddenly gleamed, like an arc light on a distant boulevard. Immediately there was a sound like water boiling violently. All the men in that little group felt a chill. That boiling sound was machine-gun fire!

Behind the gun marched half a dozen men on foot, and behind these, two mounted officers. One was the captain who commanded the battery to which this one gun belonged and the other was Lieutenant Pattee, who was to command the gun on this mission.

"They can't see us, can they?" asked Lieutenant Pattee nervously as the boiling sound continued.

"Oh, no!" replied the captain. He laughed heartily, but when the laugh issued from his lips it had such a resemblance to bones rattling that he ceased abruptly. He coughed and choked for a few seconds. "Oh, no, they can't see us," he resumed; "because we're almost a mile from the river here. And the railroad embankment is between anyway."

From the opposite side of the road came a deep coughing growl. It was very far away, down the gullet of that black valley. The officers' horses shied, and when they had been quieted their riders looked in the direction of that growl. There was a quick glow, like that from a furnace door suddenly opened—high, fan-shaped, white-hot. Silence, while a man's heart might beat seven times, then that heavy snarling growl again.

"That's a French tractor battery," said the captain. "Down near Connigis somewhere. I've seen 'em!—220 mortars."

There was a sudden crashing from the head of the small column.

"Hey," cried a voice, "what's the grand idea of jumpin' out that way on a guy? Wanta stampede these teams? Ain't cha got no sense?"

"Gwan! You couldn't stampede them if you tied a ton o' dynamite to their tails! This is where you turn off. If I let this crowd of Johns go by, then there would be a sound-off! Expect I'm gonna run out in the road and take hold of you by the hand? Come on! Right by section!"

"Hey, wait!" called the lead driver. "Slow at first. Where d'yuh get this right-by-section stuff at? It's blacker there than a supply sergeant's heart. Suppose I turn this team into a eight-foot ditch—then what's the answer? 'Blah-blah-blah! You was drivin' 'em! Blah-blah-blah! If yuh can't drive 'em, turn 'em in!' Oh, I know yuh!"

"Gimme hold o' the bridle! Leave alone of it! Leave alone o' the off horse! Now then! Piece forwa-a-rd, ho-o-o!"

There was a sound of scrambling, and the rattling, clattering, banging sounds became more pronounced. The men on the limber exclaimed and besought one another to hold on. The sound of the horses' hoofs changed from the hard tapping on the metaled surface of the road to a soft thudding. The rattling of the gun likewise grew stifled, then began to fade into the distance. The gun had been taken off the road and was moving away across the fields.

The captain, judging that the maneuver had been properly executed, and that it would by now be quite safe to appear on the scene, spurred his horse and, accompanied by the lieutenant, turned off the road in the direction of the disappearing sounds of the gun.

"Silence, men!" barked the captain sternly. "No talking! Not a whisper! We're approaching the enemy! Sergeant Dennison, are you there?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Very well, I'll ride with you. Lieutenant Pattee, come along. You drivers, keep those teams on the path! If you put a wheel mark in the grass and I get word of it from the air service, you'll wish the devil had you before you ever got into my battery!"

They proceeded in heavy silence across the black field. They could see the distant arc lights much more clearly now, and the boiling of the machine guns was uncomfortably near. A chill damp arose from the river that froze the marching men and made the drivers' feet ache in their steel stirrups, even though it was midsummer.

Lieutenant Pattee, riding silently behind the captain, noticed suddenly that the stars and the glittering of the flares had been cut off. There was a huge barrier before him, a black wall-like obstruction.

"Pass the word back," said the captain in a whisper, turning about in his saddle, "to be ready to halt. We're going to halt now, and I don't want a lot of kicking and cursing. Ready now? Halt!" The gun came to a fairly quiet standstill. "Have 'em unlimber, sergeant," resumed the captain, "and wheel her away. Dismount, lieutenant, and turn over your horse."

"Is this us?" asked the lieutenant.

"Yup, this is us!"

Lieutenant Pattee dismounted. They were in the shadow of this barrier that had seemed to rise out of the darkness before them. The barrier was a railway embankment — the main line from Paris to Chalons. It followed the Marne here, sometimes six hundred yards from the bank, at others only twenty. On the other bank was the enemy. How far away from the river was the railway at this point? The lieutenant could not remember.

"Come here, Pattee," said the captain's voice suddenly. "We'll have a look at this thing."

The two officers, walking very cautiously, went forward a few steps. When Pattee thought that they were going to collide with the embankment and threw up his arm to protect his face, lo, there was no embankment there.

"Why, of course," he thought, "the road goes under here and this is the passage under the track. . . . What makes it so black in here?" he whispered. "The road curve or what? Why can't we see out the other side?"

"There's a camouflage panel up in the field there," answered the captain. "Otherwise the boche could see right through here and clear down the Surmelin Valley. They'd be shooting the ashes off your cigarettes in Conde."

They were through the passage by then, and under the stars on the other side.

"Whoa now," muttered the captain. "There's a lot of our own machine gunners around here, and if one of them should pop off a flare, the krauts wouldn't miss seeing us. Listen now! You can't see anything tonight, but I'll just give you an idea. Bend over. See that town over there to your left? That's Mezy. Chances are that's where they'll try to get across. Charteves is right across from us. You can't see it because it's right against the hill behind it. Well, you look things over by daylight. But be careful! Be careful! If they once see you, or get wind of this thing, that's the end of the whole bunch of you. Keep the men in the woods during the day. They can't see you from the right bank, but you've got to be careful of aircraft."

From behind them came the rumbling of wheels and the cautious commands of Sergeant Dennison.

"They're putting in the gun," decided the captain. "Dennison marked out the trail pit with stakes during the afternoon. You won't need to site it, because you aren't to do anything but direct fire. And listen, don't shoot down any houses or cut down any trees. The French are awfully fussy about having natural scenery destroyed. . . . Well, I must be going."

They went back through the underpass, edging themselves past the gun, to where they could hear the gun teams stamping and rattling their harness.

"Now about these teams," began Lieutenant Pattee—"how are we going to water them?"

"Don't let it bother you," replied the captain. "I'm going to take them back with me."

"You are? But that leaves us without any way to get the gun out in case the boches break through!"

"I know," said the captain; "but that's your job—to keep 'em from breaking through. They won't, anyway. They run like rabbits if you yell at 'em!"

"How do you know?" asked the lieutenant.

"Well, that's what the French say, anyway." He mounted his horse.

"Are you going to take back my horse too?"

"Yes, that's the order. Ready with that limber? Very good, move out with it."

"No, but wait a minute, captain!" cried Pattee desperately. "You know the formal orders I received! How am I going to get this gun out? I can't carry it under my arm!"

"That's for you to arrange, Mr. Pattee," said the captain coldly. "My orders are likewise formal: 'No animals to be left at the forward positions!' This limber goes from here direct to the echelon. Good night!"

He followed the limber, and the lieutenant was left alone in the darkness—alone!

The faintest of sounds came from far off there in the darkness. It was the limber turning out of the field into the highroad. Far away to the west a barrage rumbled heavily. The night wind, bitter cold, rustled the trees of a little wood near by.

"There, I've done my share! You take a turn at shovelin', Gillespie!"

Thus spoke a panting voice under the archway of the underpass. The men were digging the hole for the trail spade, and since they only had one shovel and one pick, both of French manufacture, the task was taking them overlong.

The lieutenant choked back a sob of rage. A shovel that would serve to put sugar in a man's coffee, provided he had any sugar, and a pick that would not turn up enough earth for an angler to find a worm in! He swore—curses, that men in civil life never hear, but that a soldier only too soon learns and finds occasion for using.

"Has the lieutenant any orders now, sir? The hole'll be finished in a minute or two!"

Thus spoke Sergeant Dennison, recognizable by his voice.

"No!" snapped the lieutenant. "Get to hell away from me!"

This was the sergeant they had given him! Old Dennison! Pattee had seen his service record. He had been a cook, and before that a baker in the Q. M. Corps. When the unready Army had so suddenly expanded from thirty thousand to four million they had made this lemon-extract swigger a sergeant!

"What's the matter, lieutenant?" asked Sergeant Dennison in a different tone.

After all, he was a sergeant more than a year after he had been made, and neither many a formal guard mount nor midnight inspection nor crazy three-month officers nor the temptations of cognac and mademoiselle had been powerful enough to wrest his stripes from him. The lieutenant thought of this and opened his heart.

"I was just thinking what a fool I was to come in the Army, and what a bigger fool I was to take this detail. I had a chance to be a railway-transport officer only last week!"

"This isn't a bad detail, sir. There won't be anyone around bawlin' us out for not havin' on our gas mask while shavin' or somethin'."

"Maybe not. But what I was so mad about just now was that when I was called into the P.C. and told I was to have the honor of commanding this gun, up speaks the old French general that commands this artillery group and said that it wasn't to abandon this gun! 'Get out the gun!'—those were his words. He repeated them every chance he could get too."

"What do they want the gun for?" asked the sergeant. "Guns are cheap. Gee, France is full of 'em!"

"No, but the point is that this will be the first American gun captured. The Jerries would take pictures of it and show 'em all over Germany and get 'em into France through Switzerland. It would have a rough effect on public opinion. Look at the howl they made over the handful of buck privates they took off the First Division last fall! And if they took a gun—oh, man! 'If they take it,' added the major, 'we'll release your name as having been in command of it!' Won't that go strong with the folks at home? Then the captain takes the limber back with him!"

"Well, sir, shall we put the gun in position now?" asked the sergeant. He should worry whether they got the gun out or not!

"Sure, put her in. How do we know the boches won't attack this very night?"

"Yes, sir!"

The sergeant hurried back to the archway and the lieutenant followed more slowly.

"Hole all dug?" demanded Sergeant Dennison. "A' right. Git the pick and shovel out the way. Soriano, you an' Gillespie on the wheels. Prepare for *abatage!* Ready! Drop brakes! Up with her now, an' if you stick her nose in the ground I'll stick yours! Down! Good enough!"

The French light field gun with which the American troops were equipped had a very ingenious system by which the brakes were released from their normal position and dropped to the ground, though still attached to the gun by means of a bar and sliding ring. The trail of the gun was lifted in air, and the ring sliding along the bar would catch and hold the brakes in a fixed position, so that when the gun was again lowered the wheels would roll onto the brakes and rest upon them instead of on the ground, this giving the gun a fixed mount. The first few shots would drive the trail firmly into the ground and lock the brakes on the wheels, so that after that the gun was practically immovable and required no further attention other than

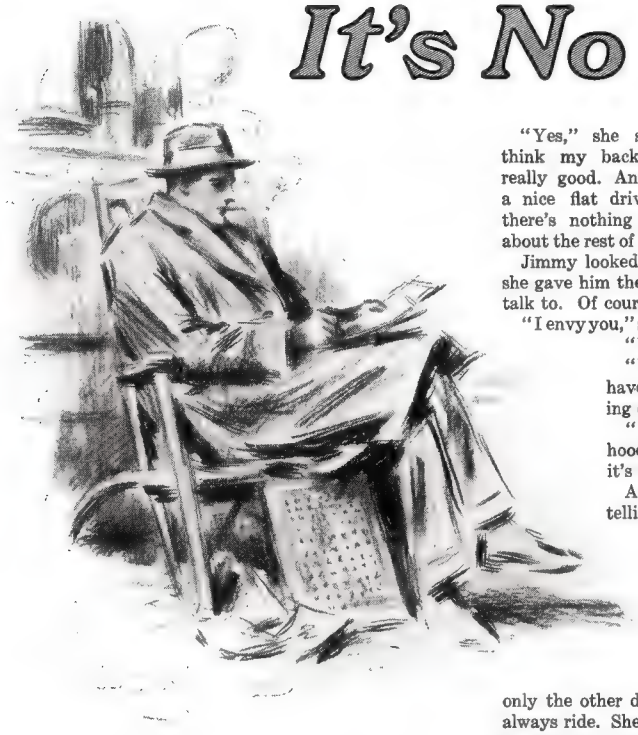
(Continued on Page 65)

"That's for You to Arrange, Mr. Pattee," Said the Captain Coldly. "My Orders are Likewise Formal: 'No Animals to be Left at the Forward Positions!'"

It's No Use Being a Fool

By LUCIAN CARY

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY



He Spent Most of His Spare Time Aboard Ship Composing Letters to Her. But He Tore Them All Up

JIMMY RIPLEY was intercollegiate champion when he met Jane Tolliver. He was intercollegiate champion and that meant that he was pretty good. But it was still a question whether he would go on getting better and eventually make the Davis Cup team.

Few college players have the interest or the courage to go on. It takes quite a lot of courage deliberately to go back, after you've got to be pretty good, and correct the weak points in your game. You don't want to admit that your game has any weak points, and you don't want to take the defeats that working on those weak points will mean.

Jimmy's father and his brothers had finally moved to Westbury on account of the polo. The Tollivers lived near by on the road to Meadowbrook. Jane Tolliver asked Jimmy to come over and show her some tennis. Jimmy didn't want to show her any tennis. He liked her. It had been his experience that once you spent an afternoon trying to show a girl how to hit a tennis ball you were through with her for life.

They are all alike. They thought you learned tennis strokes the way you learned a new dance step—in an hour or two. When they found you didn't they were disappointed. He always came away bored with their ineptitude, bored with chasing the balls they knocked every which way, and bored most of all with their inability to take the game seriously or appreciate what it meant to play it even passably well.

Jane surprised him. She actually played as well as many of the boys he had met in prep-school matches. And she listened to what he said and watched what he did and kept on trying to do what he told her to do.

When they had played for two hours they sat down beside the court and smoked a cigarette and talked. He regarded her with curiosity. But he knew enough about the world to be skeptical. She couldn't be so nice as she seemed to be. Such things didn't happen. Probably she was a fool, like all the others. She had learned a lot about tennis; she had learned an extraordinary lot for a girl. But there might be some simple explanation of that. It might be just the accident of having known somebody who knew about tennis.

She said, "I haven't had as much fun as that in a year."

"How does it happen that you play as well as you do?" Jimmy asked.

"I've spent the last three winters at Cannes," she said. "I took lessons from Major Coates-Smith."

He liked her saying it that way. Another girl would have protested that she didn't play well, that she was just a dub, in order to get a compliment or to be reassured. She knew that she played well and had no need to pretend that she didn't know it.

"I noticed that your backhand is like theirs—the way you keep the head of the racket up on your back swing."

"Yes," she said, "I think my backhand is really good. And I have a nice flat drive. But there's nothing exciting about the rest of my game. My volleying is rather damp."

Jimmy looked at her. She was pretty handsome, and she gave him the feeling that she was a person you could talk to. Of course he knew she wasn't.

"I envy you," she said, "coming from a sporting family."

"Why?" he asked coldly.

"Why," she said, "because it means you have an intuitive feeling for games—for timing especially, I think."

"That," Jimmy said grimly, "is a lot of hooey; and if there's anything I'm sick of, it's that particular kind of hooey."

Another girl would have got mad at his telling her that what she said was hooey, or else she would have been quick to take back what she had said.

Jane Tolliver merely looked interested. "Go on," she said; "I'm listening."

"My family has always been full of that kind of hooey," Jimmy said. "I heard my grandmother only the other day talking about how the Ripleys could always ride. She said all the Ripleys were born with a perfectly intuitive sense of balance. It makes me sick."

"But tell me," Jane said, "don't you admit that they are all pretty marvelous? I've heard about your father's riding for years. And your brother Bill is about the best polo player in the world, isn't he? And your other brothers are famous, aren't they?"

"Of course they're good," Jimmy said. "And Bill probably is the best polo player in the world. But he wasn't born a polo player and he wasn't born with any intuitive sense of balance either. He was like all other human beings when he was a baby. He had so little control of his muscles and so little sense of balance that it took him about a year to learn to walk—the same as it does everybody else."

"I see," she said, and smiled. "But don't you think being brought up in a sporting family had something to do with it?"

"Of course it did," Jimmy said. "But being brought up in a sporting family might have had just the opposite effect—the way it did with me."

"I don't get you," Jane said. "How did it have the opposite effect with you?"

"I hate sportsmanship and sporting ideas," he said bitterly. "And of all the rotten romantic nonsense, I think sport is the rottenest."

"But you play tennis."

"That's another story," he said with dignity. "I'll tell you about that some day. There is a reason."

Jane Tolliver sat with her feet drawn up and her arms around her knees. Jimmy lit a fresh cigarette. He waited for her to ask questions. But she didn't ask any questions. He was free not to say another word if he liked. So he told her what he had never told anybody else.

"My grandmother still rides to hounds," he said. "She's seventy-two and she ought not to, but she does. Four or five years ago her horse fell at a jump and she broke her right arm. She was far enough away from the field so that nobody saw it. So she led her horse up to a stone wall and mounted him and finished the run and never said a word about her arm until they'd killed the fox. That's what my family calls sporting."

"Well," Jane Tolliver said gently, "it was pretty nervy."

"Yes, it was pretty nervy; and it was pretty silly too. My family are all like that. Of course, being absolutely mad about horses and always schooling jumpers or fox-hunting or steeplechasing or playing polo, they've broken a lot of bones. And their idea is to go on doing whatever they're doing regardless. That's the essence of the Ripley idea—never know you're licked. My father got spilled the last time he rode in a steeplechase. He broke his collar bone. And of course he up and mounted his horse and finished the race. He came in last, but he finished. My brother Joe played end at Princeton. In the second quarter of the Harvard game he got two ribs broken. But of course he didn't let on. If he had, the coach would have taken him out and put in somebody who was in fit condition to play. He finished the game."

"Well," Jane said, "why shouldn't they? I mean, don't you admire their courage?"

"I might," he admitted. "I might admire their courage if it were in some worthwhile cause. But, you see, it isn't. My grandmother wasn't saving the world by finishing that run with the Roanoke hounds. It was just putting it over. It was just swank. And my father wasn't winning that steeplechase. When his horse fell he was out. He didn't have a chance in the world. He just couldn't admit that he was beaten—or else it was a play to the gallery. You can take your choice."

"I see," Jane Tolliver said. "I see your point. Only, I think you're a bit hard-boiled about it. After all, it's sort of nice of them to care so much."

"To care so much for what?" Jimmy asked. "For swank, for putting it over, for doing the hippodrome act?" Jane smiled at his vehemence, but her smile was a gentle and understanding smile. "It's no use being a fool," Jimmy Ripley said. "And that's what anybody is who goes on trying when he's out—when he's broken a collar bone or an arm or a couple of ribs—just a fool."

"Yes," Jane Tolliver said. "And yet, somehow, you sort of like it."

"I don't sort of like it. And if I ever break anything I'll quit right there and go to a doctor and have it set."

"Did you ever break anything?" she asked.

"No," Jimmy said; "and since I don't like horses and hardly ever ride, I probably never shall break anything."

"But how do you know what you'd do until it happens?"

"I know I'm not a fool," Jimmy said. "I know it's no use being a fool."

"Nothing's Keeping Me Here," Jimmy Yelled. "And it'll be a Long Time Before Anything Brings Me Back Here"

"You're a funny egg," Jane Tolliver said. "A funny, funny egg. You take it all so seriously."

"You'd take it seriously if you had to live with a family that never had the slightest interest in anything except horses, if you never heard any talk but horse talk, if you never saw anybody except horsy people, if you never heard anything admired except horses and horsemanship."

"What do you admire—instead?" Jane asked.

"Brains. I admire intelligence. I admire knowing the facts and facing the facts. I admire admitting that the horse always was a stupid animal and that now he's outdated and this is a world of machines. That's why I've gone in for engineering. That's why I drive a car instead of riding and that's why I play tennis instead of polo."

"But why play tennis?"

"Because it's scientific—because it's a game you play with your head." Jane shook her head and frowned a puzzled frown. "Perhaps you haven't really got tennis," Jimmy said. "Perhaps you've never seen that the whole art of tennis is making the other fellow beat himself. Perhaps you're one of those idiots who think the way to play tennis is to lean on the ball—cannon-ball services and rifle-shot drives and whirlwind volleys and sprinting all over the court until your knees begin to wabble and the other bird takes the last set at 6–1."

"That wasn't what I meant," Jane explained. "I wasn't asking why you like tennis. I was just wondering why if you hate sport so much you should bother to play tennis."

"I like tennis," Jimmy said.

"I see you do," Jane said. "What I don't see is why you are so bitter about sport."

"Haven't I told you why I hate sport?" Jimmy demanded.

"No," Jane Tolliver said coolly, "I don't believe you have. I think there must be some better reason than you've given me. But it doesn't matter. What I want to say is this: I can't ask you to come up here and play tennis with me. You're much too fast to get any good out of playing with me, unless there is some particular stroke you want to work on. If there is I'll feed balls to you any time you like."

"I'm playing with a professional down at Forest Hills three times a week," Jimmy said. "But I've got to do a lot of work on my backhand besides. So if you'd really like to drive to my backhand, why, I'll feed balls for you to volley."

"That," Jane Tolliver said, "is a bargain."

Jimmy drove home in a state of acute astonishment at himself. He had the reaction that ordinarily reticent people always have when they have spoken out more than usual. He had never told anybody before that he hated sport. He felt that he had talked altogether too much.

But though he was impatient with himself for talking as freely as he had to Jane Tolliver, talking had made a subtle difference in his attitude. He was almost gentle with Bill's enthusiasm over the Alley Cat at dinner. Bill had been playing the Alley Cat that day and he announced that the Alley Cat was the best polo pony that ever looked through a bridle.

Ordinarily Jimmy would have reminded Bill that he had said the same thing about a dozen previous ponies. But tonight he let the statement pass. He merely thought to himself:

"How typically sporting it is to give what you regard as a supremely good thing a belittling name. Bill really believes that this pony is the best pony he ever had and so he has named her the Alley Cat."

"Yes," Bill said, "the Alley Cat is a sweetheart. She knows more polo than I do." Even then Jimmy only smiled at this typical absurdity of the sporting point of view. "What are you grinning at?" Bill asked.

"Nothing," Jimmy said.

"Yes, you were," Bill said. "You were getting ready to pull one of your wise cracks."

"No," Jimmy said wearily, "I wasn't. I was just wondering."

Jane Was Sitting in the Breakfast Room Alone, With All the Sunday Papers

"What are You Wondering?" Jane Asked. "I'm Wondering if I Could Stand it if I Tried to Kiss You and You Wouldn't Let Me"

"What were you wondering?" Bill roared. He always got mad at the things Jimmy said, and yet he always invited them, as if Jimmy's view had some fascination for him.

"I was just wondering how the Alley Cat told you what she was going to do," Jimmy replied.

Jimmy saw his father hiding a grin, but Bill roared headlong into the trap.

"Tells me what to do!" Bill said. "If you knew the first thing about polo you'd know that I tell her what to do."

"But you oughtn't," Jimmy said—"not if she knows more polo than you do. She should be telling you what to do."

"I suppose you think that's funny," Bill said.

"No," Jimmy replied, "not funny—just sensible. What you want in a polo pony is absolute and instantaneous obedience to your hand and your knee. If a pony really did know polo, and really had any idea of his own as to how to play the game, you wouldn't stand for him a minute. You'd say he wasn't properly schooled."

"Oh, hell!" Bill said.

That was what Bill always said when Jimmy proved to him by inexorable logic that his ideas were absurd. And Joe and Tom and his father grinned at Bill the way they always did—the way Bill grinned at them when they were the victims of Jimmy's passion for pricking sporting illusions with the cold, bare facts.

But on this occasion Jimmy was much too happy to give Bill the kind of razzing he deserved. Jimmy didn't know why he was happy. He just was happy. Immediately after dinner he went off to his own rooms and got out a drawing board and began to diagram tennis shots. He had greatly increased his ability to force his opponent by studying drawings to scale and constantly correcting his sense of the angles and distances involved in play on the court by precise measurements. He knew more about the process of getting an opening by a succession of apparently defensive shots than anybody else except the two Frenchmen who made themselves champions through a similar analysis.

Jimmy had discovered, just as they had, that the high-speed attack for which nearly everybody tried so hard could always be beaten by less speed and more accuracy. You didn't have to take points in the first half of the match. You had merely to keep the ball in play a little longer than your rival liked—a little longer than was good for his legs. If a player who relied on speed happened to be at the top of his game he could wallop you for two sets. But no man had the stamina to play at top speed through three successive sets. You made him work for his points until he began to crack and then you took him, as the boxer will take the rushing fighter if only he can hold him off long enough.

You had to keep your head. You had to keep your head no matter if he did have you two sets down and was starting the third with the same old rush. You had to lie back and prolong the rallies and make him run and know that he was softening up even though he was still using his fast service and still running to the net. It took a certain kind of nerve—the nerve to come from behind.

Jimmy wanted to play tennis the way Bill played polo—with an irresistible attack. He wanted to bring the gallery up standing the way Bill did. He had to draw diagrams and remind himself how you could run the other bird ragged if you kept him away from the net. He had to study his statistics of nets and outs and to tell himself again and again that tennis isn't like polo, because you haven't three other men to do the defensive work for you and because you travel on your own legs instead of on the legs of a succession of fresh ponies.

He needed all his faith in the facts that summer. The professional he worked with was severe enough in his demand for correct stroke production. He was constantly giving Jimmy the devil for his backhand. But he had the American belief in speed and more speed. He wouldn't argue the matter. He would simply take Jimmy out on the court and beat him 6-2, 6-2. Jimmy could only tell himself it wasn't a fair test. The pro was too good for him and two sets isn't a match.

He played almost as regularly with Jane Tolliver. She had actually meant what she said about feeding balls to his backhand. But he had constantly to struggle with the boyish desire to show her how much speed he had. It was all well enough to know that accuracy meant more than speed. But accuracy was work and speed was fun.

Only Jane made it worth while. He would hold himself down all afternoon, patiently taking everything on his backhand, patiently correcting his swing, for the sake of the moment when they sat down beside the court to smoke a cigarette and talk.

After the first week they argued with the violence of old friends. They argued about everything in the world, from the value of the American twist service to the importance of the Junior League. Sometimes they razzed each other unmercifully. Thus for three months, until the day before Jimmy sailed for France, they saw each other constantly, without a hint of sentiment.

That last afternoon Jane told him that his one aim in life was to be different from his father and his brothers. His

(Continued on Page 131)

THE IVORY INDUSTRY

By W. O. McGeehan

THE scarcity of ivory and the high cost thereof have become alarming. This, of course, does not refer to the commodity for which they track the elephant through the African jungles and seek out the walrus in the Arctic. It bears on a more valuable and more perishable article, for, as every reader of the sports pages knows, potential material for the big leagues is known as ivory and the baseball scouts are known as ivory hunters.

There have been various reasons assigned for the present shortage of good ivory. One owner of a big-league club insists that the famine is due to the overcrowding of the cities and the passing of the sand lots that used to teem with ivory in the making. No baseball magnate will admit that there is any falling off of interest in the national game.

Another owner insists that the World War is responsible, because it called the young men into the Army and arrested the development of ivory which otherwise would have been at the peak of usefulness. This is something that nobody hitherto has thought to blame on the World War.

Still another owner insists that the scarcity of ivory of the Class A grade is due to the fact that the game has become so fast and so closely has approached perfection that players of the class who might have made the big leagues with comparative ease ten years ago are now just a little lacking in the essentials for a big leaguer. This point was made with much earnestness.

My own theory is that other sports are drawing the youngsters away from baseball in large numbers. There is the game of golf, for instance. Persons who claim to speak with authority have estimated that there are something like 3,000,000 golfers in the United States today. This means that there are 3,000,000 potential patrons of the national pastime who might be inclined, on a pleasant afternoon, to get their recreation by tramping the links, rather than by sitting in the grand stand munching peanuts and breathing indignation.

This game has taken Broadway, of all places. I know of Broadwayites who could be depended upon to sit in the same places at the Polo Grounds or the Yankee Stadium every afternoon all through the summer. They frequently are missing now, and you will find them on some adjacent golf links, retaining only a slight interest as to who won the ball games.

PHOTO. BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.

A View of the Crowded Stands at the Yankee Stadium, During the Progress of a World Series

The Scouting Department

THERE is another menace to the national game from golf. The estimate is that there are more than 500,000 caddies in the United States, and more in the making. These are made up of the type of boy that used to be found in the sand lots—the type that becomes what is known as the semipro, with ambitions to wind up in the big leagues.

Caddying is lucrative to the youngsters. Many of them develop an interest in the game and pick as their heroes the Sarazens and the Hagens, where the youngsters before them could think only of Matty and Ty Cobb. The owners have recognized this menace by encouraging any ways and means that will help regain and retain the youthful interest in baseball.

Whatever the causes for the scarcity of ivory may be, all the club owners, especially in the big leagues, will admit that there is a scarcity; consequently, the business of ivory hunting becomes more and more important. In fact the scouting department of a big-league baseball club has become so important that the year's profits may hinge largely on what the scouts bring in.

Even if they do not bring in Grade A ivory—that is, players who are ready for the big time of only a year or so off—much of the material they collect may be used for barter or for outright sale. It is a big business, organized baseball of today, and highly specialized.

In fact, on thorough analysis, organized baseball is what would have been called a grasping monopoly a few years back. The two big leagues, affiliated with the minor leagues, dominate entirely the business of staging professional baseball, and it is highly probable that they will continue to hold this monopoly for some years to come, especially as the scarcity of Grade A ivory becomes more and more apparent; and there is evidence to the effect that the interest in other sports is increasing more rapidly than the interest in the national game.

There was just one attempt made to break the monopoly which is held over the ivory industry by organized baseball. That was when the Wards of Brooklyn, and Harry F. Sinclair, the oil man, organized the Federal League and made a bid against the trust.

This venture seemed to be doomed from the start. The sports pages of the country helped in its undoing by accepting organized baseball's term for the independents, calling them outlaws.

This did not help the new venture. As a matter of fact, the financiers backing the Federal League were no better and no worse than the gentlemen who are still interested in the surviving monopoly. They, too, were business men who saw chances of realizing handsomely on their investments in a very pleasant business.

The men who were backing the independents, or outlaws, immediately proceeded to offer inducements to players in the teams of the trust. There were wholesale desertions from organized baseball, for the invaders were spending money lavishly. But the Federal League did not get the best of the players, and the sympathy of the newspapers was with organized baseball.

If the thing had been considered dispassionately, it would have been seen that the backers of the Federal League were no blacker than the backers of the American League, when that organization started to battle the National League for a place in the sun and a share of the country's gate receipts. The American League magnates won out after a long struggle and are now part of the great ivory industry. As an aftermath of the Federal League war, suit was brought to have organized baseball declared a combination in violation of the Sherman Act. This action failed; consequently, organized baseball rules and regulates the business without dispute.

Just how complete is the hold of organized baseball over all of the available ivory supply will be seen from a few clauses in the standard contract between the club owners and the players. I want it thoroughly understood that this is the only form of contract that may be signed between owner and player in either of the big leagues. It is headed by this notice, in flaming red type: "No club shall make a contract different from the uniform contract or a contract containing a nonreserve clause, except with the written approval of the Advisory Council. All contracts shall be in duplicate, and the player shall retain a counterpart original. The making of any agreement between a Club and Player not embodied in the contract shall subject both parties to discipline by the Commissioner."

Personal Property

THERE is no deviation from this standard contract. The contract of Babe Ruth is identical with that of the most recent recruit, excepting as to the item of salary. The Babe, who is nothing if not absolutely frank and truthful, told me this himself. There may be all sorts of stories as to a private agreement between the Babe and his employer, Col. Jacob Ruppert of the Yankees, but I am sure that you can take Ruth's word.

Once a baseball player has signed one of these contracts, he becomes a chattel of organized baseball for the period of ten years at least. If, at the expiration of that period, his legs have started to go, or he shows other signs of being past his usefulness to the big leagues, he may not be sold down the river to the minors. Organized baseball graciously permits him to become a free agent after ten years of servitude, and he may sell himself, for the best price he can get, to one of the minor teams.

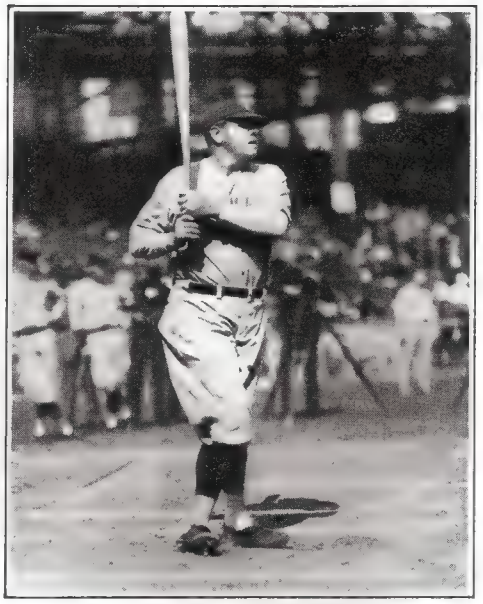
Here is the clause under the heading of Assignment:

"In case of assignment of this contract to another club, the player shall promptly report to the assignee club; accrued salary shall be payable when he so reports; and each successive assignee shall become liable to the player for his salary during his term of service with such assignee, and the club shall not be liable therefor. If the assignee is a member of the National or American League, the salary shall be as above specified. If the assignee is any other club, the player's salary shall be the same as that usually paid by the said club to other players of like ability."

In other words, a player of the big leagues, sold or traded to a minor-league club, must accept the wage of the minors. If he does not, his baseball career ends abruptly.

Under the heading of Discipline, we find this paragraph listed as A: "The player accepts as part of this contract the regulations printed on the third page, and also such reasonable modifications of them and such other reasonable regulations as the club may announce from time to time."

Certainly this paragraph is pleasantly flexible from the magnate's point of view. The player signs to obey regulations not yet even conceived at the time of the signing.



Babe Ruth Watching a High One

Section B of this same paragraph reads: "This contract may be terminated at any time by the club or any assignee upon ten days' written notice to the player." But there is nowhere in the contract any provision by which the contract may be terminated by the player. It is unnecessary for the club to give any reason for dropping the player, but the player might have every reason in the world for wishing to drop the club. If he does, he is out of baseball for a year, and as long thereafter as he fails to see the wisdom of the contract.

Under the heading of Renewal is Paragraph 7; Section A of which reads: "On or before February 15, 1928, by written notice to the player at the last address of record with the club, the club or any assignee hereof may renew this contract for the term of that year, excepting that the salary shall be such as the parties may then agree upon, or, in default of agreement, such as the club may fix."

A Short Fraternity History

IN OTHER words, salary disputes between the player and the club are submitted to a board of arbitration composed of the club, and the club is the court of last resort in this matter. It seems rather unlikely that a magnate, in such a case, would give himself much the worse of the decision.

Then, in Paragraph B, there is an indication of what happens to the baseball player who remains obdurate. It reads: "In default of agreement, the player will accept the salary fixed or else will not play baseball during the said year, otherwise than for the club or for an assignee hereof."

I am not setting down these provisions of the standard baseball contract to picture the baseball player as labor writhing in the grip of capital, represented by organized baseball, but to show what a close corporation the business part of professional baseball really is. Any magnate will tell you that it has to be this way or there would be no national pastime.

The players apparently are resigned to these conditions. About twelve years ago, however, they organized something in the nature of a players' union. It was called the Baseball Players' Fraternity. Babe Ruth sketched its brief career to me a short time ago.

"There were 400 of us at first," said the Babe. "When they came to me and said, 'Will you stand with the players?' I said, 'Sure, I'll stand with the players.' We all kicked in about three dollars a month—some months. Then after a while I asked about the fraternity, and I found out we were down to thirty. But I decided that I would stick. "Finally I tried to find out something about the fraternity, and I found that there were only two of us left—me and —— But I stuck anyhow. Then they went and waived —— out of the league and out of the game. That left only me, and I didn't see the sense of me being the Baseball Players' Fraternity all alone, so I resigned. After that, I never heard anything more about the Baseball Players' Fraternity. I guess it isn't running any more."

Having shown how a big-league baseball club uses and controls its ivory, let us consider how the ivory is procured. There are three ways: By purchase, by draft, and by discovery. After the players have reached the big leagues, they may be shifted from club to club through trading or by the waiver route.

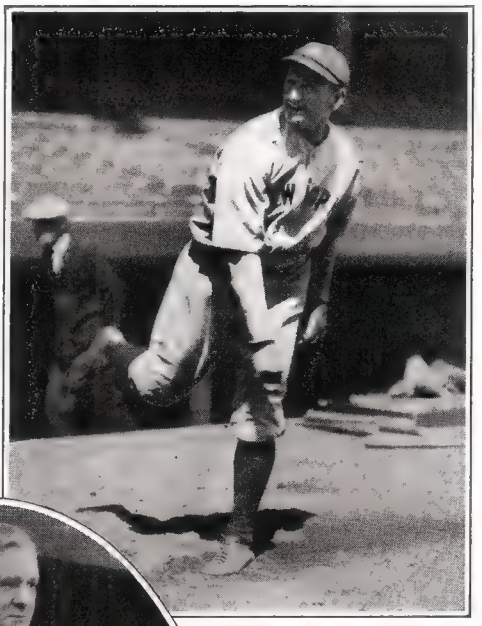
To enlighten the minority who may not understand what is meant by the waiver route, it might be explained that when a bit of ivory becomes shopworn in the opinion of the owner, he sends notice to the other clubs in the big leagues that he is ready to waive on the said ivory. If the player happens to be in the National League and is claimed by a National League club owner, he may be had for the price of $4000. But if all the owners of the National League waive their rights to him, he may be claimed by an owner in the other league for $7500. In the event that he is claimed by two owners in the same league at the same time, the club having the lowest average in the standings for the year is given the first claim.

Frequently the gesture of asking waivers on a player is made with an ulterior motive. The owner may be making this move merely as a feeler in some deal not revealed. If he fails to get this over, he may withdraw the waiver notice.

Perhaps the greatest bargain in ivory was Babe Ruth, who was purchased from the Boston Red Sox by the Yankees for $150,000 in cash. There are no figures to indicate just how much Ruth has been worth to his buyers, but I can give a basis for some figuring. At the time the Babe locked horns with Commissioner Kenesaw Mountain Landis he was given a suspension of about a month and a half. An official of the Yankee Baseball Club told me that the earnings for that period in that year were a matter of $150,000 less than the year previous.

© UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

John McGraw, the General of the Giants



Wilcy Moore, Warming Up

Drafting Into the Big Leagues

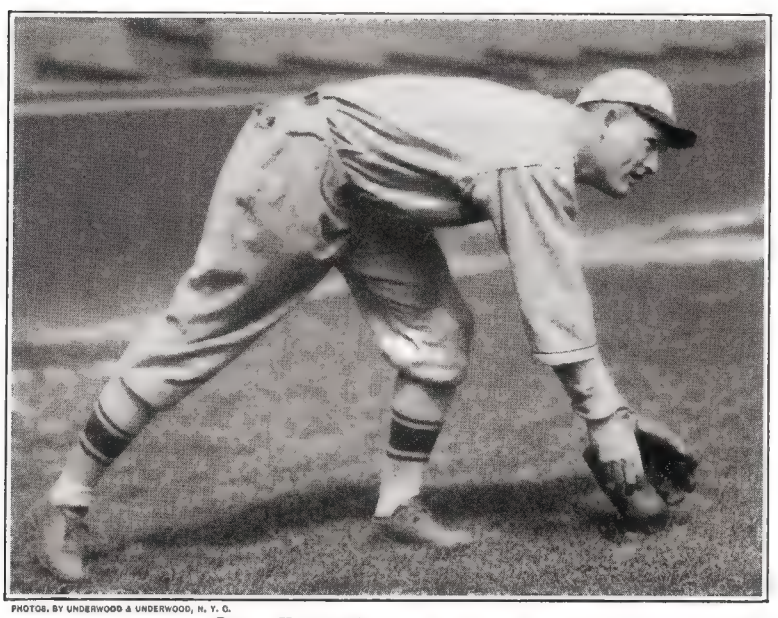
THE highest price ever offered for finished ivory was published when Charles H. Ebbetts, president of the Brooklyn Baseball Club, offered $275,000 for Rogers Hornsby. Just what would be bid for Babe Ruth in the open ivory market today is beyond the imagination of the most deliberate financier in professional baseball.

Each year the major-league clubs have been permitted to draft players from the minor leagues included in organized baseball. There are five of these: Class AA, Class A, Class B, Class C and Class D. For players secured in this fashion, the big-league club owner pays the Class AA owner $5000, the Class A owner $4000, and so on, until a player drafted from a Class D league costs the insignificant sum of $500, but it is seldom that they find ivory worth even that sum in a Class D league. But in the draft the big-league owners may claim only such players as have been sent to the minors by big-league clubs and who have not been recalled. Any ivory which is the property of the minor-league-club owner is his own, to sell at any price he can get.

The sale of players is becoming an even more important item than the game itself to some of the minor-league-club owners. In the past season, for instance, the Portland Club of the Pacific Coast League realized more from the sale of players than it did from the gate receipts of the entire year. This is another strong indication of the great ivory famine and the astonishing increase in the value of that commodity.

In one year the same minor-league club sold Jimmy O'Connell and Willie Kamm for $100,000 apiece. That in itself made a fair annual return for the investment in a minor-league club. Of this purchase money neither player received a dime. They were bound to the same contracts that held the major-league players, and the contracts were assigned to the purchasers with the same formality by which a bill of sale accompanied each slave some time back.

(Continued on Page 89)



PHOTOS. BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.

Rogers Hornsby Scooping Up a Fast One

The Governor's Grocery Bill

"Some of These Birds," He Told His Wife, "Stand Ready to Bankrupt the State if They Can Discredit Me. They'd Stop at Nothing"

By Margaret Culkin Banning

ILLUSTRATED BY H. R. BALLINGER

THE first lady of the state was polishing the andirons in the drawing-room. She was very brisk and energetic about it, and entirely successful, for the brass knobs were already flashing back at the sun. But there was something vaguely apprehensive, almost surreptitious, in her manner, as if she realized that her task was not entirely fitting. The hearth tiles were freshly scoured and waxed, and that the governor's wife had personally done that also was evidenced by the pan of water and can of wax and pile of weary, wrinkled cloths that lay beside her. Sitting back on her heels, she regarded her work admiringly, then jumped to her feet as the doorbell rang. In an instant she had gathered up her paraphernalia of labor, and balancing the pan of water uncertainly with the can of wax, she fled to the kitchen.

"Did you hear the doorbell, Nelly?"

"Yes'm."

"It's often a good idea to answer it," suggested her mistress with sinister gentleness.

"Yes, Mrs. Patton. I was just going to. I was getting this soup on first."

The bell rang again, and Nelly turned reluctantly from the soup kettle.

"Hurry," said Martha Patton. "No, you can't go to the door looking like that. A clean apron, Nelly." She pulled open a drawer with one hand and handed her maid a white folded square. "No, that's worse than the other. There's a huge hole in the front of it. You shouldn't put them away like that. Try this one. Listen, if it's Mrs. Rodman and Mrs. Hines, tell them I'll be right down. Show them into the big room and try to look as if you meant it. Oh, Nelly," she added, as the swinging door closed upon the placid back of her maidservant, "if you couldn't cook like an angel, I'd certainly have murdered you long before this!"

She hurried up the back stairs, catching her foot in the third worn place in the stair carpet, lifting the faded Jersey dress over her head as she went, and glancing out of the front hall windows to verify the Rodman car against the curb. No doubt that had been a vantage place for other governors' wives—those front hall windows bowed in the shape of the balcony outside—for the governor's mansion was one of the perquisites of his office, and six ladies had preceded Martha as its chatelaines. One of them had lived there for eight years and one for only three months, but it was a fair guess that no other governor's wife had stood behind the curtains of the upper front windows looking at all like this one. Even the haircut could not date back to the last administration. Pierre had just begun to do them like that a year ago when Martha had last been in New York. If other governors' wives had worn tan silk bloomers, they had undoubtedly been more reticent about them. Martha's straight, slim legs were not self-conscious, for they had never even known long skirts or petticoats. She was twenty-five, but she looked nineteen, and her youth alone had great publicity value. Martha was growing very much bored with the way the newspapers harped on her youth.

"With all the fascinating things they might say about me!" she mourned to Geoffrey. "It's not because we're young that we're smart!"

"There must be some reason," Geoffrey argued. "Just what do you lay it to?"

But that was one of the lighter moments. Going downstairs five minutes later to meet Mrs. Rodman was one of the heavier ones. Martha had put on the black dress that Josie had just sent her. She never minded wearing any of Josie's things, for Josie knew how to buy, and her social group was too inbred to allow her to wear things very long. Also, having wealth, intuition and the gift of prophecy, Josie was always about six months ahead of the fashions, so that Martha looked exceedingly smart in the black wool dress with its firm, fine lace collar. People were just beginning to realize that lace was going to be good again. Mrs. Rodman knew it. She looked very approvingly at the governor's wife. Mrs. Rodman liked politics and civics and she got a great deal of rough wear out of the words "worth while." But when it was possible, she preferred to have the worthwhile life in a smart setting and kill two birds with one stone.

She held out a cordial hand. "I hope we aren't taking you from some very important duty, Mrs. Patton."

"No indeed."

"I know all the things a governor's wife has to do."

Martha glanced involuntarily at the gleaming andirons and wondered if she did. Then Mrs. Hines, whose greeting was supplementary to that of her more important friend, spoke vividly. Every sentence was keyed to a high note of enthusiasm and replete with italics.

"It's just like a breath of fresh air to come into this house now! It feels so changed—so different!"

"I took the velvet portières down," said Martha. "It was against tradition, but they did hold a great deal of dust. And I think the doorways are rather better without them, don't you?"

"It's not that," protested Mrs. Hines. "I mean that something sinister seems to be gone. When I used to come here during the past six or seven years I always felt so close to corruption—as if I were surrounded by intrigue."

"There's none around now," Martha assured her guest cheerfully.

"Indeed we all know that. I think it's wonderful. I am so proud of you two young people at the head of a great state government. You know, I believe in youth! I ——"

Mrs. Rodman took the conversation away from her friend's convictions with pleasant firmness.

"We expect great things of our young governor," she said, with just a touch of patronage.

"There it is again," thought Martha. But ten months of being a governor's wife had taught her to smile under fatuousness, as she did now.

"It must be a great satisfaction to you, Mrs. Patton, to feel that all the best element in the state is behind your husband."

"It is," agreed Martha; "but of course there are still many problems."

"But don't you think they only make life more interesting?" urged Mrs. Hines.

"We called," said Mrs. Rodman, again commanding the conversation, "to talk to you about the first meeting of the Women's Good Government League. We thought it would be nice to have it here, if it is entirely convenient for you."

"Why, of course. What kind of a meeting is it?"

"The first one is usually purely social. We thought it would be enough to have the members meet the governor's wife under her own roof and taste her hospitality."

Martha's eyes were speculative.

"A reception, then?"

"Oh, let us call it just a tea and keep it quite informal."

"How many people usually come?"

"It ought to be well attended. Two hundred—even two hundred and fifty. We thought we'd have an open meeting to stimulate the membership."

"Oh," said Martha.

"I know they'd like to come here," said Mrs. Rodman, looking about her. "It's so changed since you have been in possession. And the people always take a great interest in the governor's mansion. But would it be convenient on the twentieth of this month?"

Martha went to her desk and flipped the pages of her calendar. "Yes, the twentieth is free. I'll be delighted to have them here."

The ladies were pleasantly grateful, though it was clearly no more than they had expected.

"Now if there's anything we can do to help, you must let us know. The reception committee will be here a little early and of course we will attend to all the publicity."

"Thank you so much," said the governor's wife.

She felt them approving of her; knew, as they went down the steps, that they were praising her. But Martha counted. Two hundred women and more—two hundred and fifty hungry women for tea. Flowers, tea, candles, sandwiches, cake—didn't they realize that all that must come out of the governor's salary? There would have to be a cateress and extra waitress, even if the reception committee passed cakes. Didn't they realize that the governor's salary was six thousand a year and that there was this house to run, even if it were rent free? Didn't they know that flowers and tea and sandwiches and cakes and cateresses cost money?

"Dearest," said the governor.

"What's gone wrong?" asked Martha.

"What makes you think anything has?"

"That wasn't a normal dearest you called me."

"Don't I always call you that—or better?"

"Not in that tone. You didn't have any take-off, my boy. You sounded low. Have you been impeached or anything?"

He was a very young governor indeed. He looked like the kind of young man who dashes from a thousand little suburban houses to catch a morning train and leaves behind him a wife and a perambulator or two and a three-tube radio. A handsome young man, taking life earnestly, a little worn by responsibility, and showing it all the more because the fabric of his life was still so new.

"Not yet this morning."

"Then why call me dearest in that tone of voice?" she persisted.

"Idiot," he said. "Do you like that better? I was just going to ask you if you could get along on a little less money this month."

"Less? Ghastly word!"

"I hate to ask you, but things have been sort of piling up on me. All the Causes have been in for donations this week and I can't head a list of big givers with a quarter or a dime. And there's my life insurance due this month."

"That's a lot, isn't it?"

"I'm making quarterly payments, but even then it means a hundred and twenty-five this month."

Martha sighed. "All that money for nothing!"

"No—for you and Pete. It'd only be twenty-five thousand, darling, for you two if anything happened to me."

"Nothing's going to happen to you!"

"Maybe not. But I'll hang onto the life insurance just the same. The point is that with all these things I'm a little short of cash."

"This being a governor," reflected Martha, "does seem to run into money."

(Continued on Page 104)

There Were Speeches—Flowery Ones, Humorous Ones, Stock Ones. They Poured in and Out of Martha's Ears

THEM'S WYANDOTTES

"You Help Me Round Up These Chickens," Miss Spragg Ordered. "Do You Suppose I'll Collect a Dime's Damage From the Underwriters?"

By George F. Worts

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. BRINKERHOFF

THE second mate of the wheat ship leveled his glasses over the starboard bow at a yellow farmhouse, as crisply defined against the brown land as if it were cut from lemon rind. All about it the land was dotted with moving specks of white.

The wheelsman sighed and said, "Must be close on to ten thousand of them white Leghorns over there."

The second mate adjusted his glasses minutely.

"Them ain't white Leghorns," he disagreed. "Them's white Rocks."

"I know white Leghorns when I see white Leghorns," his subordinate insisted. "Them's white Leghorns."

The pilot-house door opened and the first assistant engineer, a melancholy man of about forty, stepped inside. He was a new man on the crew, and distinguished by buck teeth and a missing left thumb.

"I was just telling this half-wit," the second mate addressed him, "that them chickens over there are white Rocks and he claims they're Leghorns. Know anything about poultry?"

The engineer smiled. It was a peculiar smile, with a tendency to elevate his upper lip at one corner, thereby amazingly adding to his air of cynicism.

"A little."

"Can you settle the argument?"

"I guess so."

"Need these glasses?"

"No, I don't need glasses. Them's white Wyandottes."

The second mate and the wheelsman remained silent, but it was not the silence of courteous compliance. It was the engineer's first visit to the pilot house. The amenities involved in the beginning of a new and perhaps beautiful friendship checked the second mate's sharp and dreadful tongue.

The engineer was lighting his cob, puffing firmly behind cupped hands.

"Including broilers," he went on, still puffing, "there's about fifteen thousand five hundred of them Wyandottes. That's Bill Macklin's place."

"I used to know a Bill Macklin," said the second mate. "He was second assistant on the Thaddeus R. Baxter. If it's the same Bill Macklin, he's a tall, good-looking fellow, with light curly hair and a pair of shoulders on him like Jack Dempsey. He had a funny trick of swallowing his cigarette smoke and blowing it out through his teeth like live steam. He used to be the fanciest dresser on fresh water. He was quite a dude."

"That's the one," the engineer affirmed. "But he wasn't any dude. He had a lot of personal pride. He picked up a hundred-dollar blue serge suit one time for twenty dollars. Saw it hanging in a tailor's window in Superior, Wisconsin. Bill certainly knew values. I guess that suit had been hanging in the window for a week and everybody passed it up. But Bill took one look and went in and bought it.

"He was as proud of that suit as a woman is of her first child, and he treated it accordingly. Always kept it hung up neat in some kind of red paper to keep the moths out. When Bill had it on, with the trimmings that went with it, you'd think he owned the entire fleet of the Great Lakes Transit Corporation. But he wasn't any dude."

"Did you ever see that egg-shaped pearl of his?" the second mate wanted to know.

"Did I ever see it!" the engineer exclaimed. "I'll tell you something about that pearl."

"The only time I saw Bill Macklin," the second mate quickly resumed, "was when he bought that pearl. It was in Ashtabula. You know how these lousy coal passers are always bringing bum jewelry aboard and trying to palm it off for the real article? This particular bunker rat had an unset pearl and wanted to sell it cheap. Everybody laughed at him until he got to Bill Macklin. Bill Macklin got it for next to nothing. He may have been a dude, but he certainly knew a good thing when he saw it."

"Bill Macklin wasn't a dude," the engineer reiterated, "but he had that streak of personal pride in him that got him into a mess of trouble. Bill only liked to see himself looking neat. He was the cleanest man I ever saw in an engine room. When Bill came off watch, I don't think he ever spent less than an hour over his cleaning up. He always took a hot bath, scrubbed himself pink and changed to clean clothes."

"I've heard he was quite a lady's man," murmured the second mate.

"No, he wasn't a lady's man," the engineer contradicted. "It was the other way around. They wouldn't leave him alone. They fell for his looks and his clothes and his cleanness. Well, they had as much chance of getting him as a farmer has of getting dividends on oil stock he buys from a stranger. But they certainly got him into trouble.

"Bill was bound and determined to own his own ship so he could steer clear of women forever, but every time he got anywhere near his goal, some woman ruined everything."

"Didn't he used to be fleet engineer for Old Man Sawbridge?" the second mate inquired.

The engineer spat decisively through the window, clearing the stair railing, the wide deck beneath and the side of the ship in an astounding arc.

"That was when Bill got so soured on women," he answered. "I was with him when it all happened. Old Man Sawbridge had a daughter name of Lucy, the best-looking girl I ever laid eyes on. But she was nothing but a country-club bum. She drank like a fish and smoked like a hot bearing and flirted with anything with pants on. She was dead set on having Bill, maybe because he was always so polite and formal with her.

"I was in the office with him the morning he threw up his job. Old Man Sawbridge came in with a chip on each shoulder and he wanted to know right off why Bill was treating Lucy as if she was the dirt under his feet.

"'Excuse me, Doctor Sawbridge,' said Bill, in that pipe-organ voice of his, 'but I have always endeavored to treat your daughter with the utmost consideration.'

"'I suppose you know,' said the old man, 'you wouldn't be where you are today if it hadn't been for Lucy.'

"'I don't think I quite understand,' said Bill, very low and gentle, but I saw the red shoot up behind his ears.

"'Try to understand this, then,' the old man roars at him: 'It was Lucy who wanted you in a shore job, and it's Lucy who's been wheedling me to give you the berth as my assistant so you can shoot right up in the company.'

"'You mean, my own ability has nothing to do with it?' Bill said, very gentle; but I saw the pencil he had in his hand break in half.

"'I can get good fleet engineers by the truckload by snapping two fingers!' the old man barked.

"'In other words,' said Bill, still speaking very gentle and courteous, but about as red now as a southeast storm warning, 'I've been taking money from you I haven't earned. I've been taking a thousand a year more on this job than when I was chief on the Sawbridge. I owe you two thousand dollars, Doctor Sawbridge, and I'm going to pay it back!'

"That made the old man boil. He'd been mad before, but the real fireworks hadn't been let off till now.

"'If you quit me,' he roared, 'I'll blacklist you on every ship on the Great Lakes!'

"'I'll get a job,' said Bill quietly, 'and I'll pay you the two thousand I owe you—inside of a year.'

"'The only ship you'll get,' the old man shouted at him, 'will be some water-soaked old hulk nobody else will take. I'll see to it! You can't make a laughingstock of my daughter without paying for it through the nose!'

"He was jumping up and down, he was so mad. Well, it went on, the old man roaring, Bill insisting that he would get a job and pay the two thousand back, and me standing there, getting more and more scared for Bill by the minute.

"You know how powerful Sawbridge is. Any time he blacklists a man, his chances for landing a job are thinner than a bum's dime. I knew there was going to be white water ahead for Bill Macklin. Sawbridge had broken better men than him. But with all his threats, the old man couldn't fluster Bill. I never saw anybody or anything that could."

The engineer spat again, clearing the wide deck beneath with marvelous accuracy. He continued:

"That was what soured Bill on women. He said to me: 'I'm going to pay him back that two thousand, and I'm going to do it right here on the Lakes. As soon as I have him paid up, I'm going to start laying money aside to buy my own ship. Let's go to Buffalo and see Silas Minturn. He's Sawbridge's worst enemy, and he may give us jobs.'

"'Bill,' I said, 'you aren't going to have an easy time. Wherever you go, there's going to be women. You're too good-looking.'

"Well, we went to Buffalo and bang off, like I said, Bill ran foul of another woman. Lucy Sawbridge had started him off on a course studded with rocks. He was too good-looking."

The engineer gazed at the chicken farm, now amidships over the starboard side. He relighted his cob.

When we got to Buffalo—the engineer resumed—jobs were as scarce as a stepmother's kisses. It was early in the season, the ice was hardly out of the rivers and crews were about full up. But Minturn promised us something. He said to keep coming around for a week or two and something would be sure to turn up. So we kept coming around and reporting to Minturn's secretary.

Of course, Bill always went up there looking like the glass of fashion and the mold of form. He was a soothing relief to any female eye, anyway, but he knew that Silas Minturn liked to have his men looking like prosperous citizens, and that was some excuse.

Minturn's secretary was a redhead. She had green eyes that used to eat Bill up every time we blew into the office. She was something to feast your eyes on herself. Slim and graceful and sort of wild-looking. She was shameless about Bill. She kept asking him if he wouldn't like to go out and dance with her, but he turned her down, politely but firmly.

"Bill," I Said, "I Found It!"

Finally we landed jobs in the Silas Minturn herself, Bill as chief and me as oiler. Every time we passed Detroit a lot of perfumed lavender letters would come up for Bill in the mail-boat bucket, and every time we hit Buffalo the redhead would be down at the dock, waiting for him. But I didn't get worried. Lucy Sawbridge had vaccinated him against women.

In My Time I Have Seen Girls Mad, But I am Sure I Never Saw One Madder in Every Particular Than the One We Met at the Top of That Ladder

But one morning the redhead showed up in a lavender sport roadster trimmed with black. It was a beautiful job and I knew how Bill loved good machinery. She told Bill her aunt had died and she had come into some money. He tried to steer clear of her, but she was as smart as a starving rat. She'd lay for him. He couldn't escape her. Pretty soon they were going out dancing.

One time I heard her offering him money. She said she still had some of her inheritance left and she'd like to loan Bill enough to help him start buying a ship of his own.

"You're too good a man," she said, "to spend your life in a dirty old engine room."

But Bill wouldn't take her money. It seemed to me he was a damned fool. She would only blow it in, anyway, and here was his chance to pay Old Man Sawbridge that two thousand in a lump. But Bill wouldn't take a dime.

One trip into Buffalo there was a private cop on the pier waiting for Bill. He took Bill up to Minturn's office, and there was hell popping. It seems that the redhead had been hitting the till. Minturn trusted her to the limit and gave her a free hand with his bank account. She had begun dipping into it just about the time she fell for Bill. Minturn had got wise and now she was in jail waiting to be tried.

Bill told what there was to his side of the story and he asked how much she had got away with. Not counting what she had taken to buy the roadster, it was around a thousand dollars.

"You're through, Macklin," Minturn said. "I won't have men on my pay roll who lead girls astray like that."

Bill didn't argue with him. He thanked Minturn for the job and said: "Mr. Minturn, I feel personally responsible for most of that thousand dollars. I'm going to pay it back to you. I've got pretty close to a thousand saved up and I'm going to turn it over to you."

I could just hear Old Man Sawbridge chuckling when he heard about that redhead. Bill might have gone right on up in the Minturn fleet if it hadn't been for her. Now here was another door closed to him and he was set back a cold thousand on the debt he felt he owed Sawbridge. As far as jobs went, things were looking bad. That black list was getting rumored around. But Bill was full of confidence.

"A man like Sawbridge," he said to me, "has plenty of enemies. We'll have to look around until we find another one."

So we began looking around. But either the enemies were scarce or they were afraid to buck Old Man Sawbridge. We were about as popular around shipping offices as toadstools in a mushroom omelet. But finally Bill dug up the Julius Hatwell. She was a big step down from the Minturn, and Bill had to go down another peg and go first assistant in her. He had a chief's license of unlimited tonnage, and it must have hurt.

(Continued on Page 56)

AN AMERICAN BANKER

He Took Me to the Front Door to Point Out the Exact Spot on the Square Where Would Sometime be Located the Greer Office Building

II

By Jesse Rainsford Sprague

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

MY UNCLE MAURY ALLEN retired from the management of the Nelson Bank in 1901, being nearly seventy at the time. Herbert Nelson had died the year before, and I think my uncle felt his duty toward Herbert's father, old Dwight P. Nelson, was fulfilled. He had accumulated something like $30,000, which in those days was considered a competence. The Nelson fortune of $500,000 Herbert left to relatives in different parts of the country and to his old preparatory school near New York City, which was Herbert's last sardonic joke toward the citizens of Judsonville, who had confidently looked for some sort of public bequest.

The bank was taken over by a corporation of local business men who reorganized it under the name of the National Bank of Judsonville. They made me an offer to stay, with the title of cashier, but with a certain string attached that took away the desirability of the position. It was felt that on account of my age one of the directors should stay in the bank at all times to supervise my operations. The man thought most suitable for this supervision was Elias Plummer, a retired farmer who knew nothing about banking; and I could not bring myself to believe I could be very happy under such an arrangement. My Uncle Maury also advised me against taking the position, and I turned in my resignation, to take effect as soon as the new management should get a suitable executive.

It chanced about this time that a man named William Husted came to town who represented a New York City concern called the Bankers Promotion Corporation that specialized in promoting savings departments in banks throughout the country. The directors of the new National Bank of Judsonville were considering putting in a savings department, and Husted came to try to persuade them to use his service. The main feature of this service was a little cast-iron lock box about four inches square, with a slot for putting in coins, which the bank would give to people who opened savings accounts. The bank kept the key, so the customer had to bring his box in to be opened, and was thus protected against any impulse he might have to spend his accumulated wealth.

Husted had two propositions that he put to bank directors. He would sell the little lock boxes outright for one dollar each in lots of 1000, in which case the bank itself distributed them to its customers. Or he would make a contract with the bank to secure for it a certain number of new depositors, in which case his firm would send a crew of solicitors for a house-to-house canvass, placing the boxes with householders and persuading them to start savings accounts. In the latter case the bank paid three dollars for each new account brought in.

The directors of the National Bank of Judsonville were slow in coming to a decision on Husted's proposition; so he was in town several days and I became fairly well acquainted with him. Knowing he traveled all around the country and had a wide acquaintance among bankers, I told him of my resignation and asked him if he knew of any bank where I might fit in. He said he knew of no such place at the moment, but if I were so minded I could probably get a job with his company, which was looking for a man to sell its service in the Southern States.

I told him I knew nothing about selling, to which he replied that this would make little difference, because his firm would rather have a man with actual banking experience—one who could talk to bank officials in their own language—than a mere salesman. He also seemed to think that my being Southern born would help me in that part of the country. I talked with my uncle about it and he agreed that at my age such work might be a good thing to follow for a while, as it would give me a broader outlook of the country, besides putting me in touch with a great many bankers whose acquaintance might be useful later on. The upshot was that I wrote the Bankers Promotion Corporation and after some correspondence was offered a place on its sales force, covering that portion of the South extending from North Carolina to Texas.

In many ways I was sorry to leave Judsonville, for it was a pleasant community, and I do not know of any more satisfactory life than that of country banker when conditions are such that he can use his own judgment and initiative. I went to New York for a couple of weeks' instructions in my new job and then, after a week's visit with my family in Virginia, started out on my career as a traveling salesman.

I had no set route of travel. At that time the Government periodically published the names of national banks that were opening savings departments; and from this and other sources my firm learned the names of prospective customers and would wire me directions. There was plenty of competition, for even at that date at least a dozen houses were doing practically the same sort of business as the Bankers Promotion Corporation.

In 1901 the old Confederate States were just beginning to enter on the progressive movement that has so amazingly continued until the present time. Several times during my seven years in the North I had made visits to my family in Byers, but it was not until I began to go about in

a business way that I realized what was going on. Everywhere towns and cities were coming out of the run-down conditions that had maintained previously. New business houses were opening up, factories were being started with local capital, and there was general feeling of optimism and confidence in the future. I have always attributed this rejuvenation to the influence of the Spanish War. For more than thirty years, from '65 to '98, the Southern people felt themselves to be outside the fold, rather in the nature of stepchildren of the Government; the war with a foreign power gave them once more the feeling that they were really a part of the United States.

In one way my job was extra hard. The average salesman on the road deals with a single buyer, while in each case I had to convince an entire board of directors; and nearly always there would be one or two men who were congenitally opposed to allowing their minds to travel along with their fellows. I had been out only a couple of weeks when one day I received a telegram from my house directing me to go to a South Georgia town to call on a bank that had written in to say it might be persuaded to use our services in building up its savings department.

Arriving one morning, I registered at the hotel and then went to the bank to make myself known to Mr. Endicott, the cashier, who had signed the letter to my firm. He received me very agreeably, saying he had talked with his directors about the advisability of increasing the number of savings accounts and if I could convince them that our service would do what we claimed for it, he believed I would have no trouble in getting a contract. He said he would get the directors together that afternoon to give me a hearing.

Filled with the prospect of easy business, I spent a pleasant morning walking about town and sitting in the hotel lobby, and at three o'clock repaired again to the bank for my session with the directors. The front door was closed, but I was admitted at a side entrance to the directors' room, where one by one the various members arrived and seated themselves about the long table. Mr. Wygant, the president, was an old gentleman of eighty-four, quite deaf. Besides him there was Mr. Endicott the cashier, a man named Randolph who was in the cotton business, two others whose names I have forgotten, and Andrew J. Rogers, a chunky little man with a red face and bristling white hair, who operated a lumber yard and planing mill, and who somehow gave the impression of being in a perpetual state of irascibility.

I began my sales effort by passing around a couple of my little home savings boxes and explaining how they were used. All but Mr. Rogers appeared interested; when one of the boxes was set before him he pushed it aside with hardly a glance. Anyone who has ever appeared before a group of men knows how disconcerting such an individual can be; and it was especially so in this case because Mr. Rogers would say nothing for or against my proposition, even to the extent of asking a question.

In Mr. Endicott's letter to my firm he had intimated that his bank might take our full service, and if this were decided on it would mean our sending a crew to the town for a house-to-house canvass, and probably several thousand dollars in commissions to us for the accounts we would put on the bank's books. I did my best, but Mr. Rogers simply would not warm up. I had carbon copies of letters from other Georgia banks my firm had worked for that commended our service, but these he merely glanced at and tossed aside. Long before the session was over I knew I was beaten, even though I was sure all the others were in favor of signing my contract. At the end of my talk I went out of the room to give the directors a chance to confer among themselves, and it was no surprise when Mr. Endicott followed me out twenty minutes later to say the bank would not make a contract with my firm. I suppose he felt a little apologetic after leading me to believe I was going to get the business, for he looked around to make sure no one was listening and confided: "Andrew Rogers was so set against it we couldn't do anything but turn you down. It's too bad you didn't go to his office and have a talk with him before he came to the directors' meeting. I reckon he would have been all right if you had done that. Andrew likes to be catered to a little."

It was a lesson I never forgot. The time for me to have made my sale was when I was sitting comfortably in the hotel that morning and thinking how easily I was going to get my contract signed. Never since that time have I ever gone before any board to argue any important question without first seeing each member privately. Every man in the world sees life from a different viewpoint, and you can iron out little prejudices in an informal talk where it would be impossible to do it in public. Vanity plays its part, too, as in the case of Andrew Jackson Rogers. Perhaps it ought not to be so, but everyone is human, and everyone likes to be catered to a little.

Altogether I worked as a traveling salesman about a year and a half, and though it gave me valuable experience, I can't say I particularly enjoyed it after the first novelty wore off. Contrary to the general impression, it is not a gay life; anyhow the men who try to make it gay do not usually hold their jobs long. There is always a certain feeling of loneliness. You know the towns on your territory from the standpoint of the leading hotel and the business district, but outside of that everything is a closed book. The people you do business with quit their day's work with something pleasant ahead; you go to your hotel to write letters or to sit about the lobby until bedtime. Sometimes two men who were calling on the same trade with noncompetitive lines would cover their routes together for the sake of companionship, but in my case this was impossible, because I seldom could plan in advance, but jumped about here and there in accordance with orders from the New York office.

There was one salesman I traveled with occasionally who called on banks for a Chicago firm that made and installed burglar-alarm systems. I think the term "go-getter" had not been coined at that time, but this Elmer Giles might easily have been the person who inspired it. He was not much older than I, but I have never known any

(Continued on Page 70)

About a Dozen of Us Went the Rounds of the Hobo Camps to Gather Up All Those Who Could Not Show Good Reason for Their Presence in Our Midst

CORAL

By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

HE WAS, Captain the Honorable George Welch said, left over from the international polo. He was talking to Elena Barns and Coral. The older woman, Coral's aunt, had returned from Europe, and they were sitting in her apartment. That, Coral reflected, was probably the only modest assertion she had ever heard an Englishman make. But then she could see that George Welch was an uncommon Englishman. In the first place, he looked exactly as an Englishman ought to look. Only, of course, better. He was the best Coral had ever seen—the thinnest and the brownest and the most completely masculine. His clothes really were miraculous. His hair grew marvelously on a perfectly shaped head. She remembered, from earlier days, pictures of him in the History of Art—Greek pictures. That memory and association of ideas pleased her enormously. It was actually very intelligent.

"When it came time to pack up," the captain continued, "I decided to stay in America—in New York—for a little, anyhow. There wasn't a thing for me to go back for. I've left the army and I'm sick of being a sort of superior hostler for polo ponies. My dear Elena, I'm getting too old." Elena Barns, Coral remembered, had known him in England.

"I thought I'd stay on here and get some money. To be completely honest. Two or three years, I thought, wouldn't be badly spent that way." There he was more characteristic, more national. "You'll find I'm original, too," he told them, putting down his glass empty. "Thank you. Have you got a fresh bottle, Elena? . . . Yes, you'll think I'm a character. I am not going to marry it. . . . I'll do it myself, if you please. It's better like that. Not so much trouble afterward. Your own money, do you see? You don't have to stand up on your hind legs and beg. I mean, if you see what I mean, like a dog," he explained. "We see what you mean," Coral assured him. "We are really quite intelligent. You'd be amazed." He replied hastily, "Of course—naturally." His voice, however, was without conviction. "Oh, yes, he's a perfectly normal Englishman," Coral told herself.

"Say It." His Voice Was Both Low and Intense. She Freed Her Hand. "Not in the Embassy Club," She Replied

At the same time she liked him. He was splendid simply to look at. And then, while he was out of the army now, he had been conspicuously in it through the war. Yes, she liked him. Elena Barns asked, "What have you decided to do?" It was all arranged. "I am going to sell bonds for Herren & Company. That seemed to me to be the thing. I stayed with him during the matches. I am only going to see special people, of course—rather big people. There is no use my bothering with small orders. I'll have letters. You will help me, Elena." Coral, she replied, would be far more useful. "Coral knows everyone and she has packs of influence—packs." Captain Welch turned to Coral. "Will you?"

"Perhaps," she said coolly. "If you like I'll take you to the Olivers' tonight. It's a big party and they won't mind. If you'd call Mitchell Oliver a big person." He rather would, Welch declared. "I know one of his daughters." "Probably Primrose," Coral answered. "If you hadn't decided against it, Primrose would be splendid for you. She's always wanted to stay in England." Welch was decided. "No, thank you," he said. "I'd rather not have an American girl. They are over a bit spoiled. I fancy that, though, could be cured. No, it would be better my making it. Perhaps I had better go dress. You might pick me up at my hotel," Welch suggested. "So I might," Coral replied. She said no more. "Quite all right," he agreed, after a pause. "I'll be back around eight."

"What are you going to do, Coral?" her aunt asked, when Welch had gone. "I don't know," Coral admitted. "I don't want to go to Palm Beach this year till sometime in December, and it's only sometime in November now." She could stay in her apartment, Elena Barns suggested. "You'd be absolutely free, Coral; I'd love to have you."

"You'd be sunk in a week," Coral replied. "I never go to bed. The people I have would drive you mad. Orchestras and worse. No, I won't do that. I'll go over to Philadelphia—with the Rawlings, perhaps. If mother was home we could open the house. But she isn't and so we can't." Her aunt asked, "What is this I hear about your not drinking?" It was, Coral told her, just that—exactly that. "I'm not drinking. I found I was having a rotten time and hiding it from myself with gin." Elena Barns gazed at her sharply. "You are going to get married," she asserted. "I am," Coral echoed her. "But I've had the devil of a time. You'd never believe what trouble I'm having simply to get married. You see, I want to be—well, married. I want to work at it; have children and see them once a day anyhow."

"You have been finding some gray hair," Elena Barns said further. "When you do, it always has that effect. Or else you have been on a frightful party. Or else you have been in love. Practically every woman gets married after a love affair. You need relief. Who have you thought of?" Coral answered her at random: "Simply a reasonable man. Not too much of anything. They don't seem to exist. I've had some frightful calamities. For the moment I'm pretty discouraged."

Elena Barns suggested Captain Welch.

"I've known him five or six years, and he is very well liked in London. His family is good and he couldn't have a better record. If you know a better looking man, where is he?"

"You forget—he wants to make it himself. He doesn't want to marry it." Her aunt interrupted her to say nonsense. "Besides," Coral Mery went on, "I haven't any. I really haven't any money, Aunt Elena. You know that." Elena Barns said, "You have about sixty thousand dollars a year. Perfectly safely. That isn't precisely nothing, specially in England. You could be very comfortable in England on sixty thousand a year." Coral put in: "You mean Captain Welch could be very comfortable, don't you? Anyhow, he is very fetching and I'll wear a good dress. I like Englishmen, because you always know where their thoughts are. Their thoughts are on themselves—exclusive."

In the closeness of the elevator, leaving Elena Barns' apartment, Coral saw that George Welch was even better looking than she had realized. His eyes, she told herself, were marvelous—the bluest and the steadiest eyes she had ever encountered. "Where is the taxi?" she asked, when they were outside. "Didn't you keep it?" He walked, he told her. "It was only a short distance. I found it's not far, either, to the Olivers'. Don't you think we could keep right on?" Coral didn't and said so. "There is no reason why we shouldn't walk," Welch persisted. "It's only six blocks, as you call them. I like being with you and it is a superb night."

"I can think of three reasons," she replied. "My slippers are two and I don't want to is three." He still hesitated. "It will do you good," Welch told her. "It might," she agreed. Coral turned to the man in uniform at the door. "I want a taxi, please," she said. She smiled cheerfully at Captain the Honorable George Welch. "For a penny—for a halfpenny," he said, "I'd take you by the arm and walk you up the street. It's what you deserve." Coral replied frankly, "Anyhow, don't throw your money away." In the taxicab, he was silent, occupied with a cigarette. "No," he said finally, with a great firmness, "no American girl. I would rather work." She glanced at him coldly. "It's a mistake to make situations," she asserted. "You never can tell. You might even want to marry me." Welch laughed pleasantly. "What a girl you are!" he exclaimed. "But you are going to help me, aren't you? We can start tonight with Mitchell Oliver. Others will be there too."

Before they reached the Olivers' Coral asked, "Do you know anything about Mitchell Oliver?" He didn't. "Don't let that keep you awake," Welch told her cheerfully. "I will, once I see him. I'm a pretty keen judge, you know." Coral Mery gazed at him blandly. "I thought you wanted me to help you," she continued. "It seemed to me you said something like that. Well, I'll help you anyhow. Mitchell loves books." He interrupted her to exclaim, "Fancy that!" "Fancy what?" Coral demanded sharply. "Why, Oliver's liking books. An American business man and all that. Hard-boiled. An American business man is a man who spends his life buying pearls for his wife. I see them in Paris. Wretched little fellows." She repeated, "Mitchell loves books. If you want him to know you are alive, you must be interested in them too." George Welch thanked her. "It's what you call a hot tip."

The dinner was so large, the table so long at the Olivers' that Coral was practically isolated between George Welch and Zinc Bent. Zinc, of course, was drunk; as usual, he seemed to be making sense perfectly; but Coral knew that

he wasn't. "Zinc," she said, "do you know Captain Welch? He came over with the polo team." Zinc insisted on getting up and shaking hands. At the same time he admitted he had been tremendously moved by the fact that England, apparently, had had to send to India for a team. "England," he said, "is slipping." Welch regarded him with a profound tolerance. "Easy, old boy," he said, directing Zinc into his chair. "A good team, too," Bent went on; "lovely polo. Trained, I'm told, on marmalade. Understand the ponies were rubbed down in ale." Welch turned to Coral. "Is that a joke?" She replied that you couldn't tell—not with Zinc. Sometimes it looked like a joke when it conspicuously wasn't. "Curry," Zinc said; "told they trained on curry."

"I really don't know," Welch answered. He was, Coral realized, behaving very well. "The English," Zinc went on, "are a wonderful little people. Excuse me, that's the Japanese. What are the English? You tell me, Mr. Bones." Welch turned to Coral, "Who is he speaking to?" It didn't matter, Coral told him. "You talk to me. The man across the table—no, the left—is Addison Carter. He'd be useful for you to know. They have a really marvelous house at Palm Beach. He'll be with Mitchell after dinner, looking at his books. We might fall over them." That would be splendid, Welch agreed. "Carter could ask me down to his marvelous house at Palm Beach. Herren said something about Palm Beach. He rather expects me to be there the season."

"Addison won't," Coral explained. "Mary does the asking. That's a sister. His wife is dead. Mary is very proper and civic. I think it's civic. Parks and day nurseries. She isn't here. You'll have to meet her again. I won't introduce you, either. If I did, it would be all over." Zinc leaned toward them. "The English," he reiterated, "are slipping. One Lady Hamilton would save old England." Welch asked, "Why not a Nelson?" Zinc was disdainful. "Compared to a sweetie," he announced, "the battle of Trafalgar Square was nothing." He punched Coral violently in the side. "You didn't know I knew that." She said, "Don't, Zinc; you hurt." Captain Welch became engaged. "I am afraid he is bothering you." Coral motioned at him to be quiet. "You're English," Zinc told him; "you don't know. You can't bother our little Coral. She'd knock you cockeyed. Coral, I slightly smell the blood of an Englishman."

At that moment the dinner ended and she firmly took Welch's arm. "I'm going with you. You can have your brandy somewhere else. Perhaps in the library." Coral gave a sigh of relief. Zinc was simply frightful. He practically always had a fight. They found deep chairs—a servant with coffee and liqueurs found them—in the room where Mitchell Oliver kept his books. Coral was perfectly contented. She watched with an increasing interest, a glow of pleasure, the purity of Welch's profile, the quiet precision of his brown hands. "That," he said, "is a really excellent cigar." There was a silver box open and he transferred five or six to a pocket. Coral asked coldly, "Is that an English habit?" He turned toward her, surprised. "What?" She moved a hand toward the cigar box. "Certainly not," he replied decidedly. "You'd never do it in an English house. But it's quite all right in America. They expect you to."

"Do they?" said Coral. "Do they? You've been awfully quick about our habits." She leaned forward and quickly took the cigars from his pocket. Coral put them back in the box. Then she looked at him long and gravely. "I like you," she said at last. There was no one else in the library, and, half rising, he drew her face toward him. She didn't struggle; Coral was totally cold. He sat back with a gasp of protest. "You are like ice," he complained. "I'd been told American women were that way. I didn't believe it was true of you. I hoped it wasn't."

"I can't see what that has to do with it," Coral said disagreeably. "And I'm sick of hearing about being cold. Did you maybe think I was a cigar and that all you needed was a match? Don't do it again," Coral told him. "Not till I ask you." Welch laughed easily. "I'd look a poor fellow, wouldn't I?—waiting until a woman asked me to kiss her." He'd look worse, she said calmly, if he didn't. She was amazingly annoyed; she was cross at him; a kiss wasn't very important. It didn't have to be important at all. "If I don't happen to want to be kissed, I'm cold," she commented. "That's perfectly splendid—for you. Men are wonderful. Englishmen are wonderful." He missed her inflection. "They are rather good," Welch admitted. "And I fancy the English aren't the worst." Coral Mery rose. "Here's Mitchell. . . . Mitchell," she said, "it was sweet of Caroline and you to let me bring Captain Welch. Have you met him? He likes books, if he is a captain, and—yes, I'll leave you." Addison Carter came up to them. "Addison, this is Captain Welch. He came over with the polo team and he liked us so well he's decided to stay. We'll all see lots of him, of course." Very much later she asked Welch:

"Well, was it perfectly all right?" It had been good enough. "Look here, I was knocked silly by his books. He had all Jorrocks' and books without end with Alken plates. Somebody in London must have got them for him." Coral assured him that Mitchell Oliver got to London occasionally himself. "How did you get along with Addison Carter?" she demanded. "I can't think of anyone else who'd be so useful for you." Carter, Welch admitted, had been just a dash difficult. "It seems he collects American history and he tried to tell me it was as interesting as English. He must be light-headed. England and history are the same thing. Why, damn it, there isn't any American history. It's English." Coral was willing to agree. "Perhaps," she said indifferently. "I don't really care. Not for the moment. I thought you wanted to know Addison because you were selling bonds. Then, when you do know him, you fuss about history. You are light-headed." Welch assured her that he had been diplomatic. "I just said it was nonsense." She begged him then to stop being diplomatic.

"You are a great trouble to me already," she acknowledged; "I have to keep Zinc from hitting you on the nose and then steer you among the financiers. I can see you'll never stay with the Carters at Palm Beach. You've spoiled that. I'll have to think of someone else. You simply can't go to a hotel—not at Palm Beach. . . . Do you want some champagne?" He didn't. "A whisky-soda, thanks. This American champagne—what!" It wasn't American, she pointed out; it was French.

When, finally, Coral appeared in Elena Barns' drawing-room Welch turned from his glass without rising. "You do look splendid," he acknowledged; "I think you're best riding, and then I see you for dinner and think you're better then. There isn't any hurry, is there?" There wasn't. That was right, he continued. "I've asked Margot to bring me some anchovy." Coral didn't suppose any was left. "Didn't you eat it all up last night? I haven't ordered more." Margot appeared without anchovy. "Whenever you're ready," Welch said. "But, Coral, where are we going? These New York restaurants are horribly expensive. Don't you know a quiet little place? Plenty in London." She ought to, Coral replied, but she didn't. "I don't like quiet little places," she admitted. "Can't we have something simple—ham and eggs?" He made a grimace. "But this isn't breakfast," Captain Welch pointed out. "It isn't even lunch. I don't want ham and eggs. That's not a decent dinner. We'll ask the cabman."

"At least," Coral said, "I'm relieved to hear there will be a cab driver. It sounds as though there would be a cab. We won't ask him, though. I don't know about them in London, but one here wouldn't know. He really wouldn't." Welch suggested a tea room. "It would be fun to find one for ourselves. A little quiet place where we could talk." Coral sat on the edge of a chair. She stared at him. "A tea room," she repeated. "A tea room. Are you serious? Hot yellow muffins." He answered hastily, "Well, perhaps not a tea room." He grew more animated. "Look here, you can't be very fond of me, making all this row about dinner. If you did like me you wouldn't care where we went, so we were together. You wouldn't know."

"That," she said, "is ridiculous and I am surprised at you. If I did care for you and we had a rotten dinner, I wouldn't when it was over. I wouldn't care for anyone then. You

(Continued on Page 48)

Coral Stopped for a Moment at His Shoulder. She Moved Away, Because He Was in a Bad Temper. He Was Losing

THE RIVER PIRATE

There Was Something About Him That Gave Him the Same Look the Guards at the Reform School Always Carried

By Charles Francis Coe

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

VII

WHEN we got back to Maggie's, Sailor Frink told me we would do no talking in the place. The result was that I had a million questions I wanted to ask him and did not dare ask a single one. Kraft's warehouse kept looming up before my eyes. It was so big and dark and silent.

I could imagine, under the outer end of it, the big pilings that rose up from the water to the floor of the place. There would be a constant lapping noise about those piers, and it was a sound that I knew well. From what the sailor said I supposed we would get his boat and work our way into the warehouse from the river end.

Until I fell asleep, which was nearly morning, because my mind was so jumpy, I could hear the sounds of the restaurant down below and the noise of men along the docks. There was never very much noise, but there was always a little. That made each noise clear as a bell, and just like I used to lie and count the bars, I lay now and listened, and tried to identify each separate noise. Once in a while a voice would come from the night, and always it was loud and thick with booze.

The sailor undressed and rolled into bed. His arms were all covered with tattoo marks, and the muscles he had were as big as hawsers, and as round.

"Turn in, lad," he urged me; "roll in fer corkin' off. You'll be needin' it, that you will."

I knew that corking off was a sailor's way of saying sleep. I agreed, and lay still and breathed like I was asleep. But I was not. The sailor snored like a horn buoy. There was one window in the room, and the reflection of a street light came through that and made a whitish-green spot across the foot of my bed.

I got to watching that and listening to the sounds. I could see my toes under the blanket, and when I wiggled them little shadows ran around the lighted spot. It was a lot better than the reform school. I felt great, except I was nervous. I was filled right up on stew and my stomach felt satisfied, being away from reform slumgullion. Finally I went to sleep.

The next morning Maggie gave us a breakfast that was swell. She cooked eggs for us and we had coffee with cream in it. Maybe it was milk, but it tasted like cream to me, and certainly beat the gum juice I was used to. After that she gave us toast that was really toasted and cut thin. I liked it. I ate three of the eggs and would have had a couple more, but Maggie put her hands on her hips and looked at me like she thought I was a trained animal.

Afterward I learned a lot about her, and there had been a time when she was pretty and the men all wanted her. She never had taken any of them, though, and I guess they were all glad of it now—that is, if there were any of them left around who had wanted her. Maggie was pretty old. I guessed she was better than sixty.

Me and Sailor Frink left the place and walked along the docks. Some difference from the night before! Everywhere there were big trucks bowling along, drays that got stuck in car tracks, and men that cursed and yelled trying to get them out. Street cars ran along near the docks and they balled up the whole works, because everything had to wait while people got on and off them.

All the warehouses were open and men were running around like ants inside them. Each man had a truck and they would load it, push it toward a ship that was moored next the piers, then come back with it empty. Steam winches puffed and screamed, whistles blew, tugs chortled along the river front.

The little restaurants that had been so quiet the night before were in their glory now. All of them were filled with sweaty men that left their spoons in their cups and slid the handle over their ears when they drank. A cop stood at a street corner and he would blow his whistle every little while and wave his hands, and then trucks and drays would start up, or stop. It certainly was a lively place.

The sailor and me walked along slowly. I loved it all. About a mile from where we were was where I used to work. I thought I better keep away from there for a while, but I never really felt any fear about being picked up. I guess I just trusted the sailor to keep me out of that reform school as easy as he had got me out of it.

Along the sidewalks on the shore side of the street there were all kinds of little shops. Ship chandlers' places, with their open fronts and sea stores piled along both sides of the building as you looked in, were common. Men were working inside. Some of them pushing trucks and hauling cordage around, others sewing on stiff new canvas, still others running around with boards in their hands and pencils over their ears. I knew they were making up orders that had to be filled.

When we got to Kraft's warehouse I saw that it was even bigger than I thought. Kraft's was just a warehouse where people sent their stuff to keep till the ship that wanted it came in. Sailor Frink knew his onions on that place. Everything that a ship could use was in that place. We sauntered past and got a good look.

"They'll be movin' stuff around all day, that they will," the sailor told me as we passed the doors. "Tonight nothin' won't be the same, so it won't. We'll just have to look fer what we want when we git in there, hearty."

"You got the list?" I asked.

"Safer'n a craft in dry dock," he grinned.

We walked quite a way along the docks. There is a voice you hear in commotion like that. At first, just like the prison, it seems all muddled up and no head or tail to it. But after you hear it a while it changes. Instead of just a lot of sounds, it becomes a steady hum, and then, when a different noise appears, you tell it at once. Above the ordinary hum men talk and make themselves heard, and then they are dock men.

The sailor was so big that he was easy to see in a crowd, and I noticed that men made way for him. I was mighty proud to be his friend. We got to the next corner and somebody touched my arm. I turned around.

"What's your name, kid?" a man asked. He was as big a man as Sailor Frink, but he was a whole lot older, and he did not look anything like the sailor or like the other men of the docks. He was square of shoulder and just a little fat around the waist. But he was tall and he looked strong. His face was as square as his shoulders and his mouth was just a straight line cut under a short mustache.

I did not answer him. There was something about him that gave him the same look the guards at the reform school always carried.

Sailor Frink whirled around and looked at him. There was fight in the sailor's face the minute he saw this man, and the scar on his cheek twitched as though he was chewing the inside of his lips.

"Don't get chesty, you," the stranger told Frink. "Can't a man ask a civil question?"

"I knows you, so I does," Frink said.

"Sure. All I want to do is know this kid. Anything wrong about that?" the man asked.

"He's my bunkie, he is," Frink said, "an' that oughta be enough, so it had."

"But it ain't!" the man snapped. "I'm askin' him, decent and fair, what his name is. If I've got to find out for myself, I can do that too!"

There was just as much fight in this other man as there was in Sailor Frink and I thought we certainly were in trouble. I guessed this stranger was a copper and I wondered if he was after me on account of crushing out of the reform school. Just the thought of that taught me a big lesson—a lesson about myself. I knew I never would go back to that reform school. Not if I had to get myself killed staying out of it. All in a flash I understood the meaning of the crying kid I had heard in the hospital. He did not much care if he did die from that shot through the back.

"My name," I said suddenly, "is John Rockburg." Of course that was not my name, but he wanted a name and he looked like the kind of a bird that got what he wanted. Frink kept quiet after I spoke.

"John Rockburg, eh?" the stranger asked. Then he threw back his head, and I never heard a man laugh so hard and so loud.

"Well," Sailor Frink cut in, his scar twitching and his great square hands kind of setting themselves for fight, "if 'tain't John Rockburg, I asks, what is it?"

"Whatever it is," the stranger snapped, his laugh disappearing like a scared mouse down a hole, "it ain't that! I think I know. I think I know a lot more than his name too." There was a funny kind of threat in his words and voice, and it seemed to me that his eyes were so steady and bright they were lighted up from behind.

Neither the sailor nor I said a word. The stranger looked us over pretty steady for about half a minute, then he shrugged his big shoulders and said, "This is my section, Frink. I know who you are; I know who this kid is. Just be careful what you pull around here. I ain't in the business of sendin' children back to reform school!"

With that he turned around and walked away from us. We stood there a few seconds watching his back as he went. All around us the traffic was booming and the winches were snarling and the whistles tooting. I never even heard them for that few seconds. Finally Sailor Frink ran his blunt fingers across his forehead and heaved a sigh.

"He's all o' a man, that he is," he said huskily—"all o' a man!"

I was shaking all over. That fellow certainly had my number.

"Who," I asked, when we had started back toward Maggie's—"who an' what the devil is that guy?"

"That," Sailor Frink muttered, "is Caxton, so it is—Detective Sergeant Caxton."

I remembered the talk about this copper. I remembered that he was honest and could not be bought for money. He seemed to be a mighty fine man as well. Maybe he knew something about kids and reform schools.

We were pretty quiet until we got back to Maggie's. There we had a beer and then we went upstairs. Sailor Frink sat on the bed for a long time, and I smoked a cigarette and said nothing. What with the fight the night before and now this Caxton showing up as he did, I was pretty jumpy.

"Caxton is smart," Frink said after a long time; "he is smart, so he is. Tonight I'll be workin' alone."

"You will not!" I snapped, for the first time answering Sailor Frink sharply. "I'll do my bit. This man Caxton is only one man, ain't he?"

"He'll be keepin' his weather eye alight," the sailor told me.

"I got to start sometime," I argued.

"I'll be thinkin' a lot, I will," the sailor grunted. "Go to bed; cork off a mite. In case we work together tonight you'll be a-needin' o' rest."

Rather than argue with him, I stretched out on the bed, but I was dead sure I never could sleep. The steady roar of the docks filled the room and the steady eyes of Caxton filled my mind. But just one of those strange things, I suppose, the warm air of the room and the lack of sleep the night before were too much for me. With Sailor Frink ready at hand, I felt safe in spite of Caxton.

When I woke up it was growing dark and the roar of the docks was about gone and Sailor Frink was shaking my shoulder. I looked up into his scarred face and saw his yellow teeth in a wide grin.

"You'll be goin' with me," he whispered in his thick voice. "Goin' along, so you are. 'Twill be better not to leave you alone. In a couple o' hours we'll be startin', we will, an' I figgers that long a time fer you to spend eatin' o' chow, I does!"

That was his idea of a joke, and he laughed, so I joined in with him. I was glad he called me and glad that I was going to Kraft's warehouse with him. I was still a little

(Continued on Page 81)

He Began to Raise the Mast, and it Went Right Up Alongside the Warehouse Windows. It Was a Clever Scheme

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A° D° 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

In the United States and Possessions, Five Cents the Copy; $2.00 the Year—52 Issues. Remittances by Postal Money Order, Express Money Order or Check.

In Canada and Newfoundland (including Labrador) Ten Cents the Copy; $3.00 the Year—52 issues—Canadian or U. S. Funds.

In Continental Europe (including the British Isles), $6.00 the Year—52 issues.

In Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatemala, Haiti, Isle of Pines, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Republic of Honduras, Salvador and Uruguay, $10.00 the Year—52 issues.

In all other Foreign Countries, $15.00 the Year—52 issues.

Remittances from outside U. S. and Canada by Postal or Express Money Order or by Draft on a bank in the U. S., payable in U. S. Funds.

PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 11, 1928

Thirteen and Ten

EVER since the first issue of Liberty Bonds was put upon the market we, as a people, have been attempting to master the art of security buying. During the war years government bonds as a form of investment were advertised so extensively, intensively and universally that in an incredibly short time we became a nation of bond buyers. No people ever learned so much about investment in so short a time as we Americans have learned during the past decade.

In surveying our progress during those ten years, a prudent man may well ask if we have not learned so fast that we have learned much that is not so. He may wonder if some of our unfinished lessons are not likely to cost us rather dearly before they come to an end.

The beginnings of our financial education on a nation-wide scale were made under the happiest auspices. We cut our eyeteeth on the securities of the richest and most stable government in the world. Millions of us learned for the first time what a bond is. Lesson One was so simple and easy that many of us jumped to the conclusion that sound investment is simplicity itself. We fell into the error of believing that securities with like names have like characteristics. Because some government obligations have almost the currency of gold, we took it for granted that others have, and assumed that a bond's a bond, for a' that.

Next to the obligations of the United States, investors rank those of the states and their political subdivisions. The best of them yield rather less than 4 per cent. As a class they enjoy the highest reputation for safety; and yet the repudiation of many such obligations in certain states shows the danger of blind buying even in so fair a field.

Money flows more freely in America than in any other country in the world. Nowhere else is it so easy to make or so easy to lose. Every year hundreds of millions go into get-rich-quick schemes, never to return. Other millions are lost in so-called investments by persons who had no idea they were speculating, who did not ask for extravagant returns, and who were in no way at fault except for their ignorance of the A B C's of the art of security buying. Those who knowingly played a long shot at least experienced the gambler's thrill. The others who were wiped out when they thought they were playing safe lacked even that. Many of them paid dearly for experience that is of small value to them, because it was not sufficiently generalized to prevent other misadventures of a like nature.

Much has been done to check the activities of fraudulent security sellers. The Post Office, the Department of Justice, the New York Stock Exchange, the Better-Business Bureaus and other powerful agencies have been tireless in their efforts to lessen these losses. The inexperienced investor is, however, more than ever exposed to the hazards of semi-respectable and highly speculative offerings so put together and so described as to seem to deserve a higher rating than the facts warrant. There is little that can be done for his protection. For that he must rely upon the law of *caveat emptor*, upon his own knowledge, and upon whatever counsel he can gather from his bond-wise friends and business associates. If there were no chance in business there would be no business, and there are sharp limits beyond which the law may not go in forbidding a man to back his own financial judgment.

These considerations are applicable to the bales of foreign securities that are now being put upon the American market at the rate of a billion and a half a year, as well as to home securities. The year 1927 was the fifth in which foreign flotations exceeded a round billion. In merit they rank all the way from the highest to the lowest. They include many sound and attractive government and private issues. For those who understand them thoroughly and whose specialized knowledge enables them to distinguish the sheep from the goats, they offer occasional opportunities for safe and profitable investment. To those unacquainted with foreign fields and unfamiliar with the underlying principles of sound security purchasing, and to those who depend alone upon the say-so of some honest young salesman bursting with seller's optimism and fairly crackling with the enthusiasm with which his sales manager has charged him, the chances of sound, intelligent buying are not so bright as they might be.

There is one factor governing the safety of loans, whether foreign or domestic, public or private, that should never be overlooked. Up to a certain point the lender has the whip hand. Once that point has been overpassed the debtor has the whip hand. His position becomes that of one who has mortgaged his house for double its value. In the long run the creditor is bound to feel the tyranny of the debtor and to curse his own folly.

According to Department of Commerce estimates our foreign loans and investments now exceed thirteen billions. The fund is sufficiently large to bear watching in respect of its increase, its safety, its distribution and the ability and disposition of those who borrowed it to repay it as it becomes due. This figure takes no account of ten billions of war obligations.

Thirteen and ten make twenty-three.

Sugar Defense Becomes Offense

A COUPLE of years ago a group of Cuban sugar producers formed what came to be called the sugar-defense committee. With the overextension of cane-sugar acreage in Cuba, it was felt that the prices being received by producers were too low. Legislation was invoked and a policy of legal restriction of output established. Apparently the results of this restriction have not been regarded as satisfactory, either in terms of tonnage or prices. As one producer put it, little Cuba cannot buck the world.

Cuba now undertakes to organize the sugar-producing world into an international combine for control of export and prices. Exports must be controlled if higher prices are to be secured, because with greatly extended cane-sugar acreage over the world and gradual recovery of beet-sugar acreage in Europe the heavy world supply of sugar tends to be marketed at a low world price. Cuba is little in the square of land but big in the cubic of sugar, so the initiative in the world combination not unnaturally falls to her hands, though the position looks a little quixotic.

A representative of the Cuban sugar growers has been trying to interest the sugar exporters of other countries, notably in Europe, in a combination to restrict production. Poland, Germany, Holland and Czecho-Slovakia are the chief countries concerned. Doubtless the Belgians, French and Italians will be approached. Whether the British will be asked to give up their sugar subsidy is not known; nor are the relations of the sugar-producing dominions and dependencies of the British Empire to the scheme disclosed. We are not advised that our sugar interests in Porto Rico, the Philippines and the Hawaiian Islands are to be approached; we infer not. Also, we have no idea that our beet-sugar growers are to be asked to consider curtailment of acreage.

Against whom is this restriction directed? We take it for granted that the countries of Europe will make no undertakings in respect of domestic sugar. Exports are the rub. Who are the heavy importers? The United States and the United Kingdom. We may import more than three million tons of sugar from Cuba; the gross imports of Great Britain may run over a million and a half tons. A cent a pound would make a neat difference in the outgo of these countries and in the income of the exporting countries.

Apparently, the experiences of the growers of coffee and rubber have made an impression on the growers of sugar, or at least upon their bankers. Americans can pay the bill; we are a complaisant people and seem to care little how much we pay. Perhaps; but we doubt it. We should oppose this combination, not because of any conviction we may hold as to the price of sugar but because of the method invoked.

One People

THE sessions of Congress at their appointed seasons serve a useful purpose, in no way connected with legislation, in reminding the country that all states and all sections are entitled not only to representation but to the consideration of others. Perhaps the most striking fact about this great republic of forty-eight federated states is the degree of common interest rather than of difference. It is true that sessions of Congress develop sectional points of issue. Some divergence there is bound to be.

Regions containing great accumulated wealth can hardly be expected to view taxation in the same light as those with scanty hoards. States which are sparsely settled and supported by agriculture of the extensive sort must view many measures quite differently from those with an intensive urban and industrial development. There are districts begging only to be let alone and others anxious for new and untried measures. Even among agricultural states the tariff means an utterly different thing, according to the product.

But the personal disparities found among our people are slight indeed when the extent of territory, the degree of settlement and the diversity of economic activity are considered. There is ignorance, narrowness and provincialism, to be sure. Such traits are found in every section and among all classes of people, rich and poor. But, after all, this want of knowledge is not fundamental. Our people speak the same language, wear the same clothes, whether in Lewiston, Maine, or Tucson, Arizona, read much the same news in papers that are not unlike, and are familiar with governmental institutions and systems of education which are essentially the same.

There is too much freedom of movement in this country for provincialism to become a really dangerous sore. Many leaders of finance and affairs in Northern cities come from the South, and the new South is being developed industrially and in respect to water power partly by Northerners. The Western states were settled, of course—and only a relatively short time ago, at that—by Easterners. One Far Western state has not a single senator or representative born within its limits, and its largest city has never had a mayor born within the state. On the other hand, in a great city like New York and in the national Government at Washington countless positions of power and responsibility are filled by Westerners.

The Civil War threatened to split the nation, but the outcome was union. In the World War serious differences of opinion developed, but happily these have passed. We are today one people, and each year strengthens the ties that bind.

IMPORTED GOODS ONLY

By Gilbert Seldes

A NATION," said Mr. Bernard Shaw, never having set foot on American soil, "a nation of villagers." "A nation," say its own severest critics, "of barbarians, a superstitious nation, a nation without taste or judgment."

In its greatest harbor, they say, stands a statue without the faintest artistic value; a Statue of Liberty symbolically averting its face; an example of sheer size substituted for beauty. As you step into a taxi at the dock, after months of contact with the finest minds of Europe, after reading the London Times and Le Temps, you pick up a soiled and creased copy of a tabloid left by a former patron; it is ugly, vile. As you cross the threshold of the average apartment or enter the door of a suburban home, your eye is affronted by a reproduction of a silly, sentimental picture; in most cases, The Doctor. It is flanked by photographs of the daughter of the house doing some vapid pseudo-classical dancing. A benighted nation.

The statue was the gift of the French nation, the work of a French artist; the tabloids were originated by Lord Northcliffe; The Doctor is the work of Sir Luke Fildes, of the Royal Academy; the mawkish dance with gauze and scarfs is Europe's gift to a backward land.

When Edmund Burke confessed that he knew of no way to indict a nation, he proved himself lacking in resource, for the intellectuals of our own time have discovered a thousand ways. Any stick is good enough to beat your own dog, and it is always your own dog—your own country—which is peculiarly in need of beating.

Anyone who has followed the literature of attacks on America, particularly that portion of it composed by Americans, is aware of the wide universality of criticism: America is too materialistic and America is given to callow idealism; America does not care a rap for the arts and Kansas thinks she can become artistic by buying millions of dollars' worth of pictures; America is interested only in money and America is swayed by the grossest sentimentality.

Out of the elaborate bill of complaint I have picked one general charge. Roughly formulated, it is that Americans are peculiarly susceptible to frauds, quacks and impositions; that they have an inherent attraction for whatever is bad taste, second-rate and unworthy. In all these respects, one gathers, Americans are exceptionally debased. In comparison with the fine flower of European civilization, the United States is intellectually and æsthetically degraded.

It is possible to argue this point forever. Collect all the insipidities of life in America, imply that they represent the whole of American life, add for contrast a sketch of the intellectual life of Prague, Munich, Tours or Tiflis, and your case is complete on one side; make a census of the Cincinnati patrons of symphonic concerts, note the number of American winners of the Nobel prize, add an enthusiastic Frenchman's praise of American skyscrapers, and the other side is equally valid—which is not saying much. In a blabber of words about taste, standards and nationalities, the argument would be lost.

But if there are facts?

For the accusation stated above to be both true and important, certain conditions must be met. First, it must appear that the other peoples of the world are not given to accepting superstitions, fakes, and the like; that French taste is almost universally good; that Germans abhor the second-rate; that Italians care only for the great works of art; that Britons never, never will be slaves to æsthetic flummery; and so following. For if what is said about America is true also of the rest of the world, the special case against this country crumbles away; it becomes merely a statement of the opinion that the majority of human beings have not yet reached the high estate of the superior minority. The statement may remain true of America, but it ceases to be important.

Further, it ought to be proved that, as a general rule, Americans reject what is first-rate and instinctively and obstinately cling to the tawdry and the cheap. For if Americans have welcomed the good and the great of the earth, as well as the meretricious and the shoddy, the charge against them again becomes insignificant—a matter of proportion perhaps, but not sufficient for a wholesale condemnation.

Finally—and it is here that the facts are available—it should be shown that the frauds and fakers who have imposed themselves upon America are

(Continued on Page 137)

"OO! NURSIE, DON'T LET THE BOGY GET ME"

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

DRAWN BY NATE COLLIER

The Cosmetic Salesman Demonstrates the Indelible Lipstick

New Light on the Hen

THE aboriginal hen
Was a wild and fearsome beast;
She lived in trees with chimpanzees
In the mysterious East.

The hen's ferocious cackle
Stilled the woods with fear;
And scholars say she did not lay
A dozen eggs a year.

But aboriginal man—
The scholars do aver—
Entrapped the hen, and patient men
Domesticated her.

They brought her out of the woods
Into the sunshine clear,
And were repaid, because she laid
Some sixty eggs a year.

And now we've gone and found
The ultra-violet ray;
The hens blaspheme its constant gleam,
But lay and lay and lay.

With artificial sun
A hen will volunteer—
I understand—three hundred and
Forty eggs a year!

But what is this I read?
Now all physicians say
That you and I have got to try
The ultra-violet ray!

We've got to strip and sit
In the ultra-violet glare!
Oh, fellow men, remember the hen!
Beware! Beware! Beware!

—Morris Bishop.

Grandma's Girlhood

"I WISH, kiddies," said grandpa, "that you could have known your grandmother when she was young.

"She was so characteristically feminine and such a wholesome little lady. Interested in everything, but at all times keeping within what we call woman's sphere in a way that was most pleasing to those of us who had set ideas along that line, if you know what I mean.

"She was about eighteen, I suppose, when she swam the Channel. There was a record of some sort attached to it, but it probably would have been all the same to her if there hadn't. She was that kind—modest and retiring, but deeply concerned in what other girls were doing.

"It was the same way with the beauty contest. It so happened that she stayed in till the finals and brought home the big loving cup, though if it had gone to someone else she would not have been greatly depressed. The joy of being a girl and of enjoying a girl's rightful heritage was sufficient for her.

"I really can't think of many things she did. When a person's life pursues an even course it is pretty hard to specify the high spots. I remember there was an ocean flight shortly after she got out of college. Her folks talked about it a good deal at the time, but there was no feature to it, except that she was the first to carry a bird cage.

"Most of the news dispatches played up the fact that her compass failed to function properly, and she landed in Tripoli instead of Finland. That was mildly amusing of course.

"If there was one thing I was genuinely proud of, it was her collection of signed articles and her several volumes of memoirs. They caught the spirit of youth and budding womanhood as it had seldom been caught before. Both of us often have wondered who did the actual writing, but we never were able to find out." —*David B. Park.*

DRAWN BY CARL ANDERSON

Papa: "Willie, You've Been a Very Bad Boy and I am Going to Spank You." Modern Son: "You an' Who Else?"

DRAWN BY MARGE

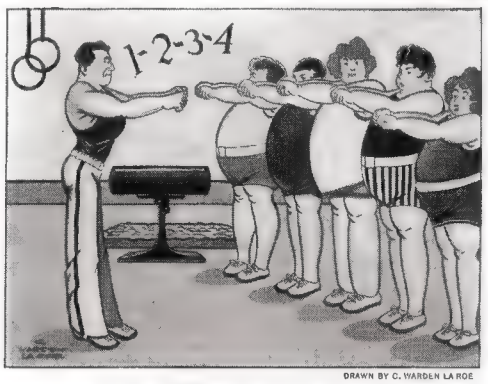
The Way of a Man With a Maid

Autobituaries

HE WHOM we mourn—young Bert Van Sciver—
Aspired to be the perfect driver;
His gears and gadgets, gas and brakes,
Were tested to prevent mistakes;
He knew his car from stem to stern;
In highway lore he'd naught to learn.
Alas, how vulgar details cramp us!
They sold bad bootleg on his campus.

Dear Grandma McGee has ascended to heaven;
She started for home at a quarter of seven;
The ice-covered street made the crossing no fun,
And grandma was cautious, not choosing to run.

(Continued on Page 134)



DRAWN BY C. WARDEN LA ROE

Living Off the Fat of the Land

DRAWN BY ED. MORGAN

"Now, Whose Girl is She?"

Here is the most popular hearty soup in the world!

Hearty substantial soup has a regular use in most households. Not only for dinner, but often also as the main dish of luncheon or supper.

And people have discovered that Campbell's Vegetable is the most delicious soup of this kind that is made. Its flavor they find just to their liking. The generous quantity of real food it contains, satisfies their hunger and makes them realize that the soup has supplied them with splendid nourishment.

Fifteen tempting vegetables. Beef broth. Cereals. Fresh herbs and seasoning. Thirty-two different ingredients are in this one soup!

So convenient! You simply add an equal quantity of water, bring to a boil and let the soup simmer a few minutes.

Now here's a sign that I call fine,
A thing we all should do.
For Campbell's fare, I now declare,
Will surely help you too!

Your grocer has, or will get for you, any of the 21 Campbell's Soups listed on the label.

12 cents a can

Campbell's Soups

LUNCHEON DINNER SUPPER

THE GLORY OF KINGS

XIV

A FEW minutes after he had given his orders to Bugbee and to Miss Manter, Dave left the office. This movement, which was in effect a retreat, he tried to persuade himself would serve as a confirmation of his commands.

"If I stay here," he thought, "they'll be buzzing around my head like flies. I might as well get out. Get out of their way."

He went directly home, but their protestations remained in his thoughts, and he was unable wholly to silence them. The effect was to make him uneasy, and at the same time to stiffen his stubborn determination that matters should go as he had directed.

"Might as well fight it out right now," he told himself. "Find out who's the boss in there. If I give in once, I'll have to keep giving in right along."

So he gave directions to the housekeeper that if anyone called him on the telephone, they were to be told that he was not at home; and later in the evening he decided to carry this seclusion even further, to go out of town for the approaching week-end.

"By the time I get back," he thought complacently, "things will be under way and it'll be too late to talk."

This device pleased him. "I'll just disappear," he decided. "If I leave word, they'll be trying to get hold of me." And in the end he would not wait even till the morning before carrying out his plan.

He packed a grip, changed into knickerbockers, and went downstairs; but before going to the garage he called the housekeeper and directed her to telephone Miss Manter in the morning that he would be out of town till sometime Monday and could not be reached. Five minutes later he was on his way, with no destination chosen, drifting with the stream of traffic outward bound.

Toward midnight he stopped at a hotel in a town fifty miles north of the city, and the next day drove on again. It occurred to him that there should be fishing ahead, and he made inquiries, and so came to waters where some sport afforded. But his thoughts were still turned backward and he was divided between amusement at the state of mind in which poor Bugbee must be, and conjecture as to what Bugbee and Miss Manter would do.

"They can't do anything," he told himself decidedly. "Except what I told them. By the time I get back the show will be on."

But in this conclusion Dave evidenced a lack of understanding of Irving Bugbee's qualities. He forgot that Bugbee had his full share of moral courage. Dave might have remembered it was that quality which had led Bugbee, on the night of Dave's marriage, to enlist Burdon Temple in a desperate effort to avert the calamity. But Dave forgot that, and he assured himself that Bugbee, since there was no one to whom he could appeal, would perforce do as he was told.

Within half an hour after his return to the office Monday morning he had evidence of his own error. Upon his arrival there he ran through the accumulated mail, and rang for Miss Manter to dispose of it. In the interval before she answered his summons, he had a momentary uneasiness, wondering what she would have to say; but when she came in, her bearing was as composed as it usually was, and she said nothing at all.

He said, "Good morning, Miss Manter," and she replied precisely:

"Good morning."

She Wanted to Speak, But Could Find No Words for What She Wished to Say; Asked Instead in Formal Phrase, "Is There Any Reply?" He Shook His Head

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. STEWART

"Has anything turned up?" he inquired.

And she said, "I have put everything on your desk."

"Is Mr. Bugbee in?"

"Not yet," she replied.

So he was driven to attack the tray of letters, and he disposed of them in routine fashion. When he was done, she rose and turned toward the door; but a moment after it closed behind her, Bugbee knocked, and at Dave's summons, entered.

Dave saw that Irving was a little pale, as though under stress of some strong emotion; and he perceived with a quick resentment that the issue between them was not closed.

"Good morning, Irv," he said, and Bugbee nodded, dismissing the formality of greeting.

"Dave," he began quickly, "I've been trying to get hold of you."

"I took a little vacation," Dave explained. "The weather's been hot. I thought it would do me good to get out of town." He added, a faint irony in his tones, "I felt sure you and Miss Manter could handle anything that came along."

"I didn't know where you were," Irving said in a faintly accusing tone, and Dave assented.

"No, I didn't tell anyone. Just went off gypsying."

Irving hesitated. "I tried to get hold of Willie Linnekin," he continued. "But he's in New York."

Dave lifted his eyebrows inquiringly. "What did you want of Willie?" he asked, and Irving, after a momentary hesitation, said vehemently:

"I wanted to find out where we stand on this stuff. It looks bad to me."

Dave grinned to hide his recurring irritation. "I told you where we stand, Irv," he said. "Isn't that enough for you?"

Irving shook his head. "No, it isn't," he said positively. "I want to know more about it."

Dave, though his mood was hot, kept his tone cool. "It strikes me," he remarked, "you're in danger of forgetting that I'm in charge here."

Bugbee flushed, but he said stoutly, "That's very true, Dave. You are in charge. But I have my responsibilities too. In a sense, of course, I'm a hired man, but there are some things you can't hire me to do."

"You're always at liberty to resign, Irv, any time you don't approve of the policies of the house."

"That's not quite true," Irving retorted. "It's easy enough to say, but it's not true. If it were simply a question of a pay envelope, it might be. But this is something more than a job with me, Dave. It always has been. I've never felt that I was just working for a salary."

He hesitated, went on, "I'm working for myself, Dave. That's what I'm trying to say. I don't mean that I'm working for my pay, or to support myself. What I'm trying to get at is that I can't put anything into the work unless I'm doing things that I believe in."

Dave said icily, "I should think the first obligation of a hired man was to obey orders."

"You can't make me lose my temper, Dave. I've had time to think it over, and I don't propose to do that. Of course I could quit. But I don't intend to do that either."

His color heightened. "I tell you, there are some things—well, they get hold of a man. I'm not working for you. I'm not even working for your father. I'm working for Temple & Company, and that's something bigger than either you or your father. This house has a tradition. It has character."

Dave said sardonically, "Irv, you sound as much like father as a phonograph record."

Bugbee nodded. "I suppose," he agreed, "that's the reason Temple & Company is what it is. Because it is like your father. Because the things he talks about are a part of the house's policies."

Dave exclaimed at that, in an abrupt and explosive tone, "You realize, of course, that you're accusing me of dirty business."

Irving shook his head. "No, I'm not," he said. "I'm not accusing you of anything except of inexperience, Dave; of not being sufficiently careful. You know as well as I do that your father always emphasized the need for investigation. He liked to say that the glory of kings is to search out a matter. That's gospel with him. And he's always said that if you can't find out all the evidence yourself, you've got to rely on the character of the man who presents it to you."

(Continued on Page 30)

Libby's 100 Foods

One of them is
CALIFORNIA ASPARAGUS

New ideas for salads and desserts in our booklet "Libby's Luscious Fruits." Write for it. It's free. Mary Hale Martin, Cooking Correspondent, Dept. C-14, Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago. Canadian Kitchens, Chatham, Ont., Canada.

To be certain of fine flavor in each of these foods . . . ask your grocer for Libby's

Fruits and Vegetables

Sliced Pineapple
Crushed Pineapple
Peaches, Pears
Apricots
Cherries, Royal Anne
Cherries, Maraschino
Fruits for Salad
Plums, Apples
Apple Butter
Berries
Jellies, Jams
Prunes
Asparagus
Spinach
Pork & Beans
Sweet Potatoes
Sauer Kraut
Tomatoes
Tomato Soup
Milk
Evaporated Milk
Condensed Milk

Canned Meats

Corned Beef
Corned Beef Hash
Roast Beef
Veal Loaf
Vienna Sausage
Beef Steak & Onions
Ra-gon (beef stew)
Meat-wich Spread
Lunch Tongue
Deviled Ham
Potted Ham
Potted Meat
Boneless Chicken
Chicken à la King
Sliced Dried Beef
Chili Con Carne
Mexican Tamales
Mince Meat
Bouillon Cubes
Beef Extract
Chop Suey

(Partial List)

Pickles and Condiments

Pickles—
Sweet
Sour
Dill
Sweet Mixed
Sweet Mustard
Sliced Sweet Dill
Home Made Style
Sweet Cauliflower
Salmon
Red Alaska Salmon
Olives—
Queen
Stuffed
Ripe
Olive Oil
Catchup
Chili Sauce
Mustard
Chow Chow
Sweet Onions
Sweet Relish

LIBBY McNEILL & LIBBY ~ CHICAGO

(Continued from Page 28)

Dave lighted a cigarette. "I've a good deal of work on hand this morning," he said ironically. "Don't you think we ought to let this wait till after office hours?"

"This is the most important business on hand right now," Irving retorted. "I'd like to go into it with you, Dave."

Dave said wearily, "All right, Irving. What do you want to know?"

Bugbee hesitated, ordering his thoughts. "I don't think there's been sufficient investigation of this drainage proposition," he declared. "I think you've gone into it hastily, Dave."

"I've investigated it," Dave assured him.

"How?" Bugbee asked.

"I've had correspondence with some men down there."

Irving said shrewdly, "I suppose Linnekin gave you their names?"

"Yes," Dave confessed. "Yes, he did."

"Has Willie been down there?" Irving asked.

"He's been in touch with them," Dave assured him.

Irving made a protesting gesture. "Why, Dave," he urged, "this is a big proposition. I've known your father to keep a man working for six months and to spend a lot of money in order to get all the facts about something that didn't involve a fifth as much as this. Your father never went ahead until he was absolutely sure. That's been a policy of the house for years. You haven't done that, Dave."

He hesitated for a moment, and when Dave did not reply, he continued, "You're relying on Linnekin. He's a weak sister, and you know he is."

He added frankly, "He got you into one mess. You know as well as I do that if it hadn't been for Willie you wouldn't have become involved with this girl. And you have no use for her, and never will have. I don't mean that Willie's dishonest, but he's careless and he's reckless and he's a speculator. This isn't a speculative house, Dave."

Dave said in a weary tone, "Irv, you can be mighty tiresome sometimes. I don't want to argue this. I don't intend to argue it. If there's any information you want, I'll give it to you, but that's as far as I'll go."

Bugbee hesitated, considering. "I won't ask you for any information about the merits of the whole proposition," he said at last, "because I don't think you know anything about them, Dave. I think you've gone into this blindfolded. I've talked with men who've talked with Linnekin, and he told them it was a gamble. He told them it wasn't anything but the wildest sort of wildcatting. Did he tell you that?"

"Of course he did," Dave assured him. "He didn't want me to go into it. Said it wasn't our type of stuff. That's the trouble with us, Irving. Temple & Company's always been too conservative. We've been satisfied to show our customers 5 or 6 per cent. But this offers an opportunity for a big profit and I've decided it's worth trying."

Irving hesitated. "What arrangement did you make with Willie?" he asked.

"We're underwriting our share in the syndicate," Dave replied.

"Who else is in the syndicate?" Irving inquired.

Dave named two or three houses in New York and Boston, and Bugbee said helplessly, "But, Dave, they're unsound! I know every one of them. Your father's never dealt with them." He added, "Did you sign a contract?"

"Certainly," Dave told him.

"For the firm?"

"Yes."

"So that we're tied up?"

"Absolutely."

Irving considered for a moment. "Is that contract dependent on the representations they made?"

"No," Dave replied. "As a matter of fact, they didn't make any representations, except orally, and those came from Linnekin. And as I told you, he tried to get me not to go in."

He added in a jocular tone, "You see, Irving, you're too ready to think ill of people. You've been blackguarding Willie, but he said the same things you're saying."

"Let's see our copy of the contract," Irving urged.

Dave said wearily, "That's not necessary. I can tell you the terms. Delivery of the definitive bonds begins in ten days. Complete delivery within ninety days. We agree to pay for them at the wholesale rate, upon delivery. We'll have to arrange for that credit at the banks as they come along."

"The banks won't lend on this stuff," Irving said.

Dave smiled. "So you tell me," he agreed. "But I have more direct information, Irv."

"You'll have to put up the firm's note," Bugbee insisted. "You're pledging the credit of Temple & Company back of the bonds."

"Naturally," Dave assented.

Bugbee made a hopeless gesture. "Is there any provision for cancellation?" he asked desperately.

"There's not going to be any cancellation," Dave told him, a renewed heat in his tones. He added, "I've been pretty patient with you, Irv, and I'm willing to be; but don't be any more unreasonable than you have to. I'm not a child. I considered this before I put Temple & Company into it. The trouble with you is you've lost your point of view." He grinned and added, "Why, Irv, you're no older than I am, but you act as though you were fifty! You talk like an old man."

Irving, betrayed for a moment into anger, cried, "If I do, Dave, you talk like a child."

And Dave stiffened and then relaxed and said casually, "Well, Irv, let it go at that. Anyway, I'm not asking you to buy the darned bonds. All you've got to do is go out and sell them."

"I don't propose to do it," Irving said flatly. "I'm not going to go out and offer these bonds to customers who rely on me. Not till I've satisfied myself whether they're any good or not." He added urgently, "Why, Dave, they won't buy them. You may think you've got them all blindfolded, but you haven't. They're perfectly willing to take your word as long as it agrees with their judgment, but anyone with any considerable sum of money to invest has enough sense to see a hole in a doughnut."

Dave smiled challengingly. "What you mean, then," he suggested, "isn't that you won't sell the bonds. You mean that you can't."

"I mean both things," Irving recklessly retorted. "I don't think I could sell them if I tried to, unless it were to a lot of people who don't know any better. Who are as—simple as you are. But even if I could, Dave, I wouldn't do it. Not till I've satisfied myself."

"All right," Dave said angrily. "If you refuse to take orders, you're through! You can clear out your desk any time."

Irving sat still for a moment, and the color drained from his cheeks, but at length he shook his head.

"No, Dave," he said, "I'm not through. Not yet, anyway. Of course I can't make you pay me any salary. I have a contract with your father, but never mind that. You can stop that all right, if you want to. But, Dave, I'm not working for you. I'm working for Temple & Company, and I'm going to keep on working for them as long as I can see anything to work for."

Dave regarded him thoughtfully. Bugbee's opposition, even though it angered him, could not fail to have its effect. He knew in his sober senses that Bugbee had attributes which his father had learned to respect, that Bugbee's judgment was not lightly to be put aside; and though the fact that Bugbee and Miss Manter united against him had at first served only to crystallize his determination to have his own way, there had been time since then for him to admit to himself some faint misgivings.

He said now in a gentler tone, "Irv, I don't want to have any break with you. I know you're conscientious, and I know you're trying to do what you think is right."

He added smilingly, "I think you're old-fashioned, conservative; I think you need waking up. But that's just a difference of opinion, and it needn't lead to any row between us. Mind you," he continued, "I'm not admitting that you're right. But—well, Irv, what do you want to do?"

Bugbee hesitated for a moment. "I want to look into it a little," he said at last, desperately. "If Temple & Company is committed to taking this stuff, we've got to take it; but we don't

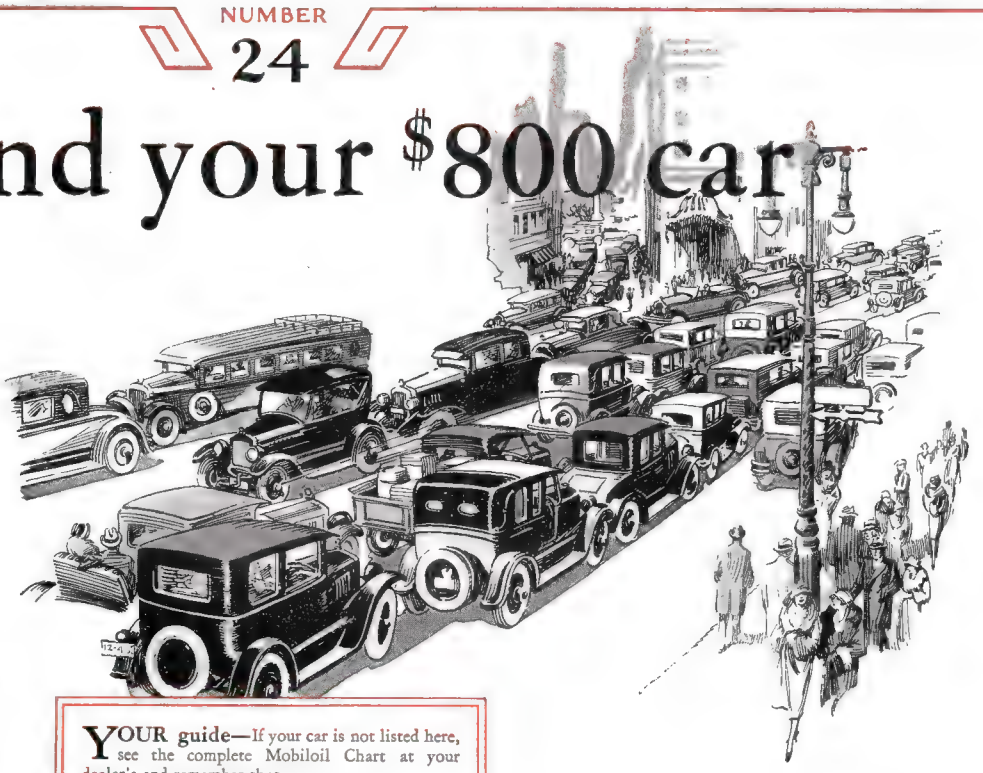
(Continued on Page 121)

He Looked Toward His Father Again, and When He Continued His Tone Was Almost Jocular. "The Dramatic Thing for Me to Do," He Reminded Them, "Would be to Write Out a Check to Temple & Company for the Amount"

Why *changed* motoring conditions demand a new margin of safety

NUMBER 24

"Oil"—and your $800 car



Why today's "average" car needs more than average lubrication

In 1920 the price of the average automobile was $1,281. Five years later the average price dropped to $878.

This 31.4% price reduction has crowded the highways with motor vehicles. And the majority of today's 20,000,000 cars are the new, less expensive models.

In today's automobile you get greater value per dollar than ever before. But you can't expect an $800 automobile to be made with *quite* the same precision, or of *quite* the same materials as one that costs twice as much.

Hence correct lubrication is far more important to the lower-priced car—the car which makes up the great majority today.

* * *

In 1920 Gargoyle Mobiloil was the best oil our 52 years' experience told us how to make—*at that time*.

Then the trend toward lower-priced cars became still more pronounced. Engine speeds were stepped up. Compressions were increased. Driving became faster. Winter driving increased yearly mileage. Congested traffic multiplied starts and stops.

Every one of these changes meant a new load for lubrication—for the $800 automobile even more than the costlier car.

Step by step we put a new and still greater margin of safety into Mobiloil—until finally we had the Mobiloil that lubricated the engines of Commander Byrd's plane on his flight to the North Pole; the Mobiloil that brought Lindbergh's engine through without a single slip on his flight from New York to Paris; the Mobiloil that carried the U. S. Army Fliers and Arthur Goebel successfully to Hawaii.

Today Mobiloil is used by more automotive engineers than any other three oils combined. And it is recommended in more automobile instruction books than any other three oils.

It will pay you to drain your crankcase now and refill with the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil as specified on the Mobiloil Chart. Any Mobiloil dealer has this Chart. *It is the only lubricating guide which is approved by 182 manufacturers of automobiles and motor trucks.*

YOUR guide—If your car is not listed here, see the complete Mobiloil Chart at your dealer's and remember that . . .

182 automobile and motor truck manufacturers approve it!

The correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of prominent passenger cars are specified below. Follow winter recommendations in temperatures from 32° F. (freezing) to 0 F. (zero). Below zero use Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic (except Ford cars Model T, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "E").

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1927		1926		1925		1924	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Buick	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Cadillac	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chandler Sp. 6	A	A	....	....	....	....	....	....
" other mods.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chevrolet	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Chrysler 60, 70, 80	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" other mods.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	..	....
Dodge Bros. 4-cyl.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Essex	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Hudson	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hupmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Jewett	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Maxwell	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Nash	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Oakland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oldsmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Overland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Packard 6	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A
" 8	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Paige	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Reo	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc.
Star	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Studebaker	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc.
Velie	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Willys-Knight 4	....	....	B	Arc.	B	Arc.	B	Arc.
" " 6	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil

Make the chart your guide

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Buffalo, Detroit, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Minneapolis, Kansas City, Dallas

Other branches and distributing warehouses throughout the country

Gold Seal Inlaid No. 7152/5

Gold Seal Inlaid No. 1/4208

At left: Gold Seal Inlaid No. 56/173
Above: Gold Seal Inlaid No. 3/4207

EXHIBITING

TRULY an exhibit . . . an exhibit of amazing interest! For here are "works of art" in modern flooring, plus soil-proof advantages never before found in inlaid linoleum. What a marvelous combination of the beautiful and practical is exhibited by the new patterns in GOLD SEAL INLAIDS.

As surely as a fine painting adds charm and distinction to a room so will these modern designs bring beauty and character—and at a fraction of the cost. Let us look at the selections shown here.

First, is a warm-toned gray background, wide-spotted with rich brick-red tiles—for a library or living room where color-warmth is needed.

Then, a delightful all-over pattern in pastel shades of green and blue on a two-toned background, individualized by an occasional darker flowered tile—delightful for bedroom or nursery.

Next, an "unstudied" green design, made up of unmatched, harmonizing tiles,—apparently laid at random—which will simply delight you in sun-parlor, dining room, or entrance hall.

Then, a picturesque creation reproducing a floor in the Alhambra. A background of warm-hued tiles dotted here and there with conventionalized flowered insets in brighter colors.

Below, are three strikingly handsome examples of Karnean Marbled Inlaid. *Marble itself is no lovelier in its mellow richness of coloring . . . grace of veining . . . subtle shadings of tone.*

When you see these patterns you will foresee how magically they will transform certain rooms.

We can show here but seven of the scores of *new* patterns and color-combinations, but each new number is *distinctive . . . exclusive.* All are genuine inlaid linoleum with colors inlaid through to the burlap back. All possess the remarkable soil-proof features described at the right.

Don't these smart, alluring floorings beckon to you with their decorative possibilities? Their cost is very reasonable.

NAIRN
Gold Seal
LINOLEUM
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK

Important

A NEW process perfected after months of research. . . . the secret of the sensational soil-proof super-finish on GOLD SEAL INLAIDS. Its effect is to penetrate and seal the tiny dirt-absorbing pores so that dirt cannot be ground into the goods—so that grease and liquids cannot cause spots and stains.

The result! Your floor of GOLD SEAL INLAIDS can be cleaned almost as easily as you clean glazed tile—scrubbing is not necessary. And remember, unlike a top coat or veneer this unique super-finish is an integral part of the linoleum. It greatly increases the durability of this comfortable, quiet, attractive flooring. It gives the colors a rich, dull velvety lustre—not the least hint of cold glossy slipperiness.

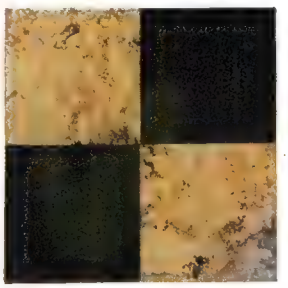
These extraordinary improvements will be found not only in GOLD SEAL INLAIDS, but in *Gold Seal* Jaspé, Romanesq, Plain and Battleship Linoleums. The Gold Seal identifies the genuine.

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC., Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Chicago, Kansas City, San Francisco, Atlanta, Minneapolis, Dallas, New Orleans, Pittsburgh, Rio de Janeiro.

"Monte Carlo": Karnean Marbled Pattern No. 6062

"Sea Foam": Karnean Marbled Pattern No. 6052

"Rajah": Karnean Marbled Pattern No. 3042



The SOIL-PROOF, *easily-cleaned linoleum* –

GOLD SEAL INLAIDS

FREE! The valuable illustrated book on home decorating. It contains practical suggestions and color schemes to help you plan up-to-date interiors based on the latest ideas in the use of color. Address Congoleum-Nairn Inc., 1421 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Name _____

Address _____

"ROAMIN' IN THE GLOAMIN'"

By Sir Harry Lauder

Sir Harry and His Son, the Late Captain John Lauder, 8th Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders

PHOTO. FROM UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N.Y.C.

With Lady Lauder at a Suffragette Parade, New York City, 1917

DURING this trip the American papers were once more exceedingly kind to me. Had I paid thousands and thousands of dollars I could not have secured a tenth part of the publicity they gave me. This is where my lucky star has always come to my aid. Quite apart from any quality of freshness and originality which may have been in my act, the U. S. A. press helped to make me a public character. If I was asked to visit the mayor in his civic parlor there was a column about it next morning. If I attended a Caledonian function of any kind, the fact was reported, with photographs of me in my kilt, shaking hands and smiling my broadest smile. If I went to a hospital ward and entertained the inmates, the youngest child in the place was introduced to me and again the flash-light brigade were in action to a man. I honestly never asked for all this publicity and I do not think Will Morris had much to do with it, either, at that time.

Later, of course, he pulled all sorts of stunts in subsequent tours, and I remember that I used to become thoroughly tired of the way he worked me quite apart from my stage business. But during this first trip under his wing both press and public seemed to lionize me of their own accord. Indeed, at the end of the fourteen weeks I was glad to get back again to Britain for some rest and recreation.

A Good Cure for a Bad Cough

SO MY career went on for several years. I would play a few months at home, filling old contracts and making new ones—at prices which made the managers take deep breaths as they nervously attached their names—and then would whisk off to the States for three, four, or six months, according to how I could arrange releases from my engagements in England. Often I had to pay sweetly for the privilege of postponing some of my bookings. Tom and Foster generally carried through these negotiations between them, and that combination of Scot and Jew achieved marvelous results, even in cases where I had sorrowfully made up my mind that parleying was useless.

While Tom put over the rough stuff—and no man ever had a servant so absolutely devoted to his master's interests as I have had in Tom Vallance—Foster provided the oil of suavity—the "schmoose." Naturally the British managers hated to have any of their Lauder dates interfered with, but most of them had begun to realize that it was better to have me for a friend than an enemy, and so they made possible for me my now yearly trips to America. Not only so, but the more discerning of them actually agreed to substantial increases of salary when I did fill in dates for them. A few days ago I met my old friend Sir Walter de Frece at a dinner in London and he was reminding me of an incident in this connection which made me laugh very heartily.

"Don't you remember, Harry," he said, "coming up to my office one day with a hank of red flannel round your neck and coughing as if the tomb was waiting for you? You wanted to postpone certain engagements in the Midlands which you had with my firm, so that you could get away to America sooner than you otherwise would have done. There were two weeks' bookings in between my dates and I asked you what you were going to do about them. 'Oh, I can't postpone these,' you replied. 'I'm getting twice the money there that you're paying me.' And don't you remember how your cough vanished immediately when I began to speak about doubling your contract price?" Sir Walter's story was not strictly true, but there was enough accuracy in it to make me chuckle and offer to buy him a drink—of lemonade.

In the New Year season of 1910–11 I played another Glasgow pantomime. That was an ever-memorable engagement for me, because on the opening night I sang "Roamin' in the Gloamin'" for the first time. If "I Love a Lassie" had been a great success under similar circumstances five years before, this new lyric was a triumph. It captivated the public ear as no other song of mine has ever done, or will do until I come to sing "Flower o' the Heather." I had kept it up my sleeve for a year or two before producing it. I rehearsed it ten thousand times; I worked on it every day and often in my bed at night. I tried a dozen different costumes before I decided how I would dress for it. I studied each and every syllable of the words, every note and intonation of the music. The song was an obsession with me for months and months.

COPYRIGHT BY THE WAR SERVICE. TAKEN FROM ASSOCIATED NEWSPAPERS

A Wartime Snapshot. Saying Good-by to His Son at Victoria Station, London

After a Little Thought

I REMEMBER crossing on the Lusitania once with Lord Northcliffe, and among the many interesting things this amazing man told me was a little story I have never forgotten. It was about a small shoemaker who invented the tags for boot laces and made a fortune out of his simple idea.

"How did you come to hit on the notion of putting steel points to the end of laces?" Lord Northcliffe asked the shoemaker on meeting him many years afterward.

"How did I think of it?" replied the man. "By thinking of nothing else than boot laces for twenty years."

Well, I thought about nothing else than this song from the evening, a year or two previously, the title came suddenly to my mind. I had been out strolling in the cool of a fine summer

(Continued on Page 92)

EXPRESSING a fresh flowering of genius in motor car design, the New Cadillac is the very spirit of fleetness, poise, power and luxury, caught in lines that reveal no compromise with the past. Built upon a highly developed chassis and powered by the proven 90-degree, V-type, eight-cylinder engine, it presents a combination of excellence that exceeds anything hitherto offered in the fine car field—a fact amply endorsed by the public reception accorded this car.

More than 50 exclusive body styles by Fisher and Fisher-Fleetwood

CADILLAC

A NOTABLE PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

THE ANTI-NEW YORK

By Nunnally Johnson

ILLUSTRATED BY DE ALTON VALENTINE

"WELL, honey," Guy said finally, "if we got to do it, we got to do it, that's all." But he did not move at once, and little Mrs. Ledbetter, struggling absently to keep Junior from eating cinders off the ledge of the dirty day-coach window, looked at him unhappily.

"I just know it's goin' to be terrible," she murmured. "It ain't like eatin' in your own dinin' room. . . . Oh, Guy," she added reproachfully, "it seems to me like you could have remembered the lunch. I had Junior. And especially a lunch box as big as that one."

"I know—I know," he said. "Ever since we started to get ready for this trip it looks like I ain't had good sense."

He stared gloomily out of the window at the disorderly scenery gliding by and rubbed his big-knuckled hands together. He had no excuses to make. As he'd said, ever since they'd actually started to get ready he'd acted as though he hadn't good sense. It was just the excitement—the excitement of going on a long trip on the train together—the excitement of going to New York for the first time.

It was an honor, too, to be nominated, as young as he was, to represent the local at a national convention. It was quite an honor, really. Older members had tried pretty hard for it, and he hadn't. He just hadn't seen how he and Minnie'd be able to afford it, even with the local paying half the railroad ticket. But when they'd named him without his asking, he couldn't have done anything else but say yes. It just flashed in his mind as they said his name, what a time Minnie and he'd have seeing New York for the first time, even with the baby along. He couldn't have said anything but yes if he'd tried.

And now this, for a nice start indeed. He was a solid young man, as capable over a vise and pipe as any other journeyman in his town, but brawn was no help now. It couldn't provide the money that he couldn't spare for meals all the way to New York in a dining car. They'd skipped lunch, because they'd had a late breakfast before boarding the train, but obviously they couldn't go without meals all the way to the city.

Already Junior was cross and whimpering, and Minnie, hot and tired from holding and petting and rocking the writhing, restless child, seemed on the verge of tears.

"Well," he repeated, sitting forward on the red plush seat, "if we got to, we got to, that's all. Wash your face, honey, and make Junior blow his nose good and we'll just go right in and get somethin' to eat if we go broke before we get there."

He grinned encouragingly at her and patted her heavily on a thin shoulder.

"I just know they're goin' to order us out—Junior, you know." But she answered his grin with a grateful smile. "I'm awfully afraid, Guy. I just know it's going to be terrible."

"Shucks!" he scoffed boldly. "What you got to be scared of, honey? All you got to do is eat, ain't it? You know how to put the food in your mouth, don't you? Well, that's all you got to do—cut up your food and put it in your mouth. Ain't anybody goin' to say anything to you for doin' that, is there?"

"It isn't like in your own dinin' room. Bill of fares with strange names, lots of silver, different kind of forks—the way you have to eat different kinds of things with different forks ——"

Guy Sprinted Wildly to a Station Lunch Counter at One of the Train's Pauses and Brought Back a Bottle of Milk and a Box of Soda Crackers, on Which They Broke Their Fast

"We'll order ham and eggs," he said. "There ain't any question with society people about how you eat ham and eggs, is there?"

"Oh, Guy, you couldn't order ham and eggs at dinner! That would be the worst thing you could do—order ham and eggs at dinner."

"Well, I'll order ham and eggs," Mr. Ledbetter declared—"and I'll order ham and eggs loud too. Blow Junior's nose and let's go."

They swayed down the aisle, he leading to open the doors, Minnie carrying a slightly cleaner but just as unsatisfied Junior, through Pullman cars to which they'd given but a passing thought while planning. They'd agreed that one night in a day coach could hurt no one. A seat turned would give Junior plenty of room in one, and Minnie, with the pillow they'd brought strapped to a suitcase, would be comfortable enough in the other. Guy would fix himself up in the smoker.

The dining car was crowded. The steward halted them politely at the door. "How many?"

Guy looked at him without immediately understanding.

"Two," Minnie hastened to answer, smiling nervously. "I'll hold the baby." She wished to make as little trouble as possible.

A couple rose, there at the end of the car, and the steward arranged the chairs firmly for his new customers, while a spotless waiter raked the cloth and carried the soiled dishes away. They sat down; Guy with stiff, nervous dignity. Junior had begun to fret again and Minnie was hushing him with quick pats and wishful, apologetic smiles across the table at a couple whom Guy was studying with frank, unoffensive interest. He was just looking at them, that was all.

To him they were smart, prosperous-looking people. The gentleman—doubtless the husband—was past middle age and fat, with heavy jowls and a short, clipped black mustache. His thin gray hair was neatly parted and well trimmed. A thin gold watch chain stretched across his vest, and he sat solidly, with a heavy complacency in his manner. His wife appeared more sociable; in fact, a great deal more. A carefully groomed matron, she was fighting age, one gathered, with a determined rouge and lipstick. Minnie thought of her admiringly as well preserved, and friendly, too, for she was smiling toward Junior that winning smile which adults occasionally bestow on infants.

"Ah, tootsy-wootsy!" she cooed across the table suddenly, and her husband slowly turned a surprised look on this levity. "Such a tunning ickle baby, and its dressy so thin!"

Minnie warmed gratefully. "He's a very healthy child," she said.

"Oh, no, my dear," the lady smiled firmly. "That dress is very, very thin—too thin, I should say."

"I don't know, ma'am," Minnie answered uncertainly. "He's always worn them at home."

"I take it," said the well preserved lady, "you're from out of town?"

"Columbus," Minnie said—"Columbus, Georgia."

The lady smiled superiorly. "We are from New York," she said, and added modestly, "unfortunately."

"Unfortunately!" Minnie and Guy both gazed at her dumfounded. "Why, don't you love it?"

"Well ——" the lady began in a deprecatory voice, when the steward bent over the table.

"If you don't mind," he said, "I'm going to put this gentleman here at this end of the table." A waiter was drawing up a chair. "We're pretty crowded, and if you don't mind ——"

The gentleman sat down, and at the sight of him Minnie and Guy looked at each other, exchanging a hidden smile. For they'd seen him in the station in Atlanta where they'd changed trains.

They'd laughed at him. His long, horse-like face, his large, protruding upper teeth, his extremely modish, almost foppish attire, all had struck Guy as unusually amusing, and he'd minced along in an imitation that had made Minnie and Junior laugh like anything. That was before the disappearance of the lunch box.

Now he sat down and turned from one to the other of the four other people at the table a totally blank look. It was really a quite amazing look, in that it seemed to have no expression whatever. Having so surveyed them, he apparently dismissed the whole idea and stared blankly out of the window between them.

Guy's interest in this young man was suddenly diverted by the presence of a menu held before him by the waiter. He took it in his awkward, fumbling hands and stared momentarily at its confusion of names.

"Ham and eggs," he said then loudly, almost truculently.

Minnie blushed and dropped her eyes before the New Yorkers. She felt that she must—really must—show greater imagination than that, but the names on the card bewildered her.

"Ham omelet," she ordered politely, and laid her cheek against Junior's.

"Some milk and toast for the baby," Guy said.

The young man at the end of the table, at the orders, turned on the Ledbetters that curious, surprised look which seemed to be set on his face. Minnie felt it, felt the looks of the lady and gentleman opposite, and her face burned. Guy was looking up at the ceiling, but Minnie knew that he was becoming damp and embarrassed and angry.

"In New York," the quiet, complacent voice of the lady was saying, "no one ever orders dishes like that for dinner, do they, Dudley?"

The gentleman turned toward her slowly. "Eh?"

"I say in New York no one ever orders ham and eggs for dinner, do they?"

"Ham and eggs! Oh, no! Never!" He settled that matter definitely.

The young man with the horse face now was gazing at them with the same air of one coming upon some strange fish in his soup.

"When you're in New York, my dear," the lady said sweetly to Minnie, "if I were you I wouldn't order ham and eggs for dinner. It's really never done there."

"I know," Minnie murmured unhappily.

"It's always very interesting to me," the lady went on placidly, "to note how different out-of-town people are from New Yorkers in so many ways. Isn't that so, Dudley?"

"Oh, yes! Yes, indeed!"

"For instance, you take your husband—the way he has his coat buttoned." Guy's forehead bulged slightly. "In New York, now, men never have their coats buttoned in the house. Not," she added hastily, "that there's any rule or etiquette about it. I don't mean that. I only say in New York the men don't button their coats. It's just the New York way, I fancy."

Plates were set before the Ledbetters and they began to eat self-consciously. Junior battered the plate with a spoon and chortled loudly and frankly. It was a wretched feeling that held Minnie's heart. She wished they hadn't come, that they hadn't been seated exactly at this table. These people—the lady and gentleman—they were trying to be nice, of course, and it was very sweet of them but ——

"Another thing," the lady continued presently, "I'm reminded of—in New York all the young women of your age, my dear, have given up guimpes—oh, long ago. It doesn't mean anything, of course. Styles come and styles go in New York. I was just reminded of that by your guimpe. It's very pretty. I was admiring it and thinking what a pity New Yorkers do not care for them any more."

Minnie caught Junior's hand, held it, and looked up long enough to say "Thank you" through a smile that was near to tears. Guy'd thought the guimpe was pretty. So had she. Possibly it wasn't quite fashionable, but still she thought it pretty. Besides, she hadn't the opportunity very often to see the newest styles. Her head still up, she summoned courage to smile bravely at the horse-faced young man.

He was looking at her with his vacuous stare, but now it seemed that his curious surprise was greater, if possible, than before. She dropped her eyes again to Junior and the young man again turned this wondering look on the New Yorkers. One would have said that he was utterly amazed and astonished at what he was seeing and hearing.

The Ledbetters continued eating their ham and eggs, looking up no more. Somehow, though, they had no taste for this or any other food. They wanted to get away. And then it came to Minnie that Junior was misbehaving. He wasn't, but presently, when she placed him uncomfortably against the wall—placed him there deliberately, but with a contrite heart—Junior did misbehave. He began to cry. Minnie looked at Guy.

"I think we better go, papa—Guy," she said. "Junior's gettin' restless." She smiled at the New Yorkers. "I say I think we'd better go," she explained politely. "Junior's gettin' restless."

"Sure, honey!" Guy promptly pushed his chair back from the table, and a lynx-eyed waiter stepped quickly over.

"Yo' check, suh?" he asked suavely.

Guy laughed immoderately. "That's right! That's right!" He sought to share the joke of his absent-mindedness with the lady and gentleman, but they simply stared at him, and his laughter died into another fever of embarrassed misery. The horse-faced young man studied him blankly.

The check was for a dollar and eighty cents and he found some comfort in that. He had expected more—anything up to six dollars. He counted two dollar bills out of his wallet and gave them to the waiter.

"It's always so odd to me," the lady said as they waited for the change. "You seldom if ever see babies in public places in New York. I don't know why that is. I some times say to Dudley I think they must drown all babies in New York—like the Chinese, you know. The Chinese, you know, drown their babies."

Minnie pressed Junior tighter and the waiter contemptuously placed two dimes change in front of Guy. Mechanically he picked them up and was putting them in his pocket when Minnie plucked his coat sleeve anxiously.

"The tip, dear—the tip," she whispered.

"That's right," he muttered, scarcely caring any more, and replaced one of the dimes on the table. He did not know it was not enough. A dime had always been his tip. But he learned it then. The waiter picked it up, but he picked it up with a slight grunt that needed no interpretation.

Guy and Minnie both recognized it, but too late, it seemed. They moved down the car, Guy mumbling unintelligibly, and the stare of the horse-faced young man followed them to the door.

Again the next morning they skipped a meal. Guy sprinted wildly to a station lunch counter at one of the train's pauses and brought back a bottle of milk and a box of soda crackers, on which they broke their fast. It was a weary morning. Junior had slept, but Minnie hadn't. She'd shifted from one position to another, but the short bench had remained a torture. This was longer than either Guy or Minnie had ever been on a train, and somehow it seemed that the journey would never end. They'd almost forgotten the golden goal entirely.

The approach of lunchtime and the prospect of going again into the dining car lowered their spirits even further. They were both ravenously hungry, but the double specter of Dudley and his helpful wife held them in their day coach.

(Continued on Page 38)

"American Tailors Cahn't—They Really Cahn't, You Know—Fit a Collar"

"All 7 of our family voted New Hupmobile first *in secret ballot*"

Oklahoma banker tells how his household selected the Six of the Century

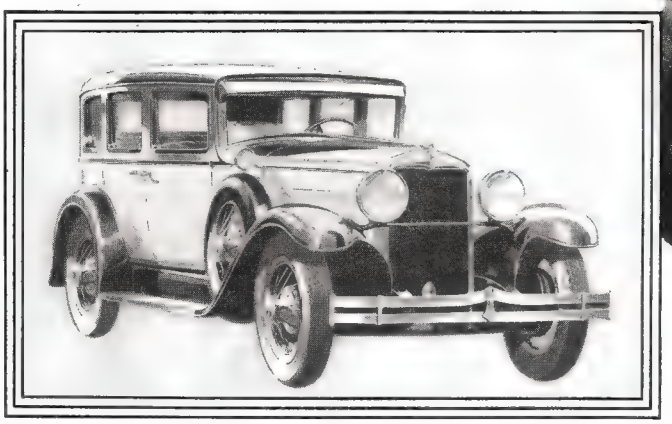
Popular suffrage has already cast an emphatic vote in favor of the New Hupmobile—The Six of the Century. An actual incident in Oklahoma serves to illustrate the universal agreement.

"Our family of seven went shopping for a new car," reports a prominent banker of that state. "We inspected all the well known makes before attempting a decision. That evening we decided to take a secret ballot on first, second and third choice. When the votes were counted the Hupmobile had received 7 for first choice—a unanimous decision."

When a new car makes such an impression it is no wonder that people stand in line to buy, offer premiums for immediate delivery and do other strange things that have not happened since the automobile was a baby and the century had just been born.

As a matter of recorded fact, this creation of new beauty and advanced mechanical excellence has so startled and delighted the motor world that it has been aptly christened the Six of the Century.

You'll find it a deceiving car as well as a beautiful car; for you will assume, as soon as you see it, that it is well above the $2000 price. But it is well below and that is one of its pleasantest surprises.



24 Standard and Custom-equipped body styles, $1345 to $1555 f.o.b. Detroit, plus revenue tax.

The New Hupmobile—the Six of The Century—has developed more astonishing incidents than have been recorded since the automobile industry and this century began. The one here reported and others to follow are "taken from life." Names and full particulars on request.

NEW

HUPMOBILE

The Six of the Century

Watch This Column

Our Weekly Chat

"The Man Who Laughs" with CONRAD VEIDT

In producing Victor Hugo's ***"The Man Who Laughs,"*** I was attracted first by the fame of the author—second by the glamour of a royal court—its ceremonious pomp, intrigues and many love affairs—third by the extraordinary talent the characters called for.

Moreover I saw in it a play that would be even more interesting and thrilling than ***"The Hunchback of Notre Dame,"*** which proved one of the great successes of screen history.

"Magnificent extravagances" were necessary on our part to produce it properly. It was essential, too, that I find a man of most unusual capability to act the trying leading rôle. I found him in CONRAD VEIDT and in this chat I desire to pay a personal tribute to him for the remarkable work he has done.

He is ably assisted by an excellent cast including charming MARY PHILBIN and GEORGE SIEGMANN under the direction of Paul Leni. Watch for and be sure to see ***"The Man Who Laughs"*** when it plays your city.

Meantime see Universal's thrilling picturization of ***"Uncle Tom's Cabin"***—not the play you have seen on the stage but a profoundly beautiful spectacle which cost us nearly two million dollars and two years to make. I mention the cost to show you the pretentious character of the picture.

Good pictures deserve good titles and I would like your title suggestions for several pictures I am now producing. I will pay $50 for any title accepted, and if more than one suggests the same title, they will receive the same amount. Write to me at once for synopses of these pictures. Suggested titles must reach me by March 1, 1928.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

Send 10c for autographed photograph of your favorite Universal star

If you want to be on our mailing list send in your name and address

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

(Continued from Page 36)

"If it wasn't that they're New Yorkers," Minnie explained to Guy for the twentieth time, "I'd say they said some mighty unkind things. You know, like about Chinese babies."

"You can't ever tell," Guy told her.

"She was really very sweet," Minnie went on. "She was tryin' to teach us some little things, so we'd act all right in New York, and everybody don't go out of their way to help people like that."

"I reckon so," he granted.

"It was awful nice of her, and I'm grateful too." She paused. "But I hope we can get a table by ourselves."

Guy heaved a deep sigh. "Well," he said again, "if we got to, I reckon we got to. The railroad's got us, honey; they ain't any place to eat but there. So we might as well go ahead. Make Junior blow his nose and we'll try it again."

"I hope it's better in New York," Minnie said.

They rose wearily and set out for the ordeal. They were passing through the next Pullman when suddenly the horse-faced young man leaped up and, to their surprise, greeted them.

"Ah, hello! Hello! 'Lo!" he bleated. "After a spot of food again, eh?"

Minnie smiled tentatively. "We're goin' in to eat," she said.

"Right-o!" he stated. "Mind if I toddle along with you? A bit pasty m'self!"

He sprang nimbly ahead to open the door, and Guy leaned over Minnie's shoulder, a hand cupped to his mouth, and whispered hoarsely, "Englishman—he's a Englishman. I got the accent." They followed him down the train a trifle apprehensively.

The young man gave a swift survey of the diners and promptly had the steward's arm.

"Theah's our table," he said. "Drag us up a chair, will you, old fellow, and put it at the end, like a good fellow? We're all together, you know."

He led the way behind the steward, and Minnie saw with dismay that they were being guided to the table at which their acquaintances of dinner sat. She turned to Guy, but he'd already seen. Perspiration was beginning to ooze out of his forehead. He muttered something which she knew was a command to turn back, but she shook her head quickly. They couldn't now.

Then, a minute later, they sat again opposite the well-fed New Yorkers, with the horse-faced young man again at the head of the table. Minnie could have cried. And this, she reflected bitterly, was the beginning of what she and Guy'd thought of as a kind of delayed honeymoon. But she managed to smile.

"Tootsy-wootsy!" the lady cooed to Junior. Then to her husband: "You see what I meant about its eyes?" Her husband stared at Junior's eyes and grunted assent. "Did you ever see that in a New York child's eyes?"

Guy and Minnie looked at each other, puzzled, and then anxiously at Junior's eyes. There was nothing unusual about them that they could see. The lady noted the look.

"I was just pointing out something to Mr. Holman, my dear," she explained, smiling—"something we'd been discussing."

"I see," Minnie said uncertainly.

The horse-faced young man turned to Guy. "I say, old fellow," he said in his gulp voice, "I say, but have you tried the lobster salad? I just saw them piling on the little beggars down the road—nice jolly big ones. What say we edge up on one—haw?"

The day was warm. Minnie closed her eyes in pure relief. Why hadn't she herself thought of a salad? She opened them then and thanked the young man humbly and gratefully. For the moment she was his slave.

"Well," Guy said, "I don't care if I do."

"Waitah! Waitah!" The young man turned and called imperially, admirably oblivious of the strength of his voice. "I say, waitah, three lobster salads and some cream toast for the babe. No milk, mind you, waitah. Cream—cream or I shall push you off the train." He said this without smiling, without glancing at the waiter, and then turned back to Guy. "Topping day for lobster," he said.

Mr. and Mrs. Holman had paused in their eating and were looking at the young man with undisguised interest. Then, with her most charming smile, Mrs. Holman leaned toward him.

"English, I believe?" she said.

"Right-o!" bleated the young man. "Are you English?"

Obviously overcome with such flattery, the lady was compelled to admit that she wasn't.

"We're from New York," she explained apologetically, "but I have a great many English friends."

"New York, eh! Haw!" The name seemed to strike some uncontrollable spring of humor in him, for he threw back his head and laughed immoderately, pausing once or twice to repeat "New York! Haw!" which apparently renewed his mirth.

Mr. and Mrs. Holman looked at each other in bewilderment. So far as they could recollect they'd never before heard anybody laugh at New York. Mr. Holman stared at the young man as one who contemplates a lunatic. Then the young man subsided, but he offered no explanation of his outburst.

"Jolly place, New York," he murmured, more to himself than to the others—"frightfully jolly."

"Yes, it is," the lady agreed pleasantly. "Dudley and I are often amused by it."

Dudley, to whom this seemed to be news, turned a ponderous look of surprise on his wife, but said nothing.

Minnie dished the salad for Guy and selected what she hoped was the salad fork. She knew there was such a thing; she'd heard the expression. The broad one was it, no doubt. But Guy was innocently cutting up his lettuce with a knife and fork. He liked it cut up fine. He always used a knife and fork.

"In New York ——" the lady leaned forward and began, holding her own salad fork daintily, when the horse-faced young man spoke.

"By jove, old fellow," he exclaimed, "you're the first chap I've seen out here chopping his lettuce in the English manner. Absolutely, old fellow"—he clapped Guy on the shoulder—"absolutely, I assuah you, old fellow. Out here," he said, "they have some droll ideah that a knife is all wrong with a salad. I cahn't fancy where the ideah originated. I've seen women—no end of them, old chap—fuzzling their salads with a fork! Absolutely! Quaint, eh?"

"Oh, I don't know," Guy said generously.

Almost simultaneously, Minnie, the lady and Dudley picked up knives and began cutting their lettuce.

"Ghastly notion," the young man continued, his mouth full. "Sounds like New York—haw!" He choked slightly with a recurrence of his amusement. He addressed Mr. Holman. "I was in New York once," he explained. "Frightfully amusing, I assuah you."

Somehow, Minnie hadn't minded the correction of the salad practice. She reflected that this was probably because the Holmans had been as culprit as she. They were no doubt trying to be very nice, but she found a deep satisfaction in their error.

The young man ate on unself-consciously, chuckling now and then at unexplained thoughts.

"Ghastly tailors in New York, eh?" he said suddenly to Mr. Holman. He put one hand on Guy's shoulder. "A bob," he said, "that this is an English suit, eh?" He turned to Guy.

Mr. Holman had noticed this suit. It was horribly new, extraordinarily stiff, and the thought had come to him that it had probably been designed and manufactured by a practical carpenter. Now, though, he looked at it with new interest.

"Looks English," he admitted.

Mrs. Holman smiled ingratiatingly at Guy.

"It certainly looks English to me," she said. "Some of my best friends are English."

"No, ma'am," Guy admitted regretfully. "I got it in Columbus. It ain't English."

The young man seemed taken aback. "What-ho!" he exclaimed. "Why, you cahn't mean it, old fellow! I could have jolly well sworn that was English work, you know."

Somewhat skeptical of his hearing, Mr. Holman peered more closely at the suit. He made a fine, honest effort to discern its merits, and succeeded in finding what he felt was a possible point.

"That fit around the collar—that's mighty nice," he ventured.

"Rot! Bally rot!" the young man said bluntly. "I mean to say, old fellow, I was absolutely just on the point of explaining that the fit around the collar was the one flaw in the work of art—a typically American flaw, old fellow, if you don't mind my saying so, eh?"

Mrs. Holman nodded quickly, understandingly, and her husband retired in confusion.

"American tailors cahn't—they really cahn't, you know—fit a collar."

"I've heard that," Mr. Holman mumbled.

"They really cahn't. You take this collar"—he laid an expert hand on Mr. Holman's lapel—"no fit, no grace, eh? American butchery, you know, really! On the othah hand"—he picked up the limp Mr. Ledbetter's arm—"take this sleeve. Absolutely superb!"

Guy reflected happily on the undreamed of sublimities he'd obtained for twenty-five dollars.

"Not," the young man went on quickly, "any such New York job work as this," and he lifted Mr. Holman's helpless sleeve. "Ah, really, old fellow, fahncy that! Really! Absolutely a blot, you know! But," he soliloquized, "charact'ristic New York work. New York—haw!" He went off again in his horrible guffaw, provoked apparently by every thought of the American metropolis.

To Mr. Holman's relief, he then appeared to be willing to abandon the subject of his suit's shortcomings and began nibbling daintily at his salad. Guy and Minnie were eating in a great peace, and even Junior was acting half civilized. Mrs. Holman leaned forward confidentially to Minnie.

"You cahn't fool the English on clothes," she said with a sweet smile—"you really cahn't."

Her husband again turned his ponderous look of surprise on her as the broad *a* sank into his consciousness. The young man, cutting up lettuce with knife and fork, apparently did not notice. In fact he suddenly seemed to have lost all interest in the Holmans and devoted himself for the rest of the meal to a long discourse to Guy on beagle hounds. He was still enlarging on their virtues when the check came, and this he seized promptly.

"Not a word, old chap!" he protested as Guy reached for his wallet. "It's my party, as you say out here. Nice jolly little luncheon." He acted as though the Holmans were not there. "Heah, waitah! Waitah," he bawled, "heah—and keep the change!"

He pushed back his chair and Minnie and Guy followed him to their feet.

When the Holmans got back to their section in the Pullman they found that the young Britisher had established the Ledbetter family in his two seats, on the opposite side of the car and the next ahead of theirs, and had them eager and attentive and smiling with a kind of loud, bleating monologue.

The child was obviously fascinated by his protruding upper teeth and made tentative swipes at them with a rattle—swipes which he, far from resenting, encouraged until Junior laughed hysterically.

(Continued on Page 40)

AGAIN, in the new Pontiac Six, Fisher proves its unrivaled ability to endow a car with beauty and value beyond comparison in its class. Acclaimed the world's finest low-priced six from the hour of its first appearance, this new Pontiac advances far beyond even its own previous attainment. More than ever it satisfies the American desire for artistry of design, fine finish and consummate good taste in an automobile. The new Pontiac Six is such a car as the public has learned to expect when the body is by Fisher.

Body by FISHER

GENERAL MOTORS

You *Can* Have This Protection

ALTHOUGH the Hershey Coincidental Lock is featured as standard equipment by so many of the world's finest automobiles, this most modern lock is not found *exclusively* on expensive motor cars. In 1928 *more than a million cars* selling at under a thousand dollars will carry the *genuine* Hershey Lock as standard factory equipment.

Thus no automobile buyer need accept less effective protection. Regardless of what you wish to pay for your next car, remember you *can* have this truly theft-proof protection. Just be sure the car you choose has the *genuine* Hershey Lock—the *only* "coincidental" lock that locks the steering with a hardened steel bolt, and the ignition as well.

More than *two million* are now in daily use.

Hershey Manufacturing Company
4644-4660 West Fulton Street
Chicago, Illinois

HERSHEY
COINCIDENTAL
LOCKS

The Hershey Lock is on the steering column—in easy reach, away from dirt and oil. To know its many advantages and how you can get them, send for this booklet today.

Name.....

Address.....

(Continued from Page 38)

"I can't see," Mrs. Holman muttered to her husband, "what ever made you get a suit like that."

"I paid ninety dollars for it," Mr. Holman replied sullenly; "it ought to be good."

"Ninety dollars, yes! But where—in New York?" She was patently disgusted with the idiocy of such a purchase. Then her voice softened. "I just adore Englishmen," she remarked. "They're so—so continental, as it were. So—so charming. You see what I mean?"

"They certainly know clothes," he admitted grudgingly. "I never seen an Englishman that didn't know clothes."

They looked over at the happy party opposite, and at that moment the young man glanced at them and made some remark behind his hand to Guy and Minnie, who also looked, and they all laughed. The Holmans turned their gazes to the window with ostentatious indifference, but an embarrassed heat came over their faces. Mrs. Holman started to chat lightly about something irrelevant.

Three o'clock came and the train was speeding across the Jersey meadows, fast approaching the tubes and Pennsylvania Station. At a significant look from Minnie, Guy began trying to edge into the young man's discourse. Minnie saw the end of the trip with deep regret. She hated to think of losing this young Englishman who had so generously and so inexplicably taken them under his arm and entertained them. This conversation had been perfect. She'd taken little part in it herself—these were menfolk talking—but she'd been proud of Guy. Two or three times he'd taken solemn and thoughtful issue with the young man's statements, and she liked that. It showed her that Guy was an independent thinker, who kept his reason clear even in the face of this extraordinary young conversationalist.

"I reckon," Guy said hesitantly—"I reckon we'd better be gettin' back and gettin' our bags."

"Absolutely not, old apple!" Guy had progressed in his addresses from "old chap," through "old fellow," "old egg," and "old thing," to "old apple." "We'll just hop it off togethah, you know! You really cahn't dribble off now—you really cahn't." He raised his head and bawled out: "Portah! Portah! Wheah the bally deuce is that portah?"

The porter came and the young man sent him back to the day coach for the Ledbetters' luggage.

"Oh, yes," he said, "we'll hop it off togethah! If I may ahsk, wheah are you putting up heah?"

Guy hesitated uneasily. He and Minnie had rather arranged that she should remain in the station with Junior and the bags while he went out and found a hotel cheap enough for them.

"Well," he replied slowly, "I don't rightly know yet."

The young man went off then into a loud description of the Ritz, the Commodore, the Ambassador, the Plaza, and the Sherry-Netherlands—names that floated clearly over to the Holmans. They looked at each other significantly, and Mrs. Holman smiled agreeably over at Minnie. The train entered the black tube, and presently had halted in the station and redcaps were shouting around in the rush and confusion as the passengers disembarked. Guy fumbled in his pocket for a tip, uncomfortably wondering what new expense he was being led into, while the effervescent young man had unaccountably rounded up the Holmans again, and together they were all being escorted to the taxi stand by three redcaps loaded with bags.

"Jolly place, New York!" he informed them shrilly. "Perfectly amazing people, New Yorkers. Absolutely—oh, absolutely, old apple—no end of amusing! Really!"

Mr. Holman grunted and his wife smiled in agreement. It was clear that the more she thought of it, the more she shared his amusement at New York. They reached the long dim vault where hundreds of taxicabs slid in and out, and the young man waved his arms wildly and shouted orders in the manner of one accustomed to being obeyed promptly.

"Two, old fellow!" he called to the taxi starter. "One for you," he explained to Mrs. Holman, "and we shall use the othah."

She entered the cab reluctantly and then held up the driver as she leaned out of the window.

"We'd be awfully pleased," she said in her most winning voice, "if you'd call on us while you're in New York, Mr.—Mr. ——"

"Wyndham—Arthur James George Patrick Wyndham."

"We would be very glad, Mr. Patrick—that is, Mr. Wyndham," Mr. Holman echoed, in some confusion at the sequence of names.

"Absolutely! Oh, absolutely! Right-o! Absolutely topping, you know! Wheah, if I may ahsk?"

Mr. Holman gave him an address in the West Seventies, and to Guy and Minnie, standing unnoticed, Mr. Wyndham appeared to be somewhat taken aback again by the address.

"Ah!" he said, obviously groping in his mind for an excuse. "Ah, but that's the West Side, isn't it?"

"Not very far west," Mrs. Holman coaxed. "It's just a block from the Park."

"Ah, yes, the West Side!" He was clearly in distress at this dismaying situation. "I know the East Side," he explained anxiously, "but I really cahn't promise, you know. I shahn't be heah but a week or so, so I cahn't—I really cahn't promise. I'll try—I really shall—but I cahn't promise. Absolutely topping of you to ahsk, though, you know—absolutely!"

"We shall look for you," Mrs. Holman said roguishly, and the taxi moved off.

For thirty seconds the young man looked after the cab gravely, and then he came back to the Ledbetters. He looked at Guy and shook his head slowly, with a faint smile in his eyes.

"Well," he said in a quite normal voice, "did I give them a buggy ride, or didn't I?"

"Suh?"

Guy did not quite understand. There was none of the bleat in Mr. Wyndham's voice, none of the accent they'd got used to. He spoke very naturally, with the suggestion of a Southern accent.

"Don't 'suh' me," he said. "I just want to know, did I take them for a nice long buggy ride or didn't I?"

Guy and Minnie looked at him puzzled.

"Look," he went on confidentially. "If there's anything that gives me a great big pain in the neck, it's the way these New Yorkers get away with murder with out-of-towners. It never fails. All a New Yorker's got to do generally is crook his little finger and the rubes come running. It certainly gives me a great big pain in the neck."

"Aren't—aren't you English?" Minnie asked in amazement.

"There isn't anything to approach the sappiness of an out-of-towner when a New Yorker begins his tall talk," he continued with a ruthless disregard for the Ledbetters' sensibilities, "except the sappiness of a New Yorker when an Englishman begins his tall talk. The out-of-towner's pretty sad when a New Yorker gets him, but he's a model of reason and pride beside a New Yorker talking to an Englishman."

He reflected moodily over these unhappy conclusions, and the Ledbetters struggled futilely with the situation.

"You—you ain't English?" Guy asked hesitantly.

"English!" The young man smiled wryly. "If you mean this face—I was born with it. I've never been nearer England than Bedloe's Island. I'm an actor."

"An actor?"

"That's me. I'm what they call a character actor. I play silly-ass English parts. I've played a dozen, but this is the first time I ever played one in a railroad train. You see," he explained, "oftentimes I see that New York act and it always gives me a great big pain in the neck. You kids seemed so upset about it I just thought I'd horn in last night. It was a pipe. They were just dying to be taken for a buggy ride by a limey."

"I—I certainly thought you were English," Minnie admitted admiringly.

The young man smiled complacently. "They say I'm pretty good at it—unless," he added quickly, "there's a real Englishman around to spot all that gaga. Didn't you say you came from Columbus?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'm from Macon myself. I used to know some Columbus people. . . . Know the Dillinghams?"

"Sure!" The bright light which always comes into a Southerner's eyes at the approach of an opportunity to swap acquaintances shone in Guy's. "Sure, I know the Dillinghams—Henry and Ed and ——"

"I knew Henry," the young man said. "Wait a minute!" He pulled open the door of the taxi. "Hop in. I'll take you to my rooming house, where you can get a swell room for about a third of what you'd pay at a hotel." The Ledbetters climbed joyously into the cab and the young man, after giving the chauffeur an address, followed.

"How'd Henry ever turn out?" he asked when they got settled.

"Well, not so good," Guy reported. "He was nominated for the Kiwanis Club—and didn't make it." He looked at the young man significantly.

The young man nodded his head understandingly. "I thought so," he said. "He always did give me a great big pain in the neck. I never thought he'd turn out much."

DRAWN BY G. B. INWOOD

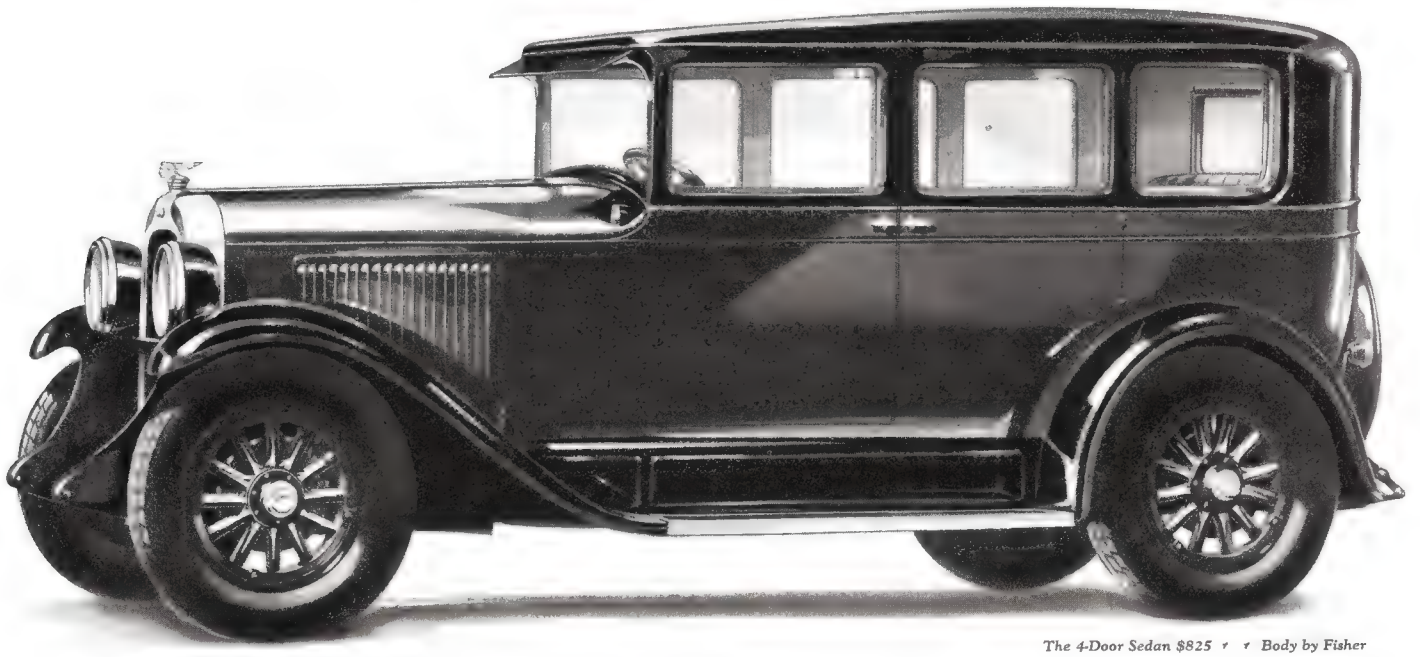
"Now What is She Going to Do?"

"Why, it's Perfectly Plain. She is Giving a Signal That She is Going to Stop, or Turn to the Right or to the Left, or Go Ahead, or Possibly Back Up"

new

-a Successful Six
now bids for Even
Greater Success

Amazing *New* Performance based on Great *New* Features of Design!



The 4-Door Sedan $825 • • Body by Fisher

Take the wheel of the New Series Pontiac Six and instantly you sense a new and marvelous measure of six-cylinder performance. "Here is *real* smoothness," you will say. "Here are *real* power and snap and speed."

The amazing performance revealed by the New Series Pontiac Six is based on great new features of design never before combined in a car of any price. The famous G. M. R. cylinder head — the new "cross-flow" radiator — the AC fuel pump replacing the vacuum system — the newly designed carburetor with the Venturi choke, the internal economizer and an accelerating pump — completely redesigned intake manifolding —

—all these and scores of additional features enable it to exhibit a type of six-cylinder performance that will warm your heart to this finer, faster, smoother, more powerful six!

Wherever you go—wherever you drive—the New Series Pontiac assures you new and thrilling motoring enjoyment—the result of advanced engineering and construction you never even dreamed could be offered in a car of such low price!

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR CO., PONTIAC, MICH. General Motors Products of Canada, Ltd., Pontiac Division—Oshawa, Ontario

2-DOOR SEDAN

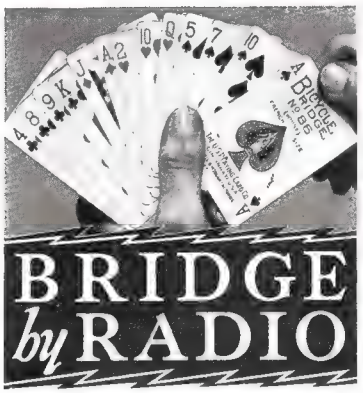
$745

Coupe	$745
Roadster	$745
Cabriolet	$795
4-Door Sedan	$825
Sport Landau Sedan	$875

Oakland All-American Six, $1045 to $1265. All prices at factory. Delivery prices include minimum handling charges. Easy to pay on the General Motors Time Payment Plan.

PONTIAC SIX

NEW SERIES



Week of February 13th

With what bid in Spades does Mr. Richards preempt the bid in the Radio Bridge hand below? Mr. Whitehead leads K of Clubs, then 8 of Diamonds. Can he keep Declarer from game? Play this hand now; then with the experts by radio.

R. R. Richards, Detroit, dealer, South
Spades....K, Q, J, 10, 9, 6, 2
Hearts.....None
Diamonds.....A, 10, 7, 3
Clubs.....8, 2

Wilbur C. Whitehead, New York, West
Spades.....A, 8, 7, 5
Hearts.....A, J, 8, 7
Diamonds.....8
Clubs.....K, Q, 10, 9

E. J. Tobin, Chicago, North
Spades.....4, 3
Hearts.....K, 10, 5, 4, 3
Diamonds.....K, Q, J
Clubs.....J, 4, 3

Milton C. Work, New York, East—
Spades.....None
Hearts.....Q, 9, 6, 2
Diamonds.....9, 6, 5, 4, 2
Clubs.....A, 7, 6, 5

Tues., Feb. 14, 10 P. M. (E. T.)

WEAF, WSAI, KSD, WCAE, WCCO, WCSH, WDAF, WEEI, WFI, WGN, WGR, WGY, WHAS, WHO, WJAR, WMC, WOC, WOW, WRC, WSB, WSM, WTAG, WTAM, WTIC, WTMJ, WWJ.

Tues., Feb. 14, 8:30 P. M. (P. T.)

KFI, KFOA, KGW, KHQ, KOMO, KPO, KGO.

See newspapers for time of following:

KFAD..Electrical Equipment Co.....Phoenix
KFUM Corley Mt. Highway.....Colorado Springs
KFYR..Hoskins-Meyer.....Bismarck
KGBX..Foster-Hall Tire Co.....St. Joseph, Mo.
KOA.....General Electric Co.....Denver
KOB ...Coll. Agr. & Mech. Arts.....State College, N. M.
KPRC..Post Dispatch.....Houston
KSL.....Radio Service Corp.....Salt Lake City
KTHS..Arlington Hotel.....Hot Springs Nat'l Pk.
KVOO..Southwestern Sales Corp.....Tulsa, Okla.
WCOA..City of Pensacola.....Pensacola, Fla.
WDAY Radio Equipment Corp.....Fargo
WDBO Orlando Broadcasting Co.....Orlando, Fla.
WFAA..Baker Hotel, News, Sears-Roebuck..Dallas
WFBM Indianapolis P. & L. Co.....Indianapolis
WHEC Hickson Electric Company.....Rochester
WIOD..Carl G. Fisher Co.....Miami, Fla.
WJAX..Municipal Station.....Jacksonville
WJBO..Times-Picayune.....New Orleans
WKY....Radiophone Co.....Oklahoma City
WNOX Peoples Tel. & Tel. Co.....Knoxville
WPG.....Municipal Station.....Atlantic City
WRVA Larus & Bro. Co.....Richmond, Va.
WSAZ..McKellar Elec. Co..Huntington, W. Va.
WSUN Municipal Station St. Petersburg, Fla.
WWNC Chamber of Commerce Asheville, N. C.
CFAC....Herald.....Calgary, Can.
CFLC..Radio Ass'n.....Prescott, Can.
CFQC....Electric Shop.....Saskatoon, Can.
CHNS..Northern Elec. Co.....Halifax, Can.
CJCA..Journal.....Edmonton, Can.
CJGC....Free Press.....London, Can.
CJRM..Jas. Richardson & Sons Moose Jaw, Can.
CKAC..La Presse.....Montreal, Can.
CKCD..Daily Province.....Vancouver, Can.
CKCI....Le Soleil.....Quebec, Can.
CKCO..Radio Ass'n.....Ottawa, Can.
CKNC..Canadian Nat. Carbon Co...Toronto, Can.
CKY.....Manitoba Tel. System.....Winnipeg, Can.

The U. S. Playing Card Company
Cincinnati, U. S. A.—Windsor, Canada
Auction Bridge Magazine, 30 Ferry St., New York

BICYCLE
and CONGRESS
PLAYING CARDS

A QUEER WAY TO MAKE A LIVING

(Continued from Page 7)

the West End of Louisville, opposite the old Sunnybrook Distillery.

Keats Speed, managing editor of the New York Sun, was one of the best ball players in Louisville, and he, too, used to play on one of the toughest of those Louisville saloon teams, and the Speeds were a family as old and as proud as the Foxes. My father never discovered that I was playing baseball on Sunday. I used to explain my absence from the Sunday dinner table by saying I was courting a girl who lived on a farm across the river in Indiana. Well, the truth is, I was, but I went to see her only on Sundays when there was no ball game, and that occurred only when the weather was unfit for play. Her father, who liked to talk about crops, got an idea that I was some kind of a natural phenomenon connected with the weather.

"I'm always glad to see you," he would tell me with a happy grin, "because every time you come it rains, and we need rain."

Drawing Only the Pay Check

I learned far more in that association with semiprofessional ball players than I had learned at the university—that is, I learned far more things that were of value to me. About one game out of three ended in a riot, but the best riot occurred the time supporters of the Butchertown team, with the score two to nine against them in the eighth inning, turned a flock of sheep into the park and stampeded them across the field as the outfielder of the winning team was running backward for the ball.

I played golf then, too, at a time when golfer and sap were pretty fair synonyms, and from all those competitive games I managed to fill up a reservoir from which I tap material and ideas to this day. Because those ideas are taken from a mind like a cross section of all Americans who were

my contemporaries as marble shooters and baseball players, it seems fair to allow a question as to why a larger proportion of the nation does not cease to write plays and movie scenarios and turn to the making of newspaper comics as an easier means of achieving hasty riches. My answer is that I sometimes think that is precisely what is happening.

There is, of course, the matter of drawing, but that should not be an obstacle when it is realized that some of the most successful newspaper comic artists have assistants to do their drawing for them. Some of these assistant comic artists, according to reports I hear, draw better than their principals. I do all my own drawing, because my manner of drawing is difficult to imitate. I have no illusions about being a Michelangelo under wraps. It simply happens that I am incapable of drawing slowly and that nervous speed with which I operate produces a style of drawing as difficult to counterfeit as would be the signature of a man who wrote habitually as if signing a will in the face of death. I confess that I have worked with assistants, who have been able to lay the tracks for the Toonerville Trolley, and to sketch in the sun, the telegraph poles, the back-yard fences and other details that help to support the borders of my drawings, but I always discover that I can do this work myself in the time it takes an assistant to clean his pen.

One of the most successful comic strips in the country is drawn by a man who used to pay a salary to a friend who furnished him with ideas and philosophy for the daily adventures of his characters, the exclusive possession of which he enjoys under the law that protects registered trade-marks. After a while the friend decided to go into business for himself, hired a young artist to do his drawing and succeeded in developing a family of comic-strip characters all his own. These have proved to be highly profitable for their creator, since they are published in a number of newspapers, but so far as I know he does none of the drawing himself. Since then a dozen similar alliances have been formed, but I am continuing to be a one-man comic artist.

Another comic strip is produced for its owner by his assistants with such skill that sometimes months elapse without his having seen the drawings to which his name is signed. He is fond of life on the Continent and his income from his feature is sufficiently large to permit him to indulge that fondness. The work of another comic artist is produced by an assistant who receives instructions over the telephone in some such form as this:

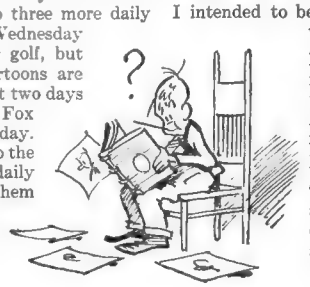
"Zat you, Hector? . . . Yep. Have 'em get in a fight over a card game. . . . What? . . . I don't care if we did have it last month. Do it again; only better. You haven't been so funny lately. Snap into it."

An Artist With Too Much Art

Is that ethical? Well, certainly it is as ethical as it is for a movie star with a valuable personality to have a double jump over Niagara Falls for him or ride in the steeplechase or enter the ring to fight the bull. What the comic artist protects by the use of a double is his peace of mind. There are lots of times when I wish devoutly that I could find someone to do my work for me. One time, a few years ago, when I had a spell of illness that persisted beyond the time for which I had provided drawings, my characters disappeared from the newspaper space which they normally occupy and did not reappear until I recovered. Normally I keep my daily drawings three weeks ahead of publication time. That is not entirely satisfactory to the syndicate managers who sell my drawings, but I will not produce a larger reserve because I do not want to work, as I tell them, "out of the weather." I would find it difficult to make drawings based on December, for example, in July.

Each Monday I try to produce, besides my Sunday page, three daily cartoons in lead pencil and then do three more daily drawings on Tuesday. Wednesday is then a good day for golf, but if the week's daily cartoons are not finished on those first two days of the week, Fontaine Fox gets no golf on Wednesday.

Thursday is devoted to the task of inking in the daily cartoons—of drawing them in the final form in which they go to the engraver. Friday is reserved for odds and ends of business, such as tennis and golf, and on Saturday I usually flounder around in search of an idea for my Sunday page of comics, so that on Monday morning I can start promptly to work. It is not always as easy as it seems when set down here in print. Often I have to be primed in the fashion of a squeaky back-porch pump. My secretary performs that office with coffee, which she brews whenever I show signs of slacking in my performance. At such times, you may be sure, I would like nothing better than to discover some gifted person who could draw Mr. Bang in a rage. One time I did hire an artist—a real one—but he failed to meet my taste. He drew as he had been taught to draw in art schools here and abroad. I draw as if I had St. Vitus dance.



Of Royal Lineage

This man, handed one of my rough pencil sketches, was instructed to put in the Toonerville Trolley and draw it as if in motion. Believe it or not, he was unable even to draw the trolley rope in a suitable manner. He showed it as a wavy line, but the smallest waves were nearest the pole, and I know that ropes do not behave in any such fashion in a breeze. The long waves occur nearest the anchorage, because of the weight of the rope, and the small ones occur out near the free end. Mr. Bang, as drawn by that same artist, appeared as a middle-aged, collar-advertisement model. In fact in most respects the man drew too well for my purpose. I may not deserve to be rated with Sargent or Whistler or Joe Chase, but I am an authority on Mr. Bang and Mickey McGuire. I know, too, that curved lines have a droll quality that may not be imparted with straight ones and angles. I learned this and other tricks of the caricaturist in a curious way. I got it out of an old book.

The truth about the Terrible-tempered Mr. Bang, the Powerful Katrinka, the Little Scorpions, Tomboy Taylor and the Skipper of the Toonerville Trolley that meets all trains is that they are descended from royalty by a kind of morganatic alliance. Even that foolish expression of triumph sometimes worn by the Village Half-wit is an inheritance from Charles II of England. Perhaps I had better explain the purity of all these relationships quickly, before the matter is resolved into a diplomatic incident turning on lese majesty.

It was this way: Among my father's books, when I was playing in vacant lots and attending a Louisville public school, there was one that I liked because it was profusely illustrated. It was Gilbert Abbott A'Beckett's Comic History of England. John Leech, a great British caricaturist, had made a score of colored etchings and some 200 woodcuts for the book, and there can be no doubt that it was his part of the work that fascinated me.

As a boy of seven I had shown what might be called daring as an artist, for I had drawn an L. & N. freight train that I intended to be the longest train in the world. There were about 400 cars, and there would have been a caboose if I had not been interrupted by my mother, who raised loud objections because I had drawn that train on the parlor walls. Possibly that might fairly be classed as an early display of talent, but my family had another name for it.

(Continued on Page 45)

Even in the bright gleam of thousand-watt spotlights, this Armstrong Floor (Embossed Inlaid No. 6042) in the Hupmobile showroom, New York, presents a softly colored foundation for the cars on display. Its textured surface catches the play of light with all the naturalness of a flagstone floor. Yet it is soft and quiet to walk on.

Spotlights *and* Armstrong Floors help sell Hupmobiles

YOU feel you're a million miles from Broadway as you enter this open patio of old Madrid—the unique Hupmobile display room of the Van Alstyne Motor Corporation, 1871 Broadway, New York.

Bathed in soft lights and a misty blend of color appear the faint silhouettes of motor cars.

"I'd like to see the new Hupmobile Eight Sedan," you say. Almost instantly it is before you, revealed in a flood of sudden light. Your eyes take in a pleasing picture. You see nothing but the car you asked for—unless you are a merchant, a display man, a student of the effect of surroundings upon the sale of any product.

For then you will see a carefully planned scheme in which the product on sale is given every possible display advantage—especially in the floors, the foundation for the whole effect.

Eye-appealing salesroom in New York's Automobile Row shows value of pattern floors in modern merchandising

"We wanted the floors to have three qualities," Mr. Robb, Secretary of Van Alstyne Motor Corp., will inform you—"color that would be equally effective in bright or dim light, design that would be in keeping with our 15th-century Spanish treatment, and comfort that would convey to our patrons a sense of quietness and repose. All these virtues our Armstrong Embossed Inlaid Floors possess—and in good measure."

* * *

No matter what you sell, today you can get an Armstrong's Linoleum Floor, custom-tailored to fit your place of business—smart, colorful, eye-appealing, to help display and sell your merchandise. Any good department, furniture, or linoleum store merchant will show you the newest Armstrong Business Floors, will tell you exactly the cost for installing the design you select, will permanently cement your floor in place over heavy builders' deadening felt. And a letter to us will bring you a copy of ***"Enduring Floors of Good Taste,"*** 48 pages of floor facts, illustrated. Hints on reducing cleaning costs, on ending floor repair expense and worry. Sent anywhere in the United States free. (Canada, 25c.) Address Armstrong Cork Company, Linoleum Division, 301 W. Liberty St., Lancaster, Pa.

Below, Marble Inlaid Design No. 79

Above, Embossed Inlaid No. 6061

Look for the CIRCLE A *trade-mark on the burlap back*

Armstrong's Linoleum Floors

for every room in the house

PLAIN . . . INLAID . . . EMBOSSED . . . JASPÉ . . . ARABESQ . . . PRINTED

FOR as long as you have known motion pictures you have known one name to stand head and shoulders above the rest. Today Paramount's claim to leadership is greater than ever before in all its brilliant history. The proof is in this list of Paramount Pictures released in the past four months. This is a *complete* list—not a selected few—a record of successes without precedent! But Paramount is not content to rest on past performance. The pictures coming promise even more! If the theatre that now serves you does not show Paramount, present this list to the manager and demand what you are rightfully entitled to—the absolute best in motion picture entertainment.

"if it's a **Paramount** picture it's the best show in town!"

OCTOBER

"THE ROUGH RIDERS"
EMIL JANNINGS in
"THE WAY OF ALL FLESH"
ESTHER RALSTON in
"FIGURES DON'T LIE"
"SHOOTIN' IRONS"
RICHARD DIX in
"SHANGHAI BOUND"
ADOLPHE MENJOU in
"A GENTLEMAN OF PARIS"
FRED [illegible] in
"JESSE JAMES"
BEERY & HATTON in
"NOW WE'RE IN THE AIR"
GEORGE BANCROFT in
"UNDERWORLD"
POLA NEGRI in
"THE WOMAN ON TRIAL"

NOVEMBER

ZANE GREY'S
"OPEN RANGE"
BEBE DANIELS in
"SHE'S A SHEIK"
THOMAS MEIGHAN in
"THE CITY GONE WILD"
ESTHER RALSTON in
"THE SPOTLIGHT"
"THE LAST WALTZ"
Ufa Production

DECEMBER

FLORENCE VIDOR in
"HONEYMOON HATE"
CLARA BOW in
"GET YOUR MAN"
RICHARD DIX in
"THE GAY DEFENDER"
FIELDS & CONKLIN in
"TWO FLAMING YOUTHS"
POLA NEGRI in
"THE SECRET HOUR"
ADOLPHE MENJOU in
"SERENADE"
JAMES [illegible] in
"[illegible]"
[illegible] & HATTON in
"[illegible]"
ESTHER RALSTON in
"LOVE AND LEARN"
FRED THOMSON in
"THE PIONEER SCOUT"
EMIL JANNINGS in
"THE LAST COMMAND"
"GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES"
From the novel by Anita Loos

COMING!

HAROLD LLOYD in "SPEEDY"
Lloyd Prod. Paramount Release
"OLD IRONSIDES"
"TILLIE'S PUNCTURED ROMANCE"
"LEGION OF THE CONDEMNED"
EMIL JANNINGS in
"THE STREET OF SIN"
"BEHIND THE GERMAN LINES"
FRED THOMSON in
"KIT CARSON"

Paramount Pictures

PARAMOUNT FAMOUS LASKY CORP.
Adolph Zukor, Pres., Paramount Bldg., N.Y.

(Continued from Page 42)

However, to return to that Comic History of England, it was not until I was in high school that it occurred to me I might pick up some tricks from John Leech's drawings.

Two other boys in my class could draw well. Joe Browning could draw exceptional horses; Wayne Wilson was the best all-around draftsman, but I was the most skillful at getting likenesses of people, and especially wicked likenesses of teachers. There was a certain amount of rivalry in the drawing efforts of us three boys, and that spurred me to practice outside the classroom, and one day it occurred to me that I might pick up a few tricks from Beckett's Comic History by analyzing those amusing pictures made by John Leech. So I began to go through the book in a systematic fashion. I do not think anyone suggested the plan to me. I remember that I was trying to discover a simple formula for drawing an expression of anger and began to turn the pages of that book searching for such expressions. When I found one I wrote down the page number and finally was able to skim through the volume and make some hasty comparisons, with the result that I made a discovery that is still of service to me.

Mr. Bang Himself in Person

I found out that when Leech, who was a master of expression and figure, wanted to draw an expression of anger he drew the eyes of his subject a little out of focus. It was astounding to me to learn how much grimness that one device could give to a semblance of a human countenance made with a few pencil strokes. I remember there was one picture which showed King Charles leaving a council of some kind in a terrific rage. I studied the king's angry walk and learned that long steps and stiffly held legs added more suggestion of anger. I copied that picture again and again, and you may guess that I found it useful when I tell you that I use pretty much that same expression today on the face of Mr. Bang. Surely that ought to give him some ground for having a bar sinister on his escutcheon.

In similar fashion I went through that book hunting out expressions of disgust, fear, joy, loud laughter, singing, disdain. I had a fearful time trying to draw a facial expression of disgust, until I discovered by making comparisons with those Leech drawings that he invariably achieved such an expression by making the nostril turn upward. I think it was Catharine of Aragon who was pictured there with such a tremendous feeling of disgust on her royal countenance that I can recall it to this day—and reproduce it.

In getting an expression of fear on the faces of some of Mickey McGuire's victims nowadays, I use the same drawing tricks that I picked up from one of the colored etchings of that old book that I have not seen in twenty years or more. The pictures showed two courtiers at the moment they discovered Guy Fawkes standing in a corner in the basement of the Houses of Parliament. The figure of the conspirator was gigantic, draped in a long cloak and crowned with a floppy peaked hat. The countenance was fierce and there was a bristling mustache. I do not wonder that the men who found him were frightened. One of them in particular betrayed that fear by his body position, with his knees slightly fallen together. His hair was up and his face was slightly turned away from the direction of the thing that had frightened him, as if to suggest that he was contemplating instant flight. The most important thing, though, was the mouth, and it had been drawn, as you might draw the outline of a banana, with the ends pointing downward. I can use that formula for an expression of fear at any time and get away with it.

There was another picture that showed King Charles hiding up in the branches and verdure of a stout tree. In the foreground were two officers of a troop that was searching for him. It was a foolish position for a king to be in and King Charles wore a foolish expression. After some experiments I found out that the effect was due to a little trick of drawing one eyebrow raised out of position. You cannot imagine what a difference that one thing will do to a drawing of a face until you try it yourself with a pencil.

Another trick was that of closing the eyes of any subject drawn to suggest an appearance of raucous laughter. The eyes are drawn closed, but the corners, instead of drooping as in sleep, curl upward. I use it frequently on country yokels, usually with appropriate body expressions, as, for instance, with one hand held up over the head and the body bent. I use those devices today for the simple reason that I have not been able to improve on them, in spite of the fact that I take very seriously my job as a humorist and strive continuously to develop other artifices that will help me to animate the fanciful situations in which I involve the characters who are made to work for me, just as if I was old Simon Legree and they were unemancipated slaves.

I may hold these characters by right of invention and trade-marks registered with the Patent Office, just as completely as Legree may have held a slave. I can make them perform for the profit of the Fox family. I own their bodies, but I do not own their souls. I dare not try to change their characters, because I should destroy their usefulness to me if I did so. Here is Mr. Bang ready to illustrate my meaning. Suppose I were to picture him as trying to control his temper? Such behavior would be out of character. If anyone enjoys Mr. Bang's outburst, it is because he does as a lot of us often feel we should like to do. Almost any time I feel my own temper rising I know I am on the trail of a situation in which I can work Mr. Bang, quite as if, supposing I owned a stable of race horses, I would know it was time to work the mud horse when the rain began to fall.

Recently I went to a moving-picture theater, bought my seats, passed inside and then was told by an usher to stand to one side until there were some vacant seats. I did not, on that occasion, grab the usher by the back of the neck and slack of his trousers and rush him Spanish fashion to the ticket window and there compel him to announce that the house was full. No, indeed. I stood where I was told, but next day with furious strokes I made Mr. Bang perform in such fashion, and it was a relief to my feelings. Even so, I do not think it is just of Mrs. Fox to say to all who may inquire that I am the original of the Terrible-tempered Mr. Bang.

Glorifying the American Kid

When I left Louisville and started working in Chicago in 1908, the only cartoonist who had used kids in a daily drawing was John McCutcheon of the Chicago Tribune. His work had a charm like that of James Whitcomb Riley, and the boys who were recreated with the skill of his pen and the fancies of his memory were country boys. America was familiar also at that time with the antics of the Yellow Kid, Hans and Fritz Katzenjammer—a couple of German emigrants—and Richard Outcault's Buster Brown and his dog Tige; but I had an idea for a new sort of kid comic. I went with it to my boss, Leigh Reilly, then managing editor of the Chicago Evening Post, explained that I was tired of harpooning politicians day after day and would like to devote a portion of my work to humorous drawings of children.

"Don't you think you have considerable nerve," he asked, "to attempt to do that in the same town where McCutcheon's work is appearing?"

"McCutcheon's kids are farm youngsters," I urged, "and my little boys are going to live in the suburbs on the edge of a city."

Skeptically he told me to go ahead and try it out, and a couple of days later I showed him the first one. It was a simple one, but it made a hit in the office. I showed a very small boy standing on the curbstone with his mother as they waited for a street car. As the car appeared she discovered the kid had wandered into a vacant lot behind them and was trying on an old derby hat he had found there. The last picture in the strip showed the youngster being shampooed in a barber shop, under the determined gaze of his mother.

"I like that," said Leigh Reilly, "and we'll run it on the first page."

Thereafter I made one each week. Clare Briggs at that time had not begun to use kids in his comic drawings and C. M. Page had not created those kids that figure in his S'Matter Pop. I guess his own children had not been born then. Ten years after the appearance of my first kid comics all the comic artists were either drawing children or else experimenting with kid characters; and today some of us are beginning to wonder if this is not a proper field in which to begin the practice of birth control.

That workman on Sutter's ranch who discovered there was gold in California was the prototype of a couple of bright young newspapermen who discovered, about a year after I began to draw in Chicago, that there was not only gold but platinum, diamonds, furs, yachts, country homes, Paris frocks and antique furniture in that queer realm of fancy from which have emigrated Mutt and Jeff, Silk Hat Harry and Judge Rummy, Barney Google and Spark Plug, Boob McNutt, Polly and Her Pals, Krazy Kat, Jiggs and Maggie, Andy Gump, Mr. and Mrs., and platoons of others. Because the discovery was made while I was young enough to share in the profits, I am glad to give the credit to those to whom it is due.

250 Pay Envelopes

Bud Fisher was getting $300 a week in New York and wondering, I suppose, how he was going to put anything by for his old age, when three of his friends, John Wheeler, Guy Visniski and Ed McClure, said they would guarantee him $1000 a week if he would allow them to sell his comic strip. They had solicited seven or eight of the largest papers in the country and discovered these few would pay enough to meet the guaranty, leaving the rest of the newspapers as a field for profit. As Cortés, Pizarro, Da Gama, and other adventurers who led expeditions into the New World after Columbus may have felt a kindling of gratitude for Isabella whose jewels made that first voyage possible, so I feel toward Wheeler and his associates. Between them they scraped up $52,000 to meet Fisher's first-year guaranty and overcome his feeling that $300 in authentic money was better than a fabulous conversation with syndicate men.

In 1913 the Wheeler Syndicate made me a proposition and I came to New York. Since that time I have been getting, instead of a weekly salary from one newspaper, salaries from a number of newspapers. Right now the number of newspapers is in excess of 250, and when anyone speaks in my presence of the development of the syndicate method of selling a comic artist's output my lips move piously. I feel toward syndicates as Henry Ford should feel toward the man who first thought of applying the conveyor-belt system to factories and made mass production possible. In drawing for many scattered newspapers, instead of one published in the city in which I lived, I had to alter the type of work I had been doing. I realized the need of identifying myself in the minds of my following with a series of characters, so as to make each cartoon's appeal as sure in San Francisco as in New York. In Chicago I had begun to evolve some stock characters such as Thomas Edison, Jr., Sissie and Grandma, the Demon Chaperon, but I wanted more, and if possible, better ones.

One of the first I developed after coming to New York was the Toonerville Trolley, and it has proved to be the most successful, for it has been done in the movies, has been

When your hair is at stake

feeble measures are foolish!

SCIENCE knows why men grow bald and the hair of women thins and loses lustre. The reasons are easy to understand. And the cause is easy to combat. Those who seriously want to win back the thick healthy hair of youth can usually do so. But not with feeble measures.

GLOVER'S Combination Scalp Treatment gives the two things which nature needs to help restore healthy hair. It ends dandruff. Not just by temporarily dissolving it, but by killing the germ that breeds the dandruff scales. Thus the scalp gains antiseptic cleanliness. Dandruff no longer exacts its toll.

And Glover's scientifically stimulates scalp circulation. It penetrates each tiny hair cell down to the root. You feel the tingle of its generated heat. Dormant glands are vitalized to action. A surge of healthy scalp circulation responds.

A Medical Treatment

Not in any way like ordinary hair tonics. Eminent scalp specialists, barbers, and hairdressers endorse Glover's as a complete treatment. Thousands of users say it has brought them abundant healthy hair where all else has failed.

Get the two products at your drug store—Glover's Imperial Mange Medicine and Glover's Medicated Soap. Use them persistently. Do not expect to fully repair the damage of years with two or three treatments. Use patience—and Glover's! You'll win back hair health.

A free booklet describing common scalp troubles and their treatment will be mailed if you write to: H. Clay Glover Co., Inc., Dept. P, 119 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

GLOVER'S
COMBINATION
MANGE MEDICINE MEDICATED SOAP
SCALP TREATMENT

95c at all Drug and Department Stores

NOTICE THE ODOR

The clean tar odor marks the presence of an ingredient essential where positive results are desired. Contains other vital ingredients, too, found only in Glover's, the original and famous product.

Relieve it with

Adjusto-Ray
A FARBERWARE PRODUCT
BAKES OUT PAIN

Adjusto-Ray is the improved therapeutic lamp. Wonderful for relieving rheumatism, neuritis, neuralgia, lumbago, headaches, nervousness and many other ailments. Its sun-like rays quickly soothe the affected parts, penetrate to the seat of the trouble, ease pain and help to *remove the cause*. Recommended by physicians everywhere.

Adjustable to any position

$9

Clamps—stands—hangs

Adjusto-Ray is simple, convenient and safe. No assistance needed—just clamp Adjusto-Ray on your bed or chair—or stand it on a table—or hang it up—and attach to any electric light socket.

Adjusto-Ray is built on scientific principles. It throws a parallel ray and has no focal point. Complete with 260-watt bulb. Comes in three styles—hand model: $6.50; clamp model (as illustrated): $9.00; floor model: $13.50. Sold by all leading dealers.

Manufactured by
S.W. Farber, Inc., 141-151 So. 5th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

made the basis of a vaudeville act, and a tin model of it is proving to be a popular toy, if I may be permitted to judge by the size of my royalty checks. The beginning of the Toonerville Trolley goes back to Louisville, where there is a belt line known as the Brook Street line. I had to ride on it in traveling between my home and my office. A. T. McDonald, the managing editor, also had to rely on the indifferent service given in those days by that line. He would sometimes lampoon the car line in the paragraphs he wrote for the editorial page and had me draw sketches to support what finally became a two-man crusade.

After years of gestation the idea for the Toonerville Trolley was born one day up in Westchester County when my wife and I had left New York City to visit Charlie Voight, the cartoonist, in the Pelhams. At the station we saw a rattletrap of a street car which had as its crew and skipper a wistful old codger with an Airedale beard. He showed as much concern in the performance of his job as you might expect from Captain Hartley when docking the Leviathan.

All Aboard for Toonerville

I asked another passenger if he could tell me how to reach Voight's house, and he suggested that I ask the motorman.

"He knows everything," he said.

I appealed to the motorman then and he told me he would stop the car when it was time for us to get off; but he did more than that. He got off with us, led the way to the top of a knoll, then pointed to the house and waited to make sure I understood, before he returned to his carload of passengers.

By the time we had returned to our home the idea for the Toonerville Trolley was developed.

From time to time I receive pictures of what might be called life-size models of the Toonerville Trolley from hardy explorers who have penetrated into regions in the United States where my drawings of the car would be regarded not as caricatures but as faithful likenesses of the local not-very-rapid-transit cars. Out on Long Island, where I live, there are a number of stations along the railroad which are met regularly by electrically propelled vehicles of the Toonerville era. They are called street cars, but whenever I see them I shudder for fear the car-company stockholders may sue me for royalties on my Toonerville drawings, on the ground that they and not I own the patent rights. I have received pictures from proud builders of vehicles resembling the Toonerville Trolley, which they have fashioned from gocarts so as to compete for prizes in baby parades in which they have wheeled their offspring.

Then there is the Powerful Katrinka. I evolved her as a composite of my recollection of two colored cooks that once worked for my family in Louisville. One of these, Sally, was a powerful negress who saved me more than once from capture and torture at the hands of the gang leader I have in mind when I draw pictures of Mickey McGuire. The other cook was as stupid as Sally was strong, and while I was trying to weave them into a single character I read a story by George Fitch of At Good Old Siwash in which he told about Ole Oleson, the giant fullback of the Siwash football team. Ole, while at the bottom of the heap of players in an important game one Saturday, had an idea. Why not simply get up in the next scrimmage and carry both teams and the ball down the field for a goal? Which he did. That suggested making my strong servant girl a Scandinavian instead of a negress.

Mickey—Himself—McGuire's gang and the Little Scorpions were the boys I played with in Louisville. I knew Mickey McGuire—that is I knew his prototype, a tough kid who was in my class in grammar school and sometimes honored me by twisting my arm. Walter—I think that was his first name—was the one boy in Louisville I envied. His big brother was on a regular baseball team and the kid himself could lick any boy you could name. Teachers and school janitors were all afraid of him, so that he passed through life unrebuked. Walter was tough enough for anyone but a cartoonist. If I have exaggerated Walter in creating McGuire, it is only because I have done what always is done by story-tellers when they undertake to relate all the glories of an army that has marched into history. I have credited all the feats of prowess of the army to one hero. The saga of McGuire is really the history of Walter's gang, and Mickey is credited in it with feats of bullying that were performed by two other members of the redoubtable gang—Dutch and Frank. So, actually, I suppose McGuire is a couple of other fellows.

One day when our gang was waging a defensive war against our enemies from across the railroad track, I hit Frank in the stomach with a rock and knocked him out. An ominous silence fell over the contending forces and I hurried home to find out if there was any chance of our moving soon. For some days thereafter I lived a kind of rabbit existence, running and dodging between home and school.

The hunt ended while I was in the barber shop having my hair cut. The barber had just given me a final lick with his brush and snatched the towel from around my neck when the shop window was darkened. I looked up and saw the grim faces of Frank and his supporters.

The Battles of Louisville

"You'd better get on home," said the unfeeling barber as I hung around endeavoring to be interested in his Police Gazette, and so I had to emerge from that neutral port.

As I came out Frank spoke.

"You little shrimp," he said, "I'll give you a running start, since you are not big enough to fight." His supporters armed themselves with clods, sticks and stones, and I prepared to make the most of the thin wedge of an opportunity they were going to allow me.

Frank held a clod of hard dry clay and I knew him to be an unerring marksman. He was pitcher on a baseball team and practiced by throwing tightly rolled newspapers through windows and doorways as he sped along his route on a bicycle. This time, though, he made a mistake in permitting me to make my start from such a position that I could cut across his line of fire. It was about the only time I had ever known him to miss a target, even one moving as swiftly as I.

When that gang passed through our politer district our kids knew there was going to be a fight worth watching. We had four or five gangs to consider and the problems involved in having them in one quarter of a city were as difficult as those arising from the existence of the nations of Europe on one continent. One of the most savage fights occurred when Frank and Dutch went all the way across town to engage the Seventh Streeters with fists and stones.

Some of the performances of the Little Scorpions of those days require no exaggeration or invention to serve my purposes today.

Patent Applied For

Thomas Edison, Jr., and the Village Half-wit are both inventors, and so is Fontaine Fox. It was I who invented—and it is time I got the credit—an entertaining device widely employed in schoolrooms today. One day when my teacher was out of the room I made a droll little imp on thin cardboard and then cut this out along the line of its silhouette, attached to the head a thread, with the free end worked into the pulp of a spitball, which I then threw to the ceiling, where it stuck fast. By the time our teacher had returned, the ceiling of the classroom was thickly inhabited with similar creations, few of which were as well drawn as mine. Since that time I have invented only one practical device. It is a golf club with an extensible shaft made in the manner of a collapsible telescope, to be brought into play whenever there is a lie concerning which the course rules say: Take a club's length. So far I have not succeeded in interesting a manufacturer.

I have two daughters, one of whom is twelve, but I refuse positively to identify the original of Tomboy Taylor. Perhaps I had better go further and say there is no such person as Tomboy Taylor—that she is just a figment of the imagination of her father.

Mr. Bang, I confess, is one of my favorites, for the reason that he represents a kind of home economics whereby the irritations of my existence are turned into a profit. Any time I feel a stab of anger I can neutralize the emotion as neatly as you might correct an acid stomach with a dose of milk of magnesia by reminding myself that the cause of my anger probably can be developed into an incident justifying the loss of control of the terrible temper of Mr. Bang. I used to live with an editorial writer who was accustomed to harness his temper to his job. Whenever anything made him mad, either a personal experience or something experienced vicariously in his reading, he wrote an editorial by way of getting the anger off his chest. Since I do that, too, and like a placer miner, get gold out of pannings, I suppose my father was right.

It is a queer way to make a living.

PHOTO. FROM WALTER H. CROCKETT

A Scene in Vermont

Production, shipments, profits, business management—all unnecessarily worrying a mind that should be at rest

He wakes up at night *mumbling about business*

How easily he could shake off these business details that crowd his mind.....

SOME men don't know how to throw off worry. Heads filled with petty troubles, they toss fitfully, mumbling about orders, shipments, instructions, invoices.

Yes, a tonic is needed. Not for the man—but for his business. The tonic that remedies such troubles is printed forms. The more extensively you use them, the less you will worry about detail and routine work. The more time you will have for constructive thinking—and for play.

Reports, decisions, appointments, routing instructions, orders, shipments, invoices, sales letters—and all the other day-to-day routine work—can be taken off your shoulders quickly by printed forms.

Then efficiency replaces worry. Speed replaces sluggishness. Clearness replaces misunderstandings. Accuracy replaces errors. Tranquillity replaces confusion. All through the organization, printed forms "take up the slack."

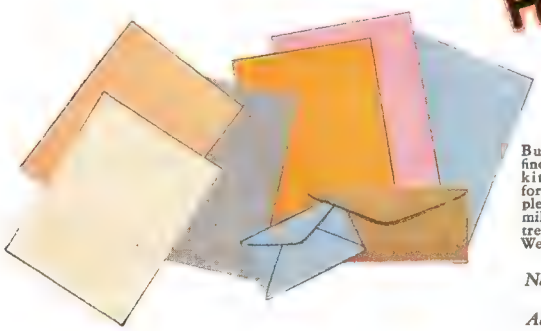
The paper that large users most often specify is Hammermill Bond. There are several reasons why.

To begin with, the surface of Hammermill Bond invites use. Pen or pencil glides smoothly over it; typewriter and printing press register cleanly and clearly. Carbons are always neat and legible.

Also, Hammermill Bond is available everywhere in twelve standard colors and white. That is so different jobs or departments may be identified by color.

In addition, Hammermill Bond has the strength to withstand rough handling, and is reasonably priced.

Let your printer help you get better printed forms and letterheads by standardizing on Hammermill Bond. Bond and ripple finishes, with envelopes to match all colors and both finishes. Your printer knows Hammermill—uses it, likes it.



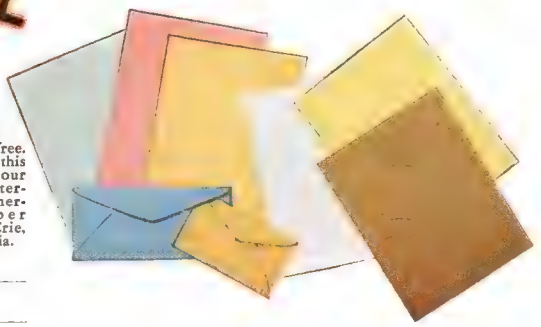
HAMMERMILL BOND

The Utility Business Paper

Business men find the working kit of printed forms with samples of Hammermill Bond is extremely helpful. We shall be glad to mail one, free. Simply attach this coupon to your business letterhead. Hammermill Paper Company, Erie, Pennsylvania.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____



Another Pipe Smoker Voices Tobacco Joy in Flowery Verse

His love of certain tobacco makes this New Jerseyite break into philosophic poetry

When a man writes poetry it's a sure sign he's in love with someone—or something. Some men are inspired by beautiful womanhood, some by a gorgeous sunset. Here's a man inspired by his favorite smoking tobacco:

THE BLUE TIN CAN

I've tried the brands from every clime;
Choice mixtures with Perique;
But long—Oh, long ago! I learned
The only brand to seek.

Each day our useless worries mount,
Our evenings to provoke;
But through the alchemy of fire
They vanish into smoke.

They vanish when our spirit holds
No enmity toward man,
And smoke the sunshine bottled up
In Edgeworth's Blue Tin Can.

So smoke away! This loyal friend
Is void of bite or sting
For *He* is monarch of a world
Where Happiness is King.

Irving H. Walker,
Newark, N. J.,
April 7, 1927

To those who have never tried Edgeworth, we make this offer:

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality.

Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 1 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va. —the Edgeworth Station. Wave length 254.1 meters. Frequency 1180 kilocycles

CORAL

(Continued from Page 21)

would hate me. You are perfectly frightful when your dinner's wrong. I don't know anyone who is worse. That is ridiculous, too, about not knowing where I was. If you know anybody like that you'd better take her, because I'm not. She won't be, either. The difference is she'd lie to you. We can do this, and it's very nice of me to think of it: there is an Embassy Club again, and we can go there. If we do, perhaps—perhaps I won't have to walk back."

The Embassy Club was very pleasant; it had just opened and there were no more than two or three tables filled for dinner. The decorations were relieving and the music persuasively Argentine. George Welch was mostly silent. "I'm in a hole," he confessed. "Do you know, Coral, I think I won't see you again. I'm quite serious." She made no reply. "You don't seem terribly upset," he commented. "Anyhow, I do think I won't. The trouble is I'm getting most frightfully fond of you. It's absurd—I mean for me." That admission, Coral told herself, was a tremendous concession. "It isn't on my ticket to marry. Not now and in America."

"Do you mean a passion for me is getting beyond you?" she asked. "It's rather hard to believe, isn't it? You really won't have to drop me, though; I haven't enough money." It sounded quite ugly, he told her, put like that. "I must say you haven't much *savoir-faire* in America. As a matter of fact, Coral—you brought this up—how much have you? I mean quite aside from everything else. I am interested in you, you know." Coral answered calmly, "I suppose about twelve thousand pounds. And you can't touch the capital. I believe the idea was to make me—me—safe. Quaint, isn't it?" He complained: "I never know when you are serious. But that isn't bad, you know. It really isn't. For England, we could even hunt a little. We couldn't shoot much, though, except when we were invited. Then they might like you. Some American women have done pretty well in London." He sighed. "No, it won't do. Tell me, angel, what have you arranged about Palm Beach? It's getting on in the year."

"So it is," said Coral. "I hadn't noticed it. I was so wretched about your leaving me—because I hadn't enough money. I thought for a minute you had some. Of course, that was nonsense." He leaned over and held her hand. "Then you love me a little—just a little, Coral? You never let me see it before. You kept me wondering. Unhappy. I am glad I spoke. Coral, now I'm happier than the devil." When, Coral Mery wondered, would he ask her to marry him? Forget the money. He would, naturally. He didn't know it, but he would. "You are perfectly absurd," she told him. "If I told you I loved you, it wouldn't be like that. There'd be no doubt about it. I'd say, 'George, it's hard on you, but I love you. I have to have you. I'm sorry, but there you are.'" He drew her hand close to him. "Say it." His voice was both low and intense. She freed her hand. "Not in the Embassy Club," she replied. "I hate passion in public. It makes it so difficult for waiters with good manners." He could say it, she added for herself.

"Life is a horrid mess," Welch declared. He sat back and it was evident he was recovering. "I don't know which was worse—school or the army or this. This, of course. You can't think how wretched I am. You are the most fetching girl I ever met. You'd make a wonderful woman, Coral, with the right influence, the right surroundings, the right man. I flatter myself I'd be the right man." Perhaps he would, Coral thought. How could you tell? He would, in the principal things, be as steady, as dependable as a rock. Then, too, if it were necessary, she might be able to blast him—a little. Life was a mess. Her familiar sensation of weariness, of confusion gathered about her. After all, did she want George Welch to ask her to marry him? It might be more complicated than she had thought. For one thing, he might easily be a perfectly good husband. He was, except for the fact that he was English, remarkably like the man she had imagined for herself. Not too much humor. Nothing too much except good looks. But they were a kind she entirely approved of. Brown and hard. He had the hardest mouth she had ever seen. Although no one was dancing, suddenly she wanted to dance. He danced well enough.

"Now there," he told her, "you have it on the English women. They can't dance like you. They really can't. I suppose it's their feet. Yours are absurd. They are like Chinese feet. Your slippers are nothing but scraps of satin. You'd have to get your slippers in America." Did she want him to ask her to marry him? Did she? Suddenly—if he did—she didn't know what she would say. Often men who were splendid to be married to were not spectacular before. It was a good thing, really, to be careful about money. Her Scots grandfather, Thomas Mery, spoke in her there.

"We might as well go on," Welch said at last. "Since it's a club, you will have to sign." It was a club, Coral agreed, but she wouldn't sign for their dinner. She had never been there before. Probably they wouldn't know her. She found a twenty-dollar bill in her bag and gave it to the waiter. Captain Welch was occupied with his cigarette lighter. It seemed that it wouldn't light. "I can't think what is the matter with the cursed thing," he observed. Coral said calmly, "It will be all right when I get my change and tip the waiter." Welch laughed. "You are a funny girl!" he exclaimed. "It's the way you say things. You have got more than a bit of cheek, you know."

Coral wondered about that—if she actually did have what Captain the Honorable George Welch called cheek. She had begun to doubt it. Her manner, naturally, was assured, she was practically never at a loss for words—fully appropriate words; but that, it seemed to her now, was no more than a manner. It didn't reach into her very deeply. Inside, she was confused and uncertain. Inside, the truth was, she was unhappy. She went back mentally to the moment when she had decided that her life was a failure, stupid; to the instant when she had stopped drinking; and it appeared to her that she had done no better than exchange the stupidity for, she almost thought, fright. That, however, was true; she was a little frightened at life—at herself. She had suddenly become conscious of life; a thing which, in the past, she had blandly taken for granted. Perhaps in the past month she had grown up.

Coral didn't, if that was true, know if she were grateful or not. Certainly she had been more comfortable before, infinitely more secure. She had thought so well of herself. Coral still liked herself very much indeed, but an element of doubt had exhibited itself. The fear, for example. What was she afraid of? Well, she was afraid of being a total loss, of never making any kind of sense—never at all. She had a glimmer of the fact that that was possible. And yet, even now she didn't want to be noble. She didn't, in a phrase, want to fulfill the destiny of women, whatever that was. She didn't want to be useful. She was, Coral rediscovered, after contentment. Tremendous and original discovery. She had not, really, changed. People didn't. It was only that, for an instant, she had seen what she was. Suddenly she had gazed at herself in a mirror of understanding. She hadn't been pleased with the reflection, that was all.

What she did hope for was to make something fairly satisfactory—always to herself—out of what she was; only that. It didn't seem so hard. She had decided to try it in a new way, a way different from all that she had undertaken before. Marriage! It couldn't, she had told herself, be worse than what she was, what she had. Yet ever since the moment of that reasonable decision she had been increasingly jumbled inside. And now she was afraid of something—she didn't quite know what—of life. She wasn't, Coral clearly realized, afraid of death. It was not a pleasant fact, but it didn't worry her. She had, in that connection, no religion, no hope or thought of eternity. She felt, quite the reverse, that it would be dreadful to exist in any state forever. The time would come when she'd be very tired of living. Living wasn't too utterly engaging even now, when she was comparatively young.

Coral specially didn't like the fear that had touched her. She detested all kinds of fear, in women as well as in men. It was connected, she found, with the idea of marriage. She seemed to be such a fool, so helpless, when it was actually before her. She thought, "I will make a ghastly mess out of it. At bottom," she thought, horrified, "I am not hard." Curious and deep and unpredictable feelings betrayed her; absurd vulgar feelings. She was thinking particularly of George Welch. He had left her no more than ten minutes ago and he was coming back for dinner. Both of them had taken for granted he would come back. They hadn't even directly spoken of it. "We'll go to the Gribbles'," she had said. "We'll have to leave by seven. It's almost in Connecticut." George Welch had nodded. "If you like."

She didn't, for example, understand her feeling about George; she wasn't clear about it; and it enraged Coral not to be clear. Clarity was the quality in herself she most admired and had been surest of. Well, apparently it had deserted her. She didn't want to marry Welch. She was clear about that at any rate. She really disliked him. She simply did. She hated the things he did, all that he calmly took for granted—his own enormous superiority, the superiority of England, particularly to the United States. He wouldn't even argue about that. He just laughed at her. Ordinarily Coral had no partisan sentiment. She preferred being in the United States, but she wasn't bigoted about it; but George Welch made her feel exactly like a flag. Unfortunately, she knew no history at all, and so she couldn't sensibly contradict his assertions. She would, Coral decided, get a history of the United States and read it. She'd read about George Washington and Thomas Jefferson and the cotton gin. She did know that the cotton gin was not a way of making gin out of cotton. It wasn't that kind of gin.

She disliked Welch, and yet she was always with him. She wanted to be near him. She continually found excuses for the qualities in him that upset her. It had got so she hardly needed excuses—she simply told herself he was English. She told him he was English. She didn't, for one thing, want to live in England, where they might, George Welch thought, like her. But how much did it really matter where she lived? She wanted to be contented, and she hadn't been happy in America. She disliked George Welch, and yet she was going to let him tell her that he loved her. At first, when he had announced his determination to do nothing of the sort, she had decided to make him, but this was different. She wanted to hear him say it.

It wasn't, either, because of his heavenly good looks, the miraculously right sort of good looks; no, it was more serious than that. It was what, in some unguessable way, he was—inside. She would never, she recognized clearly, be happy with him, but she might be contented. Happiness would depend on him, but content was an affair for herself. She'd have to manage that.

(Continued on Page 50)

What is new . . . what is smart

Now, more quickly and accurately than ever before, the latest expression of particular taste in hosiery reaches you

THE things in hosiery smart people accept as really smart . . .

You want them, of course, because they alone are distinguished fashion.

But you want them, also, while they are *new*.

And now, through a unique fashion service, Realsilk meets both your wishes perfectly.

From the centers in which they move—centers that set the standards for the truly smart everywhere—five distinguished members of the Realsilk Fashion Committee now direct the styling of Realsilk.

To you and to us they send continually the latest expression of the mode in hosiery . . .

The latest whisper from Paris . . . the newest trend from Newport, Bar Harbor—the style centers of America.

And, with almost incredible speed, the newest that is also the smartest reaches you in Realsilk Hosiery—wherever you may live.

Lady Egerton *Elinor Patterson* *Katherine Harford* *Neysa McMein* *Lynn Fontanne*

THE REALSILK FASHION COMMITTEE

LADY EGERTON, *famous Paris designer, who is head of the house of Paul Caret*

ELINOR PATTERSON, *a favorite in society and with theatergoers who saw her as The Nun in "The Miracle"*

KATHERINE HARFORD, *formerly of Harper's Bazar and noted American style authority*

NEYSA MCMEIN, *famous artist and authority on color harmony*

LYNN FONTANNE, *star of "The Second Man," "The Guardsman," and other Theatre Guild productions —"the best dressed woman on the American stage"*

Without delay, with no in-between steps, our Representative brings them to your home—stockings of sheer loveliness and amazing durability.

In gossamer full-fashioned chiffons, as well as in the service weights, strong, elastic *fresh* silk—seldom more than 24 days from the Orient—insures long wear, smooth fit at ankle and knee, and shimmering beauty after many washings.

In every pair the exclusive Dura-foot gives still additional durability—service wear from even the sheerest dress chiffons.

The newest selections of the Realsilk Fashion Committee are now being shown by our Representatives in your community. If you are not being called upon regularly, we shall feel privileged to arrange for you a special showing—without obligation, of course, on your part. Simply telephone the Realsilk office in your town. Real Silk Hosiery Mills, Inc., Indianapolis, Indiana.

THE NEW

REALSILK

HOSIERY

World's largest manufacturers of Silk Hosiery and makers of Fine Lingerie

250 branch offices in the United States and Canada. Consult 'phone directory for your local office

You can candle an *egg*-but not a *battery*

THERE isn't much difference in the size or shape of batteries. And you can't tell how good they are before you use them. ¶ If you could, one element alone would win your preference for Burgess. That element is *Chrome*. ¶ *Chrome* is the *preservative* that maintains an abundance of unfailing energy in Burgess Batteries—long after most dry cells cease to function. The black and white stripes are individual marks for identifying Burgess *Chrome* Batteries. Buy them for long lasting, dependable performance!

Chrome—the preserving element used in leather, metals, paints and other materials subject to wear—is also used in Burgess Batteries. It gives them unusual *staying* power. Burgess *Chrome* Batteries are patented.

BURGESS BATTERY COMPANY

General Sales Office: CHICAGO

Canadian Factories and Offices: Niagara Falls and Winnipeg

BURGESS
FLASHLIGHT & RADIO
BATTERIES

RADIO IS *BETTER* WITH DRY BATTERY POWER

(Continued from Page 48)

Her fixed idea about marriage was that it must be reasonable. She had no silly, no fatal, belief in marriage for love. Of course, it would be very useful if she could discover what love was. It would help her tremendously. Then she could avoid it. Now she wasn't sure. Perhaps what she felt for George Welch was the beginning of love, the beginning of fatality.

Against that she reminded herself that she had regarded him sensibly; he was a sensible, a careful, man. An involuntary and not wholly pleasant smile touched her lips—he certainly was careful. He was a scream. Yet he adored luxury—when someone else could be made to pay for it. Luxury suited George Welch perfectly. He really ought to have a great deal of money, far more than she could ever bring him. There was a stir of tenderness at her heart. Coral's fright increased. If she did love him, she was sunk. Oh, for always! Coral was dressed and she counted the money she put in a small lace bag with moonstones and a silver cord. She had a hundred and thirty dollars, and she tore a check from a check book in a drawer; the contract at the Gribbles' was very high. She wondered, vaguely occupied with money, about George Welch, in that connection. He was very casual about money—if it belonged to someone else. She didn't, Coral told herself, really mind. It would be poisonous in some men, Americans, but in Captain Welch it rather amused her. He was entirely natural about it. He seemed to think it was a privilege for her to pay for him. It was what America owed England. Coral liked the fact that he wasn't sensitive about small things. He was so triumphantly superior. It was marvelous. She collected her paint and powder and small shell comb—George Welch was in the hall. She heard him asking Margot for something.

Preston Gribble was a large man who played polo. He was too large, really, for polo, but he played. He made up for his weight by the correctness of his dress and vocabulary. They included every possible detail in its last perfection. Gribble wasn't actually a very good player, but he was always in the papers—the newspapers seemed to think Preston Gribble and polo were synonymous. However, it was the same with golf. His appearance, from the gaiters on his ankles to the embroidery on the pocket of a blue flannel coat, was miraculous. Gribble didn't in reality play golf very well, but he lent a great deal of sporting dignity to any putting green. Coral, the truth was, didn't like him; she didn't like Fayne, his wife—who was perpetually riding horses through the pages of the magazines of social sport—and she said so to George Welch. "Preston is a squash," she said. "I don't know why we are going. I don't know why anyone goes. I do. They do. It's curious." Welch asked, "Can he play cards?" Coral replied that he couldn't. "I hope I'm at his table," George Welch went on. "I'd like to pick up a thousand tonight. I'd like to pick up a thousand every night, Coral. Then I could marry you. Look here, Coral, I make up my mind not to see you, but it's no good. I can't get on without you. Then you were going to fix the Palm Beach thing. Sometimes I think we could make a go of it. You are so smart." He spoke lightly, but even in the inclosed darkness of their car Coral could see that his face was white and fixed. "I go over it again and again, as though I were back in school with a sum; and, do you know, it almost comes out. It does for a fact. I think we can manage it. I do, Coral." His arm fell about her shoulders. "You are so damned stiff," he told her.

She didn't want to be, she reflected; her manner was automatic; she had no control over it. She wanted, for one thing, to be sure; not get lost in emotion. Coral hated that. It was so useless. Emotion without a reason, without an end—cheap. Besides, she was serious—she was intent on getting married and not on amusing herself. They were very different. Oh, totally! She'd been over that, however, a thousand times. "I'm sorry," she admitted, "about the stiffness."

"It's very uncomplimentary," he said. "The only way I know you like me is that you see me all the time. You aren't happy if we are not together, are you?" She smiled dimly. "No, I am not very happy. But then I'm not delirious when I'm with you. You are always so torn wondering if you can afford to keep on seeing me. George, you are so important to yourself. It's charming, of course; you're so honest; but it would be better if you'd think of something else. It really would—for five minutes a week." He held her rigid body close to him. "You are a funny girl," he asserted. "No one would know how to take you. The way to take a girl is to take her." His face was very near hers. She didn't move—avoid him. Her eyes were wide open. "I told you about that," she said coldly. Welch drew away irritably and lighted a cigarette.

"I believe," he declared, "that you are the most disagreeable girl in America. America is dreadful for women. It gives them their heads until they are all over the field. You can't take an American woman anywhere on a snaffle. I was right," he went on moodily, "when I made up my mind not to marry one. You know, I want to marry you, Coral." He paused. When Welch spoke again his voice was dry and strained: "I'd rather not tell you like this. I'd rather not have to tell you at all—in so many words, I mean. It would be better if we both came to realize it, naturally, together. But you won't have it. You are so cold. This sounds like a chapter in a book: Coral, will you marry me? Thank God, you can't kneel in a car." He stamped out his cigarette.

"It might do," Coral said. "I'll be completely truthful—I want to be married. I don't much mind what you said about the snaffle. I don't object to your being—well, English." He muttered, "Rather not." Coral continued: "It isn't so very attractive, as a matter of fact." She was desperately confused, wretched. "Or it oughtn't to be," she added. "I ought to hate it. In my heart, I don't. I think women are horrible!" Her voice became a low cry. "What's the good of being free if you're not? If you'll never be. It's silly—the whole thing." He asked, "What is silly? You're not very clear." What was the use? "Perhaps not," Coral agreed. "There isn't much that is, do you think? I might want to give you something, but you'd think it was your right. You wouldn't call it a gift. The instant I gave it to you you'd think it was yours anyhow—your property. Can't you see how that spoils it—for me?"

"I can't. Principally because I haven't any idea what you are talking about. What I said was plain enough. That's the trouble with women—why they never quite get anywhere. What I said was this: I asked you to marry me." Coral answered in a protective impertinence: "I heard you the first time. Anyhow, we are at the Gribbles'." The Gribbles had, among a great many other things, an enormous room with an incredible fireplace. It was so large that three enormous divans stood before it. Deeply sunk in the corner of one, Coral found Zinc Bent. There was nothing unusual about him. "Who came with you?" Zinc demanded. "Don't kick over my glass. You look like hell. What's the matter with you?" She replied, comfortable beside him: "Captain Welch. My feet are too small. I do look the way you said, and what's the matter with me is none of your affair."

"Coral," he demanded, "just how drunk am I?" She gazed at him critically. "You are going to be worse." He nodded. "You know me. I simply can't think of anything else to do. No imagination. I can't seem to get fascinated making money. I don't need money. I haven't any and so I don't need it. If I worked, do you see, I would

(Continued on Page 53)

(*Above*) A SEA WOLF of many cruises and a delightful story-teller is Captain Ivan Borg, as Miss Lenore Albrect (left) and her companion will assert. Miss Albrect's smile, that Pepsodent keeps gleaming, has drawn the captain's favorite sea yarn.

(*Above*) SUMMER BREEZES are preferred to winter gales by Misses Zona Widener and Anne Livingston, now wintering at Biloxi. (Theirs are socially important smiles that only Pepsodent is trusted to keep sparkling.)

(*Above*) CHARLOTTE LANSING AND ALEXANDER GRAY, prima donna and leading man of the popular operetta, *The Desert Song*, cut encores short and hurry to a party given in their honor. Could one wish for smiles more brilliant than these that Pepsodent affords?

SMILES THAT SPARKLE SOCIALLY

Reveal Teeth Kept Free of Dingy Film

Special film-removing dentifrice advised for twice-a-day use in clearing teeth and combating the commoner tooth and gum troubles

Send Coupon for 10-Day Tube Free

MODERN dental research has thrown a new light on dull, "off-color" teeth and on many of the commoner tooth and gum disturbances. Both conditions now are largely charged to a stubborn film that forms on teeth. To a film ordinary brushing has failed to remove successfully.

For that reason, a new and essentially different way in tooth and gum care—the Special Film-Removing Dentifrice called Pepsodent—is being widely advised by dental authorities. *A tooth paste different* in formula and action from any other dentifrice. Dentists widely urge its use at least twice each day—*every day*—at morning and at night.

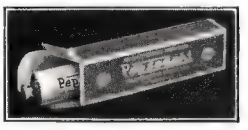
By running your tongue across your teeth, you can feel that film—a slippery, viscous coating. Film clings to teeth and stays. It absorbs food and nicotine stains, and makes teeth look dull and clouded. It supplies a breeding place for the germs of decay. Film, also, is the basis of tartar. And tartar, with germs, is a cause of pyorrhea.

Pepsodent removes that film in gentle protection of the enamel, giving teeth thorough cleanliness and high lustre. It aids in firming tender gums in accordance with the latest scientific findings. It increases the alkalinity of saliva and thus combats acids of decay.

(*Above*) THE WORLD OVER smiles win the hearts of all, and, according to Miss Irma Schubert, in almost every nation smiles are growing brighter, teeth healthier, by use of the American film-removing dentifrice, Pepsodent.

All these factors are judged of great importance by present-day dental research. Teeth lighten as dull film-coats go. Gums harden and take on healthy coral color. You note a marked difference in both teeth and gums. Send coupon for 10-day tube to start you on your way to modern-day tooth and gum care.

FREE—10-DAY TUBE



Mail coupon to
The Pepsodent Co.,
Dept. 232, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

Other Offices: The Pepsodent Co.,
191 George St. . . . . **Toronto 2**, Can.
42 Southwark Bridge Road . **London**, S.E.1, Eng.
(Australia) Ltd., 137 Clarence St., **Sydney**, N. S. W.
Only one tube to a family 2658

PEPSODENT

The Quality Dentifrice—Removes Film from Teeth

LITTLE DRAMAS IN THE LIFE OF A GREAT NEWSPAPER SYSTEM

PAINTED FOR SCRIPPS-HOWARD NEWSPAPERS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

Public opinion marched to jail with the editor who told the truth

A fine old city of the South was in the dark shadows of a shady administration. Corruption was so bad that it had debauched even the judiciary . . . with the result that a judge had been impeached.

In the midst of a judicial election, the city's SCRIPPS-HOWARD Newspaper reviewed all the ugly facts, pleading with the voters at least to cut the fetters throttling the justice of the bench.

Promptly the editor was cited for contempt of court. He was given the alternate of printing an apology or serving a ten-day jail term.

He chose to stand by his facts. And the public stood by him . . . so heartily that he was escorted to jail by a band and a long parade of cheering citizens.

During his ten-day sentence, he was visited by thousands of his townsmen, many bringing gifts of food, smokes and other comforts. Upon his release, one of the biggest mass meetings in the city's history was held in the public square, in his honor.

The SCRIPPS-HOWARD editor is able to stand by his guns under any fire, because he has no boss save public interest. Owned from within, and free of all entangling alliances, SCRIPPS-HOWARD Newspapers recognize but one taskmaster . . . the public welfare.

The resulting reader-confidence makes the columns of these newspapers a power to be reckoned with in their communities . . . both for the welfare of the citizen and the advertiser.

NEW YORK . . *Telegram* SAN FRANCISCO . *News* DENVER *Rocky Mt. News*
CLEVELAND . . . *Press* WASHINGTON . . *News* DENVER . . *Evening News*
BALTIMORE . . . *Post* CINCINNATI . . . *Post* TOLEDO . . . *News-Bee*
PITTSBURGH . . . *Press* INDIANAPOLIS . . *Times* COLUMBUS . . *Citizen*
COVINGTON . . *Kentucky Post—Kentucky Edition of Cincinnati Post*

AKRON . . . *Times-Press* YOUNGSTOWN . *Telegram* KNOXVILLE *News-Sentinel*
BIRMINGHAM . . . *Post* FORT WORTH . . *Press* EL PASO . . . . . *Post*
MEMPHIS . *Press-Scimitar* OKLAHOMA CITY *News* SAN DIEGO . . . . *Sun*
HOUSTON . . . . *Press* EVANSVILLE . . . *Press* TERRE HAUTE . . *Post*
ALBUQUERQUE . . . . *New Mexico State Tribune*

SCRIPPS-HOWARD NEWSPAPERS
MEMBERS OF THE AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS AND MEMBERS OF THE UNITED PRESS

NATIONAL ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT
Stuart S. Schuyler, DIRECTOR
250 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK · CHICAGO · SEATTLE · SAN FRANCISCO
PORTLAND · DETROIT · LOS ANGELES · ATLANTA

(Continued from Page 50)

undoubtedly make money, and that would be bad. I'd be sunk. I'd be like Preston." He needn't, she suggested, say that quite so loudly. "Fayne is back of us." Zinc Bent replied she was right Fayne was back of them. "She's never going to catch up, either. . . . What about this Welch, Coral? Do you truly love him, or something like that?" Fortunately, keeping on, he gave her no opportunity for a reply. "He's too good on the surface. I'd like to knock a piece of him off and see what it was like underneath." He sat up. "Coral, that's exactly what I will do—a sort of favor for you. You needn't thank me. It will be a pleasure."

"If you do," she told him—"if you have another fight while I'm in the house, I'll be done with you. Simply everybody hates you for it now. I know any number of places, places you like, where they won't have you. Lots of people, nice people, think you are poisonous. Specially after you hit the Daytons' butler on the nose." Zinc Bent was evidently depressed. Then he grew brighter. "I wasn't talking about Preston's butler—if I could manage to tell him from Preston—but about Welch. No one will mind if I hit an Englishman. It's only to find out what's inside him. It's for you really, Coral. I'll only knock off a little piece." Coral said: "I used to think you were funny, when I was young. Remember what I told you about fighting. I meant it. I'll never go anywhere again if I know you are there." He turned her head forcibly toward him. "If I thought you did ——" he said. He didn't finish his sentence.

Seated at dinner on Preston Gribble's left, Coral was fascinated by the single stud in his faultless shirt. It was a star ruby surrounded by diamonds. The links that held his faultless cuffs were star rubies surrounded by diamonds. It was all very magnificent. He was eating fresh and very black caviar from a miniature block of ice and she wondered what would happen if some fell on his shirt. Would he faint? Coral couldn't decide. His faultless voice flowed easily on: "I gave three thousand for the pony and he wasn't at all what I had been told, do you see." Coral said, "Perhaps you weren't what the pony had been told." He stared at her. "I really don't understand you," he replied. "I was not what ——" he laughed. "My dear Coral, you are being amusing again. You are one of the most amusing women anywhere—anywhere. . . . No, he wasn't up to the weight. The man, do you see, gypped me. As a matter of fact, he lied. But probably it's all right, because Tommy Heathcote thinks he might buy him. Tommy is at a hundred and seventeen. The truth is I've got to take a cure. I really must, do you see, go to one of those German places. After the war I said I'd never go back; but, after all, the war is over, isn't it? It's no good keeping on with those things when you need a cure.

"It isn't quite the same in America. The fellows are not so thorough. I told Fayne that; I said the fellows are not so thorough. They're really not. I could tell this fall, at Aiken, I needed a cure. Playing golf if you can imagine it! It's pretty bad when you know you need a cure playing golf. The most extraordinary thing happened at Aiken. Do you know a Henry Bland in New York? Plays at the Bridge Club. You'd almost know him, do you see?—not quite. He's like that. Well, I saw him at Aiken and he was in a temper. He said he had gone to Brown's Hotel and the hotel was locked. It was locked, if you see, and open. This Bland was mad. He said what kind of a hotel was that. He couldn't get in. Wasn't that a scream? Of course Brown keeps it locked. He doesn't want just anyone. Why, my dear Coral, if he didn't, look what might happen! I give you my word, anyone ——" He was at a loss to describe the horror of just anyone walking into Brown's Hotel at Aiken.

Coral saw that Zinc Bent was getting drunk in his peculiar and misleading manner. George Welch was sitting beside Primrose Oliver. He was the most perfect looking man, in the most perfect way, she had ever seen. He was being very pleasant, very attentive, to Primrose. She changed that—to the Oliver money. She rather thought George Welch would get along—if his love for her didn't sink him; if her love for him didn't sink them both. In a way, she realized, she did love George. Her feeling might very easily grow. Everything depended on what happened to it. He could make her love him tremendously.

It turned out that Welch was caught in a difficult game—he was playing with Alice James against Parker Scott and Mrs. Linton. Alice could play, but she wouldn't, and Parker Scott simply could not be better. He was really marvelous at any bridge and Mrs. Linton knew his game perfectly. That was natural. Coral played against Preston Gribble and it turned out that she didn't need her check. Instead, Gribble gave her two hundred and sixteen dollars. George Welch was still playing. Coral stopped for a moment at his shoulder. She moved away because he was in a bad temper. He was losing. She sat beside Primrose on one of the couches before the enormous open fire. "I like this Welch individual," Primrose proceeded. "He's going to stay here and sell bonds. Can't we do something about it?" Coral agreed they might. "I hoped Mary Carter would ask him to Palm Beach, but he had some ridiculous British argument with Addison and spoiled it. You won't be there."

"I won't," Primrose assured her. "We'll be gone till April. Do you know the Hennigs? They have taken our house." Coral said vaguely, "They wouldn't do. It will have to be perfectly respectable and absolutely right. Of course!" she cried. "Ellery Vaile! He has an enormous house and no women to bother about, and he gives concerts. He gives concerts and people talk about books. Mitchell knows him quite well, Primrose; you have him to dinner and I'll bring George Welch." Primrose Oliver said she would do that next week. Captain Welch came up behind them.

"Coral," he said, "I'm through. It's hot in here, and can't we find some air somewhere? I had to see you," he explained. "Look, it's empty in here." He led her into a small and secluded room. "Coral," Welch declared, "I've had most frightfully bad luck. I hate to come to you with this, but I must. I don't know these Gribbles. They are not quite the thing, either. Darling, you'll have to let me have some money." She asked calmly, "How much, George?" It was, he admitted, rather thick. "I have less than a hundred dollars by me, and it's nine hundred." She was openly dismayed. "But, George, I haven't nearly that much—not near—even with what I won." His expression hardened. "You can sign a check, can't you?"

"You can't give Preston that!" she cried, distressed. "It would have my name on it. It would be my check. Preston Gribble specially would think that was strange. After all, you know, you might write a check yourself." Captain Welch wasn't sure of his balance in New York. "It might be held up a little and that would be devilish awkward, wouldn't it?—a gambling debt." His voice grew easier, his expression relaxed. "There's a good girl, Coral. I can explain quite frankly. I'll say it looks like hell, but for the moment it was the only thing I could do. I'm an old friend of Elena Barns. Shall I get you a blank?" Coral said that she had a blank. There was a table with ink and pens beside them. "You'd better make it out for the entire nine," he told her. "It would be much worse the other way." She slowly, carefully, wrote a check to Preston Gribble for nine hundred dollars. George Welch moved sharply away from her and said, "Well?" It was Zinc Brent.

"Not altogether," Zinc admitted. He moved up to Coral and stood by her shoulder. "But you won," he insisted—"better than two hundred dollars. I saw Preston pay you. You're not buying his cursed polo pony, are you? What sort of nonsense is this?" He picked up the check. "Please, Zinc," she said, holding out her hand. "And it would be splendid if you'd go away. It really would. You see, I don't want you here." He stubbornly replied, "What sort of nonsense is this?"

Welch said, "You heard Miss Mery. She wants you to leave. Isn't that enough?"

"Oh," Zinc Bent said, "the practical English." He slowly tore up the check. "You," he told Coral, "ought to be smacked. I think I'll smack you and send you to bed." Welch put in, "Easy! This doesn't concern Miss Mery—now." Zinc Bent was entirely cheerful. "You are absolutely right. I don't know if you've noticed, but there is a wonderful moon. Wouldn't it be swell if we went out and saw it?" He turned to Coral. "This captain and I," he explained, "are feeling very poetical. I'll be back."

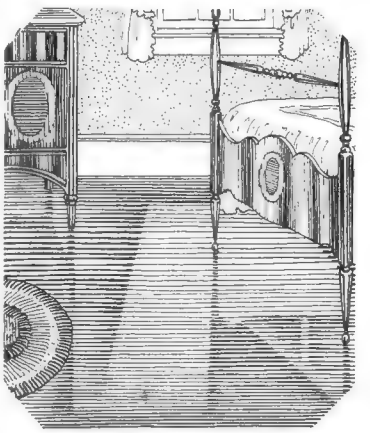
There hadn't, Coral realized, been a thing she could do about it. Probably Zinc would be back. He was very successful beating up people. She gathered the fragments of the check she had written and dropped them into a waste-paper basket. After all, she reflected, nine hundred dollars was a lot of dollars. It really was.

DRAWN BY NATE COLLIER

She: "Strange How These View Finders Reverse The Image"

Old English WAX

THE POLISH THAT *PROTECTS*



The Wear is on the *WAX*

Not on the Floor

WHETHER your floors are old or new, wood, linoleum, varnished, shellacked painted, or waxed—all can quickly be given this needed protection against scratches, heelmarks, children's carelessness and dirt.

And so easily! Just apply a thin coat of Old English Wax. Allow a few minutes for drying, then polish by hand or with an Old English Improved Electric Polisher (you can rent this new wonderful machine from your dealer for $2.00 a day).

Then you will have beautiful waxed floors that *stay beautiful*. Never again the need of a complete refinishing! The rich, lustrous finish is hard and wear-resisting. An occasional waxing will keep it beautiful forever.

The Economical Wax

Old English Wax contains such a high percentage of hard, high-grade Carnauba wax (imported) that the wax goes farther, and the polish lasts longer. It costs no more than ordinary floor wax. That's why it is preferred by hundreds of thousands of thrifty housewives—whose mothers and grandmothers also used it.

A one-pound can covers 300 square feet—or about two ordinary-sized rooms. You can also buy it in two, four and eight pound cans at quite a saving over the smaller sizes.

FREE! New, beautifully illustrated book filled with practical ideas for making furniture, floors, woodwork, linoleum richer-looking. Write The A. S. Boyle Co., 2012 Dana Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

On sale at paint, hardware, drug, housefurnishing and department stores.

ES

ESSEX VALUES ACCUMULATE

Its New Beauty Rivals Its Supreme Performance

To the successive values, pioneered in Essex, such as closed car comforts at open car cost, and 6-cylinder performance at the price of a "Four", the new Essex Super-Six advances again in the leadership of a new mode, combining beauty, roominess and comfort never approached in this price class.

In the new Essex Super-Six you get the finest performance, comfort, beauty and reliability Essex ever offered—far excelling its predecessor which outsold any "Six" at or near the price, almost 2 to 1.

But, currently with the development of this finer car, have been built important supporting values in the great and permanent organization which distributes and services your Essex car.

Back of this Essex you buy, stands one of the oldest and strongest automobile manufacturers, whose 19 years of constant growth reflect its alert leadership; and a dealer organization whose pride is to make Essex service as outstanding as the value of the car itself.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan

SIX

SUPER-SIX

KNAPP-FELT
HATS for MEN

Conspicuous among the industries in which America leads the world is the manufacture of hats. In style, in quality and in variety Knapp-Felt hats loom large!

The Hat
for February is the
ESPLANADE

It will be Shown Everywhere Friday, February Tenth

The Knapp-Felt *Esplanade* has the polished ancestry of a Washington, the rugged qualities of a Lincoln, and the charm of St. Valentine—just the hat for February.

Knapp-Felt Hats are priced from $8.00 to $40.00. Superfine Knapp-Felts $20.00, $25.00, $40.00

THE CROFUT & KNAPP COMPANY
JOHN CAVANAGH — President
620 Fifth Avenue - New York City

THEM'S WYANDOTTES

(Continued from Page 17)

He was so tickled to line up another job that I didn't have the heart to tell him that the Hatwell's skipper had a daughter who was one of the prettiest girls on the Great Lakes. He was so down on women by this time that he would have passed up the Hatwell. But we were down to our last twenty cents.

So we signed on on the Hatwell, him as first assistant and me as oiler. And it wasn't long before trouble was brewing again. Before Bill signed on, the skipper's daughter used to come aboard in Duluth once every few trips. But after Bill joined the crew she never once missed. Then she decided to take a trip. She was a hard-boiled kid, with big snappy blue eyes, bushy blond hair and a pair of limbs she certainly knew she owned. Only nineteen, but she knew more about life than most women of forty.

Well, she took the trip and she pestered the life out of Bill. Used to hang around the engine room when he was on watch; came into the dining room and sat down next to him at meals, kidding him all the time in front of everybody about how cold he was. Her favorite name for him was refrigerating papa.

"Here comes my refrigerating papa," she'd say, and cuddle up to him as if she owned him.

No matter how she acted or what she said, Bill was as polite and formal with her as if they'd just been introduced at the Lake Carriers' Annual Ball.

Things came to a head when she started going into Bill's room and kidding him about how cold and haughty he was and why didn't he limber up a little bit.

I heard him say once to her, "I don't think your father would like it if he knew you came into my room. I'd rather you'd stay out of my room."

"I can't hurt you, can I, big boy?" she came back at him.

Well, she kept getting more and more brazen and Bill kept getting politer and politer and the skipper kept getting sorer and sorer.

The skipper finally cut loose and gave Bill a terrible calldown for trying to play fast and loose with his daughter.

That was why we quit the Hatwell. There didn't seem to be any other way out. I quit, as I had before, because I was all for Bill. I naturally liked to oil under him. I told him, "To hell with this old hooker. Let's go somewhere where we won't be bothered by any hard-boiled little hussies."

So we quit the Hatwell. In spite of everything, it looked as if Sawbridge's prophecy was going to come true. There we were, out of jobs again, and I could just hear the old boy chuckling when he got wind of it. Bill was going down the soapy chute so fast it didn't seem as if anything could stop him.

It wasn't long before we were down to twenty cents again. More and more owners were hearing about the black list and jobs were scarcer than mourners at a pauper's funeral. But Bill didn't lose heart. He never lost heart.

"Jim," he said to me one morning after a breakfast of lunch-wagon coffee and a brace of lead doughnuts, "I'm going to have my own ship some day. I won't charter her for coarse freighting; I'll run her wild. A man on a coarse freighter is meat pie for any woman."

Chasing after that dream ship of his seemed to me like trying to sneak up on a quail with a handful of salt. Just when things began looking good some woman would throw a monkey wrench into the machinery.

We finally landed the Thaddeus R. Baxter, and down went Bill one more peg. He signed on as second assistant and I took a coal passer's job, because there weren't any oiling vacancies. She was an old iron can, the worst old hooker I'd ever sailed in.

We were just getting settled down on the Baxter when the beans were spilled once more. She was a black-eyed girl who lived at the Soo and was just about as worthless as the rest of them. She'd talk to Bill until we locked up or down, as the case was. Then she would stand on the pier, not exactly waving, but just looking at the churn of the wheel. I felt kind of sorry for that kid. Toward the end she'd go away crying. She told Bill she was going to commit suicide because he didn't love her. I never saw a worse case of lovesickness.

One day Bill said to me, "Jim, when a woman feels that way, the kindest thing you can do is fade away and let her forget about it."

So we got paid off next trip into Duluth and looked around. I thought we were through. We'd been going from bad to worse all season. From fleet engineer, Bill had dropped to chief, next to first assistant and then to second. Each ship we'd gone to was a tub compared to the one before. About all we'd done was to give Sawbridge plenty of laughs at the way his forecast was working out. But Bill wasn't discouraged.

Right after we quit the Baxter he said to me, "Don't wear such a long face, kid. We'll have the world by the tail one of these days."

That day looked a long ways off to me. Bill was too good-looking. He was bound to get us into trouble wherever we went.

We finally got wind of the old Winging Star. Her owner had been trying for weeks to get a chief engineer for her, but nobody would have her. Bill and I went down to look her over, and she just made me sick to the stomach. There was nothing bad enough you could call that boat and not fall a mile short of the truth. When she was light she was fairly straight and level; but with a load in her, she humped three feet in the middle. Just to look at her, you knew she was a devil.

They were going to the bone yards for ships in those days, and they must have dug the Winging Star out of the mud right next to the ark.

Bill and I met her owner on deck. He was a tough-looking customer name of Jack Barton. He warmed right up to Bill, and Bill seemed to agree with everything he said. Not me though.

"She isn't pretty to look at," said Barton as we went along the deck, "but she has a heart of oak and she'll weather anything."

"If you ask me," I said, "she has a heart of oakum and a summer breeze will blow it out of her."

"Let's take a look at the engine room," said Bill.

So we went below and looked at the junk pile.

"Not much to look at," said Barton with a careless wave of the hand, "but a good, sturdy little engine."

"If that engine will go," I said, "so will an alarm clock that's been run over by a steam roller."

"It goes all right," said Barton, getting kind of peeved. "I had it overhauled and it kicks her right along."

"Kicks her right along," I said, "with all the wild get up and go of a doped snail. I'll bet she's a coal hog and a man-killer."

"Pipe down, Jim," said Bill, so I cut it out.

"Well," said Barton, when we got back on deck, "you don't seem much impressed."

"I understand," said Bill, "you've been having a little difficulty finding a chief engineer to take her out."

"See here," said Barton. "I like your looks. If you will take her out, I'll give you standard wages and a sixteenth interest in her."

That seemed to hit Bill. But it didn't hit me anywhere but on the funny bone.

"If you're just looking for a coffin," I told him, "you can find one at an undertaker's that'll fit you a lot better than this old log. Look at that wheat growing out of her deck seams. You'll need a lawn mower as part of her regular equipment."

"I'll drop in at your office this afternoon," Bill said to Barton; then he asked me to realize what a glorious opportunity the Winging Star would be to get a start in the shipping business. "I know she's junk, Jim," he said, "but a man can make money in the junk business if he uses his head."

I knew Bill would use his head, and I knew he wasn't afraid of anything afloat. He told me I was going to be his fleet engineer some day. I finally gave in. So we signed on, him as chief and me as oiler. And I'll bet Old Man Sawbridge laughed when he heard about it. He had put Bill just where he had said he would put him.

Did you ever run up against old Mike Balderman? He was the Winging Star's skipper and a harebrain if there ever was one. A harebrain, in case you don't know, is a brain that don't have any useful purpose but to grow hair. You never saw such a crew as he had collected—wharf rats and warehouse bums. The steward was drunk all the time and the food was something awful.

But Bill didn't seem to mind. He was too interested in the engine to mind anything. Anything that worked by steam he could make go, but he was as busy as a show girl in a fur store. Something was always going wrong with the air pump or the condenser or the thrust bearings or the stern tube or the steering engine. We used to stop on an average of every fifty miles, no matter where we were or what the weather was, to fix something. Bill told me he had a strong suspicion that that engine had been built for the Walk-in-the-Water. Maybe you don't know about her. That was one of Bill's standing jokes. The Walk-in-the-Water was the first steamboat on the Great Lakes, built around 1818.

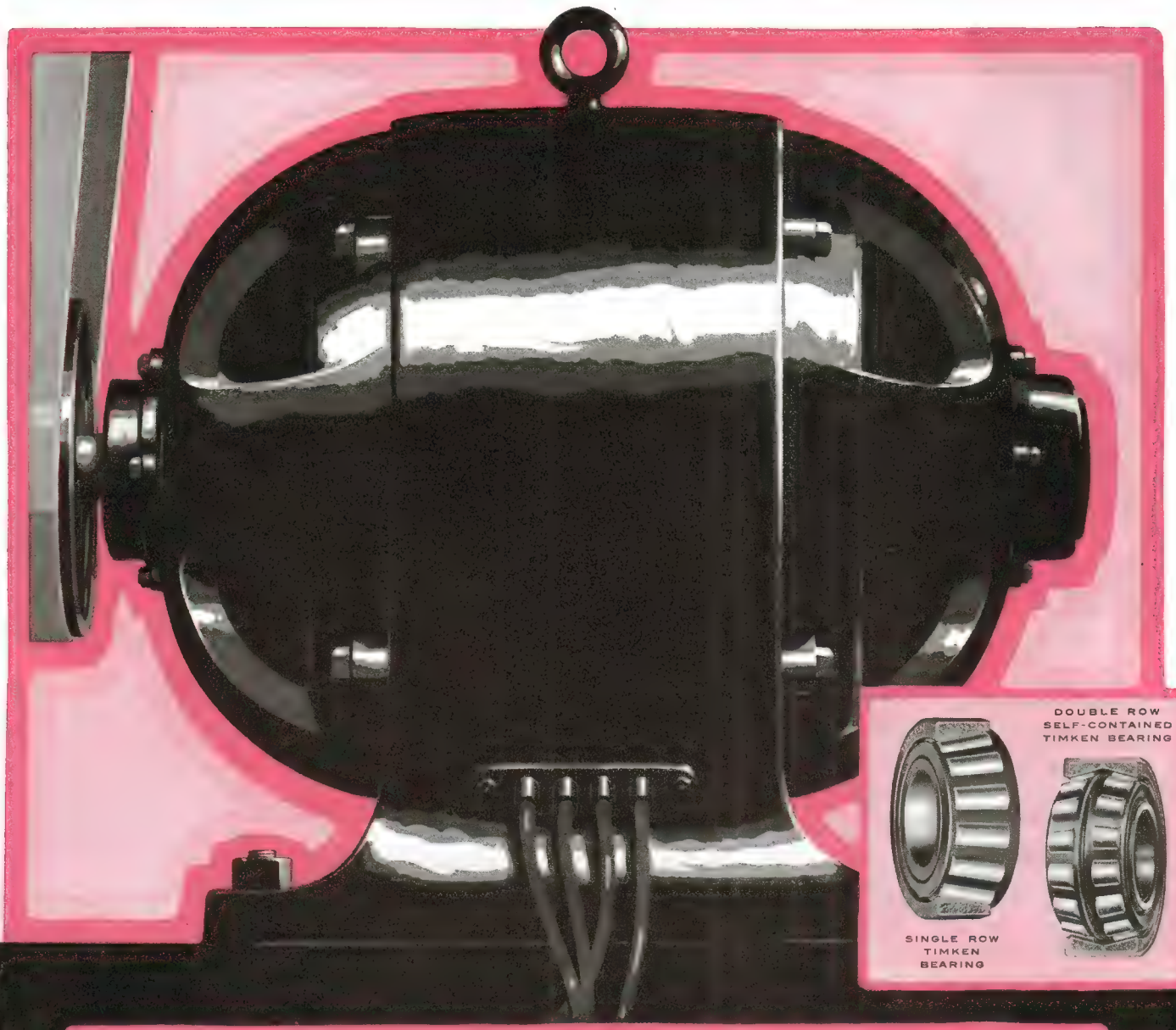
"They were building steam engines in those days," he'd say. "The trouble is, they've improved the quality of the steam too much."

I can still see the expression on his face whenever he came down the ladder into the engine room. His eyes would be rolled up and to one side and his head tilted a little, as if he was listening for some particular sound in the uproar, like an orchestra leader listening for a sour violin. The engine sounded as if it was trying to give a lifelike imitation of a wash boiler full of flatirons and stove lids falling down the cellar stairs. Loose bearings were thumping and banging, pistons were slapping, pumps were clattering, steam was hissing and spitting at a hundred joints. We had rag bandages and clamps on all the steam-line joints. The engine room was always as full of steam as a Turkish bath on Saturday night when the drunks begin rolling in. Her boiler pressure had been reduced three times—and still we got by. Bill was clever about those things, and the inspectors weren't so strict then. Everybody was yelling about man power and keeping the tonnage afloat and three cheers for our side.

We pulled out of Allouez Bay on the tenth of November with twenty-four hundred tons of iron ore for the Wickwire plant at Tonawanda, and we ran into grief before we were through the breakwater piers. That ore was for making guns and shells to kill Germans with, and it was our patriotic duty to pack in all we could. Bill objected, but they rode him down. The overload had opened up her seams while she was lying in the slip. Her calking was all dried out, anyway. It began working out in chunks before we cleared Superior Harbor Basin. She was squawking like an old lady with the sciatica.

We layed to off Keweenaw Point to let her condenser cool off enough to pick up the vacuum—the air pump was off again. We layed to off Whitefish Point to cool off one of the piston-rod guides. We stopped

(Continued on Page 58)



Electric Motors for Any Hook-Up

No longer must you buy motors that fit only one job! No longer need the combination of thrust and radial load concern you. No longer do type of drive or mounting position make any difference. For the *thrust-radial* electric motor is here!

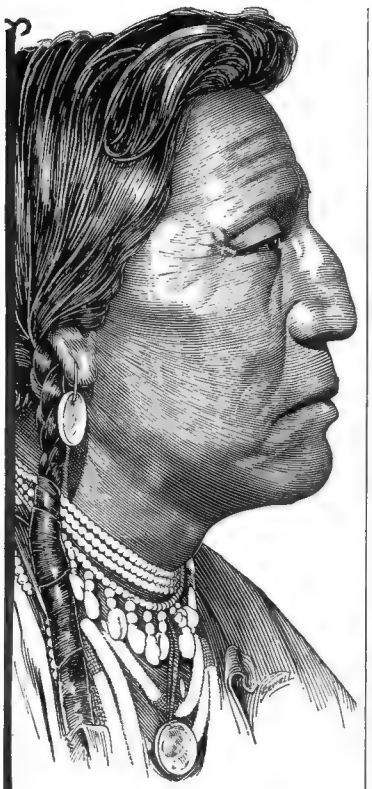
Tell the motor manufacturer merely the horse-power, the general nature of the service—and specify Timken Tapered Roller Bearings. Then the motors you get are sure to work perfectly in floor, wall or ceiling positions—on direct drive—or with flat belt, V-belt, chain, or rope—and spur, helical, or herringbone gear. It is all made possible by Timken Bearings—*the* modern electric motor bearings, with far broader functions than friction-elimination alone!

Friction-wear, thrust-wear, radial-wear, and shock-wear are overcome. The original gap is precisely maintained. Abrasion and burn-outs are eliminated. Fire-risk is minimized; more favorable insurance obtained. Starting is easier and quicker. Dripping damage is prevented by the perfect bearing closure. And lubrication cost and attention become negligible.

To motors, as to all types of equipment throughout all Industry, Timken Bearings bring the greatest endurance and economy ever known. The records of thousands of Timken-equipped motors, during years of service, are the proof. Capitalize these tremendous advantages for yourself, by specifying Timken Bearings in your orders for electric motors.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO., CANTON, OHIO

TIMKEN *Tapered Roller* **BEARINGS**



An invitation from

CHIEF TWO GUNS WHITE CALF of Glacier National Park

O-ki (Greetings) The Blackfeet Indians bid you welcome to our mountain homeland. Where once our buffalo-skin tepees were, today, in settings of rare scenic beauty, are great modern hotels and comfortable chalets affording hospitality for thousands. Here you may hike, ride horseback, motor, cruise emerald lakes, fish ice-fed trout streams, or loaf as you please. Mail coupon today for descriptive booklets.

(Signed)
TWO-GUNS-WHITE-CALF
(His Mark)

GREAT NORTHERN

ROUTE OF THE NEW ORIENTAL LIMITED

GREAT NORTHERN
A dependable railway

CHIEF S. E. P.-2-11
TWO-GUNS-WHITE-CALF
c/o Great Northern Railway,
Glacier Park, Mont.
Please have the Great Northern Railway send me the free books about Glacier National Park.

Name_____

Address_____

(Continued from Page 56)

in Neebish Channel and once more in Mud Lake to pick up the vacuum. Southwest storm warnings were flying at Detour. Everything was running hot and the banging in the high-pressure cylinder was getting so loud you had to yell to hear your voice above it. The skipper asked Bill if he thought we'd better risk it, what with a snorter coming on and the vacuum dropping the way it was all the time. Bill was peeved at the vacuum. He said:

"Ever since we took her out, we've been flirting with suicide, so why begin splitting hairs now? Don't worry about this engine. I'll keep it going."

We left Detour as if we had the devil after us. It was pouring, and then it began to blow.

Bill said to me, "Kid, your job is to drown this junk pile's troubles in oil. You get busy and rain oil. Never mind that vacuum gauge."

I watched it just the same. Three hours out of Detour it came on to a full blow. We began to heave around some, and then some more. The old hooker began to squawk. We never rolled once but what I was sure that that coffee grinder we had for an engine was going to rip loose from the holding-down bolts and fall through the side of the ship. You could hear them groaning and screeching even above the uproar.

About suppertime, with the wind and seas picking up every minute, there was a terrible crash. The engine room shot full of steam. I was watching the vacuum gauge and it began to shimmy like one of these South Sea Island dancers. I was nearer the levers and I jumped, thinking a boiler had gone, but knowing the first thing to do in any case was to shut her down. I was shutting her down when Bill came skidding across the plates.

"What is it?" I yelled.

"Oh, it's nothing," said Bill in a slow drawl; "nothing but the follower bolt in the high-pressure cylinder has backed out and knocked a hole in the cylinder head big enough to park a steam calliope."

I said to myself, "Here's once where Bill Macklin lays down flatter than a stevedore at the noon whistle." I just knew we were through. A country-school blackboard louse would know we were through.

Bill used to say he had room for only one idea at a time. And I guessed that the idea he had his teeth in then was to get that hell-mothered scow into safe water. His whole future as a shipowner was staked on it. If he lost the Winging Star, he'd lose his toe hold. He'd slip way back to where he started from.

I called all hands, and when I got back the skipper was just coming down the ladder. All you could hear was the bang-bang-bang of a sledge, as if Bill had got disgusted and was making things easier for the junkman.

The old harebrain called down, "What you doing down there, Bill?"

"I'm taking a nine-round beating," Bill called back, "so I can land a knock-out in the tenth."

"We're going into the trough any minute," the Old Man said. "How long will it take to patch her up?"

"Two hours," said Bill, "if we don't roll the boilers out of her."

We got into the trough just then and rolled 'way over to port. Everything loose went sliding and crashing. The Winging Star let out the loudest squawk so far. The holding-down bolts gave a screech and the Old Man went up that ladder like a monkey.

If you ask me, it took longer than two hours, because we could work only when she rolled one way. One fireman got a broken leg. Jake, the second assistant, broke his wrist. Bill was everywhere in the engine room, talking soft and low, kidding us along, keeping our noses right into the grease and making us like it. He had us block up the piston and disconnect the crank pin. Then he had us lash the connecting rod out of the way of the crank.

Bill had it all figured out to the last scrap of wire. He said she would work. Nobody believed him. But she did work. We started off again, making bare headway against the wind and the seas. The waves were crashing into her like so many tons of reënforced concrete. I mean, it was blowing a gale. We were taking it solid green up over the texas. When Bill made sure she was going to percolate, we turned in. We were dead to the world the minute we hit the bunks.

It was coming on daylight when a lookout woke me up. He had a handful of my hair and was shaking me like a rat.

"Turn out!" he yelled. "We're going down! Old Man says to hurry into your best clothes and stand by to help put over the boats!"

"In this wind?" I asked.

"The wind's gone down," he said. "It's come up a fog."

"Where are we?"

He didn't know. Nobody knew. Our compasses were off two to three points. They hadn't been adjusted and we didn't have a polaris aboard. The wind had taken us way off our course. I climbed into my clothes and hurried around to Bill's room. He was the only man aboard you could depend on to do the right thing at the right time, and he was the guy I was looking for.

He was getting into his clothes, his best clothes—the fancy suit I told you about. When I yelled at him, he was just pushing into a two-dollar red-and-white necktie the pearl stick pin.

We ran out on deck. There was a lot of hollering going on all over the ship, but the water didn't seem any closer than usual.

"I expected to see the scuppers awash!" said Bill. He listened. "Why, Jim," he said in a voice like a kid when he finds out there is a Santa Claus, after all, "the old tin teapot's still turning over! Let's have a look around before we take a chance with one of those boats. A duck would drown in those boats."

He had a natural prejudice against lifeboats, anyway, inherited from his grandfather on his mother's side, who went down in one on Superior in the winter of '96.

"Let's take a look at the engine room," he said. "The Old Man is probably going off half-cocked as usual. I won't let this crew go out in that sea in open boats if I can prevent it."

So we went down into the engine room. She was turning over less than half speed and everywhere you looked you saw water coming in. The heavy going had pounded the last of the calking out of her and water was rushing in like countrymen into a burlesque show. It came through the ore and was flooding the engine room.

The cranks were churning in water and the bilges were awash in red soup. Every time she rolled, a tidal wave swept the engine room, back and forth, back and forth.

The skipper had come down to see how bad things were. I said he was a harebrain. I want to say it again, louder. He was down there rushing around in a life preserver, giving orders in one breath and taking them back in the next. He had rattled the first assistant and the first was pumping water into the boilers from the bilges. The boilers were so full that practically nothing came over but hot water. Every time a piston rod came down a shower of muddy water came along with it.

You couldn't see much of this. The Winging Star didn't have electricity—nothing but the cheapest oil lanterns. Water had cracked the chimneys and half of them were out. I want to tell you I was scared green to go down into that place. It looked like sure death—a rat's death—and the skipper was making it worse with all his hysterical yelling. You expected to see the bottom drop right out of her.

Bill went on down and took hold of the Old Man by the shoulders, very gentle. He shook him a little bit. The Old Man looked up at him like a scared dog when his master lays a hand on his head.

"Steady!" Bill said. "Steady, captain! Where are we headed?"

"Straight for the beach!" the Old Man bleated. "Are we going to stay afloat?"

"You keep her headed for shore," said Bill, "and I'll keep her afloat."

I got over some of my scare, just listening to the tone of Bill's voice. With that junk pile groaning and sputtering like a worked-out mule, ready to gasp its last, he was as calm and collected as an old lady darning socks on the side porch.

Bill was so busy the next few minutes he clean forgot about what clothes he was wearing. He went sloshing across the engine room to the bilge pump. The suction strainer was plugged up. He dived down into that water like a man-eating shark going after a lamb chop. Then he remembered what clothes he had on. He came up roaring mad. They were all smeared with grease and oil and red ore, and one pants leg was torn across at the knee.

But it wasn't any time to mourn a hundred-dollar suit. Both of us got busy in water, sometimes up to our ears, clearing away the suction strainer. When she rolled and the water spilled over to starboard, Bill would yell and down we'd go. When the water came piling back to our side, we'd climb onto anything handy. It was lucky, Bill told me, I was such a fine, strong swimmer.

We finally got the bilge pump to going. Next we got one siphon to working, then we got the bilge injection to the air pump operating. That helped pump out the holds. But with all pumps doing their best, the water gained.

We kept the engine turning over all this time, wondering every minute when the water would get to the fires and blow us off our toe nails. We ran and we pumped for hours.

Well, luck was with us. I don't mean we hadn't had luck of a certain kind. We were lucky to have Bill. Bill had brains. A pint of brains is worth a hogshead of luck.

The first we knew that the race was over was when we heard a soft grating and the old ark pulled up. It was about nine in the morning. We were on the beach!

"Well, thank God," Bill said, "we've found bottom a lot nearer the top of the lake than I expected we would!"

I was relieved in more ways than one. Bill had been too busy saving the lives of that worthless crew to think about it, but wherever we landed, it suddenly hit me, the Winging Star was going to be chalked up as a total loss. Being a sixteenth owner, Bill stood to collect a sixteenth of the insurance money. He could pay off what he owed Old Man Sawbridge and have enough left over to buy an interest in some good boat.

The grating and rubbing of the gravel we were on was drowned out by an unholy racket—cackling and squawking. The air was full of cackling chickens!

From force of habit, we shut everything off. Then we heard a girl's voice, high and mad and telling the whole star-speckled universe what she thought about hooligans, louts and water-front sweepings who did their navigating in people's chicken coops.

"Is anybody down there?" she called.

"There's two of us down here," Bill called back, using the sweetest pipe-organ note he had. "But we're all right, thank you kindly."

"Oh, you are, are you? You come out of there, you cowards!"

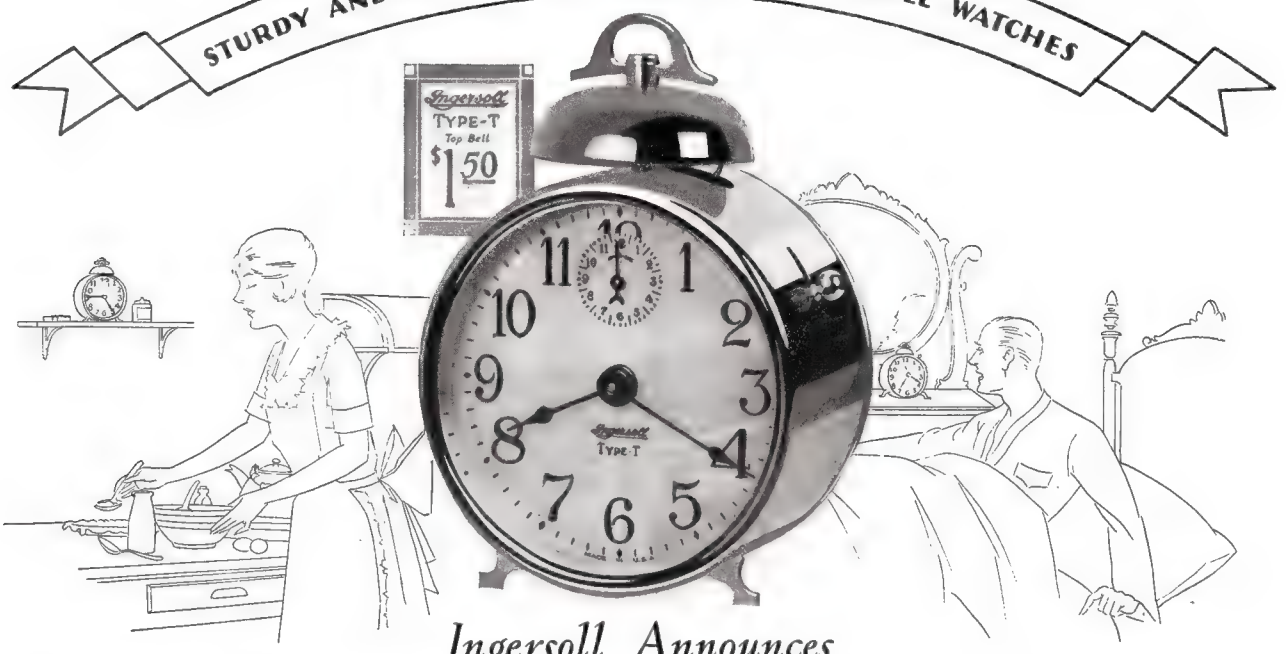
Yes, that was how we met Dorothea Spragg. There was something in the tone of her voice that made us come right up. It was just like when your mother used to tell you to leave that apple butter alone. You left it alone.

In my time I have seen girls mad, but I am sure I never saw one madder in every particular than the one we met at the top of that ladder. And from what you could see, even from deck, you didn't need more than three guesses why.

Her house wasn't a towline length away, and all around us were the scattered remains of chicken coops and poultry runs. The big fat bows of the Winging Star had plowed into that chicken farm like a coal passer into a midnight lunch. Floors, side walls and roofs were tangled up in poultry

(Continued on Page 62)

STURDY AND RELIABLE — JUST LIKE INGERSOLL WATCHES



Ingersoll Announces

A Really Dependable Alarm Clock

for $1.50

Oh, Time, what crimes are committed in thy name! Alarm Clocks at apparently cut prices—89c, $1.39, $1.69—any old price as long as it looks like a bargain. Some of these clocks reasonably well constructed and some, well—not so good!

Disappointment for the purchasers. Trouble for the merchants who sell them—who more often than not feel forced to carry them because of competition.

And then along comes Ingersoll with a line of alarm clocks. *And a really dependable alarm clock for $1.50*

—constructed so solidly that it doesn't need to be coddled.

—endowed with a half-dozen good looks features such as a mat finish metal dial; antique handle, stream line with the top bell; heavy rolled edge case; specially designed hands and figures; feet that are a part of the design—all part of a whole that is pleasing to look upon.

—AND backed by a service department where repairs, if needed, are made promptly and at small cost. Your Ingersoll Alarm will never become a tickless, timeless orphan.

That's the Ingersoll TYPE-T! High in quality, low in price, a trusted name and a famous guarantee. Like the Ingersoll Yankee watch.

TYPE-T has a continuous alarm. TYPE-S at $2.00 has a continuous alarm and its bell at the back.

If you feel you need a "repeater" or "intermittent," there's the TYPE-B at $2.50—which is, we believe, the lowest priced "intermittent" on the market.

Types R and R Jr. are still more luxurious intermittents, winning their way in a higher price class by sheer good looks, dependability and *value.*

Five clocks in all—in five price classes—each one an Ingersoll with INGERSOLL on the dial.

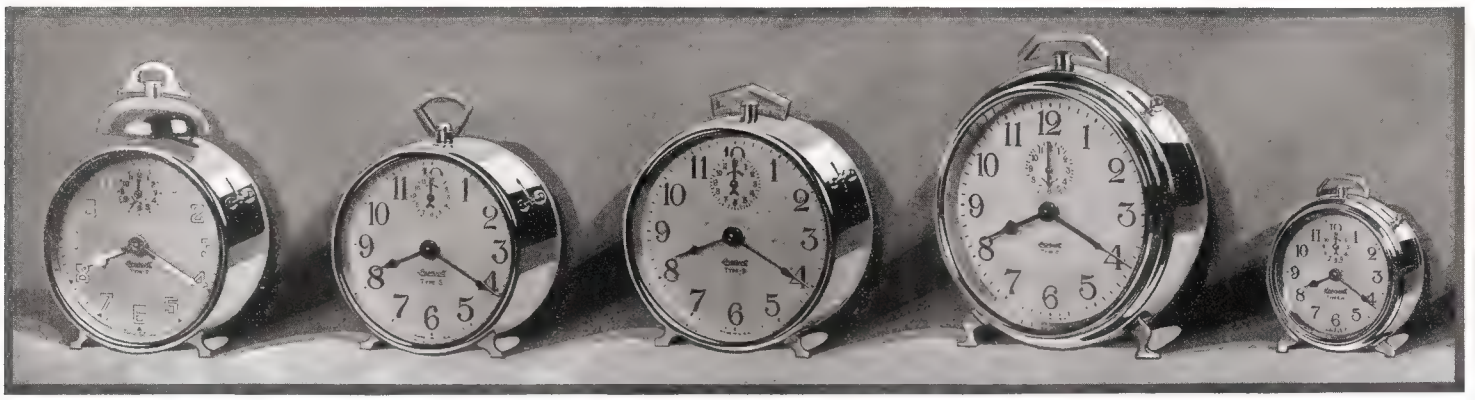
INGERSOLL WATCH CO., Inc.

New York Chicago San Francisco Montreal

Service Department: Waterbury, Conn.

Prices slightly higher in Canada

Made by the Makers of **Ingersoll** *Pocket and Wrist Watches*



TYPE-T RADIOLITE
The Type-T with luminous figures and hands. Tells time in the dark. Height 5⅝". Bedroom or kitchen . . . night or day. $2.25

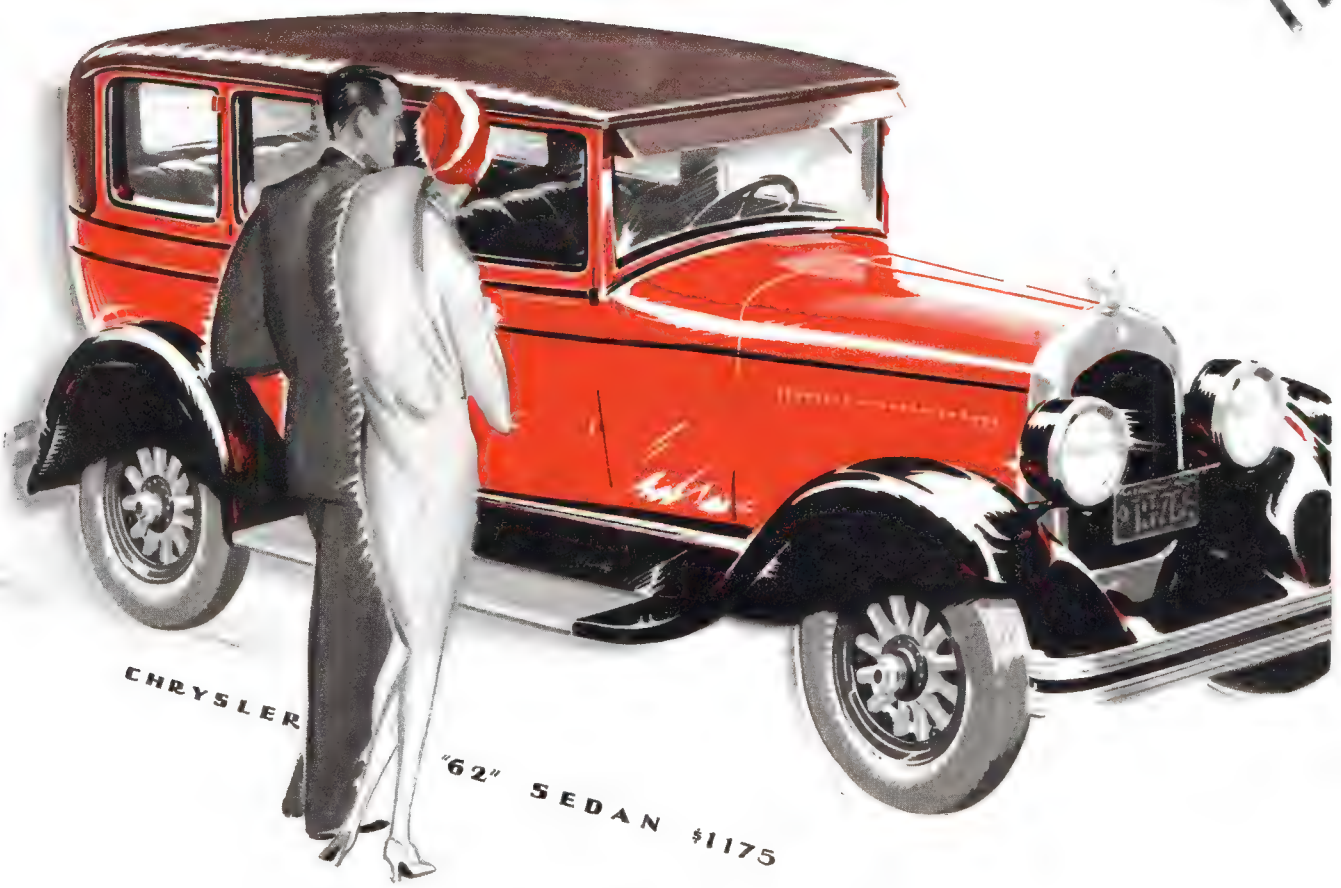
TYPE-S
Back bell alarm clock at a low price. Dependable quality. Continuous alarm. Height 5" . . . $2.00
Type-S Radiolite $2.75

TYPE-B
Intermittent; back bell. Typical Ingersoll value. Reliable in both time and alarm. Height 5⅛" $2.50
Type-B Radiolite $3.50

TYPE-R
The aristocrat of the line. Large easily readable dial. Intermittent alarm. Height 6" . . . $3.25
Type-R Radiolite $4.50

TYPE-R Jr.
Everyone admires it. A handsome little clock with an intermittent alarm. Height 3½" . . . $3.25
Type-R Jr. Radiolite $4.50

CHRYSLER



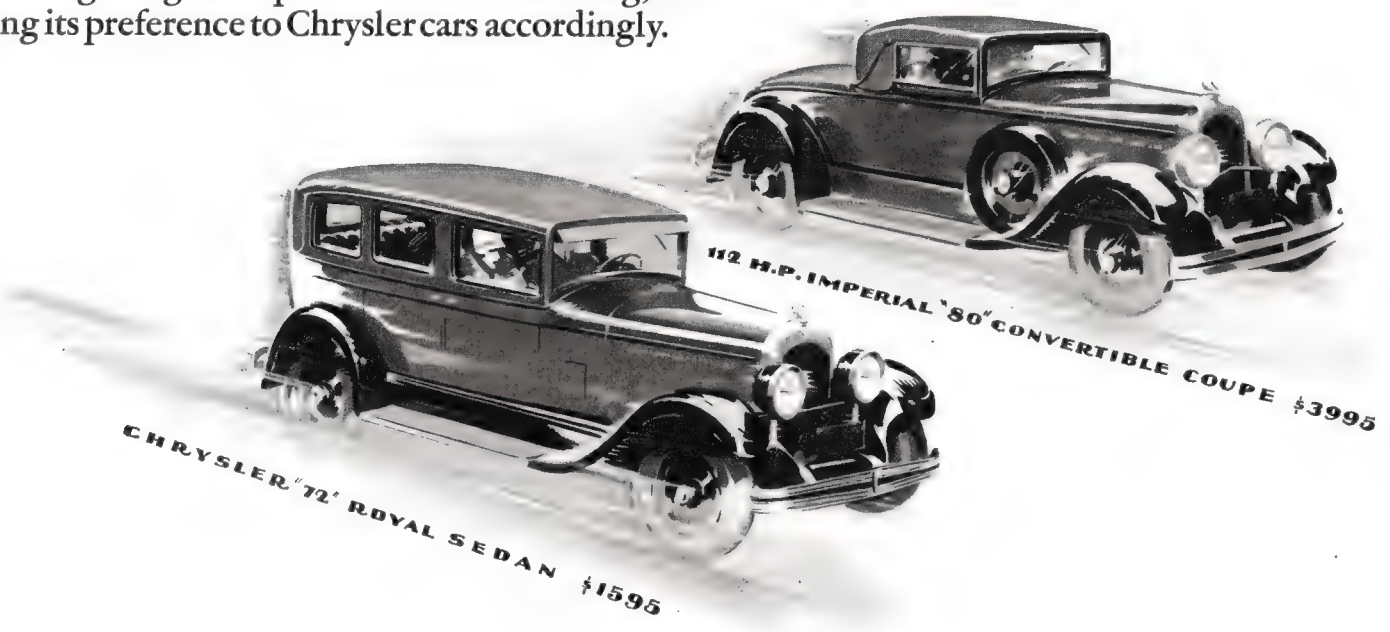
New Chrysler "Red-Head" Engine—*designed to take full advantage of high-compression gas, giving greater speed, power and hill-climbing ability, with increased fuel economy, is standard equipment on the roadsters of the "52," "62," "72" and all models of the New 112 h. p. Imperial "80." It is also available, at slight extra cost, for all other body types. For a reasonable charge it can be applied to earlier Chrysler cars now in use.*

Great New Chrysler "62"—Seven body styles, $1065 to $1235. *Illustrious New Chrysler "72"—Ten body styles,* $1545 to $1795. *New 112 h. p. Chrysler Imperial "80"—Fourteen custom body styles by Chrysler, Dietrich, Locke and LeBaron,* $2795 to $6795—*New Chrysler "52"—Seven body styles,* $670 to $790.

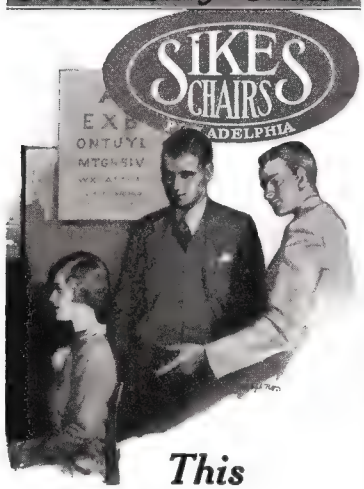
All prices f. o. b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax. Chrysler dealers are in a position to extend the convenience of time payments. Ask about Chrysler's attractive plan.

EVER THE LEADER IN PROGRESSIVE ENGINEERING

CHRYSLER'S rise from 27th to 3rd place in four years is due almost wholly to the public's settled conviction that Chrysler engineering is superior to other motor car engineering. . . ¶ Particularly, the public recognizes that Chrysler six-cylinder results not only excel those of other cars of comparable price, but rival those in cars costing hundreds of dollars more. . . ¶ Yet this was to be expected. For Chrysler engineers are the only engineers designing cars of the price of the "62" and "72" who also create the most luxurious type of motor car in the New 112 h. p. Imperial "80"... ¶ Refinements and improvements developed for this car of finest type are passed on, through the Chrysler principle of Standardized Quality, to the cars of lesser price. . . ¶ Consequently, in Chrysler alone you obtain performance made possible by the combination of such features as a real high-compression cylinder head, 7-bearing crankshaft, invar strut pistons with tungtite rings, hydraulic 4-wheel brakes, rubber shock insulators in place of metal shackles—to mention just a few of the several score of traits characteristic of every Chrysler Six. . . ¶ More and more the public recognizes that Chrysler "52," "62," "72" and the New 112 h. p. Imperial "80" are one in quality of engineering design and precision manufacturing, and is giving its preference to Chrysler cars accordingly.



Office Easy Chairs



This Great Insurance

Company Appreciates the value of Perfect Posture —and proves it by using SIKES X69½ Perfect Posture Chairs

If any particular business group should be especially favorable to the Sikes X69½ Perfect Posture Chair, the great insurance companies of the United States would rightfully be the ones to form it. For business men who derive their incomes from "betting" on the health and longevity of "the other fellow" are naturally familiar with all the factors that have even the remotest bearing on both.

They know, among other things, that badly lighted, poorly ventilated offices are not conducive to good health—or business progress. They know, too, that office chairs that encourage careless, slovenly and tiring postures produce many ills. And realizing this they show a remarkable degree of alacrity in correcting this evil in *their own offices.*

Recently one of the greatest of these moved into a new building and in conjunction with a nationally known office equipment engineer, presented us with an initial order of 150 Sikes X69½ Perfect Posture Chairs. You can well afford to act upon their "tip" and profit by their investigations and experience by putting Sikes X69½ Perfect Posture Chairs in your own office.

We'll tell you who they are if you're interested—and your Office Furniture Dealer will gladly demonstrate the chair.

Sikes

The Sikes X69½ Perfect Posture Chair.
Is easily adjustable.
Takes little room in use.
When not in use takes less —sliding unobtrusively under the desk.

Look for the Sikes Self-Lubricating Chair Iron, a feature of the Sikes X69½ Perfect Posture Chair and all Sikes revolving chairs.

SIKES COMPANY
CHAIRMAKERS FOR 60 YEARS PHILADELPHIA

(Continued from Page 58)

wire and scattered around like cigar ashes after an all-night poker session. There were chickens roosting and clucking all over the ship and even in the rigging. You never saw so many insulted chickens!

Miss Spragg had brown eyes. I learned afterward that they could be as gentle as a dove's, but they had a look in them that morning like a mother eagle's that finds a wildcat monkeying with her eaglets. Her naturally wavy golden hair was standing out like a flag of battle.

You couldn't say she was pretty. No; she wasn't pretty.

All the time she was cutting loose, Bill wasn't saying anything. He kept looking at her as if he was sore, but he wasn't. His eyes were bloodshot from too much bilge water and not enough sleep.

It seems Miss Spragg had come swarming aboard as soon as a ladder was put down and found the crew getting ready to desert the ship. They'd been ready for hours. The Old Man disclaimed all responsibility. He wasn't letting her or anybody stop him from walking on solid land. He told her he had to get to the nearest telegraph office and notify the owner. The crew wanted to get onto dry land and they all had fine excuses.

One of them had to telegraph his dying mother that her boy was safe and well, and another had to relieve the mind of his poor little crippled sister. And they had to get the fireman and the second assistant to a hospital and have those broken bones attended to. They all wanted to put the Winging Star behind them quick and forever, on general principles.

Oh, yes, I've heard a lot of talk on these boats about how interesting it would be to go into the poultry business, but nobody wanted any poultry business that morning. They piled ashore and scattered, leaving Bill and me to face the music.

We went down and looked things over.

"You help me round up these chickens," Miss Spragg ordered. "Do you suppose I'll collect a dime's damage from the underwriters? Do you suppose the kind of people who would own a water-soaked old hulk like this would carry any kind of insurance but total loss?"

"That's so," Bill admitted. "But this ship is a total loss. The first northeaster will pound her to pieces."

"But can I collect damages?"

"Sue," said Bill.

"Get busy and gather chickens!" Miss Spragg snapped.

"Jim, come on," said Bill. I followed him.

When we were alone, I said, "That girl certainly has got a sour disposition."

"No," said Bill. "She's blowing off steam, that's all."

"Before she blows off any more," I said, "let's you and me fade. We don't owe her nuthin'."

"We've got to help her," said Bill. "There isn't anyone else."

I'll have to say it was easier gathering rain-soaked chickens than keeping a sinking scow awash. But it certainly got monotonous. It rained in a steady cold drizzle. For three solid hours we gathered insulted poultry, dripping wet, from shrouds, funnel guys, hatch covers, lifeboats, deck houses and winches, and carried them ashore.

Then Miss Spragg notified us we could come and get it if we were hungry. She was still blowing off steam, but not quite so much of it, and the meal she set us down to was nothing this side of a bounteous feast. Chicken—yes, chicken!

I thought I'd never want to see another chicken, dead or alive; but that girl was a past master at the art of fricasseeing a chicken. There were big juicy dumplings and golden gravy. Later on, there was a pumpkin pie that melted on the tongue like spiced butter. I mean, Dorothea Spragg was a cook.

"After chow," she said to Bill, helping each of us to another fine slice of pie, "you and your friend can get busy on the job of reconstructing chicken coops. My poultry must be securely housed by dark, because there are savage dogs in this neighborhood."

"Miss Spragg," said Bill, "we will fix everything up to the best of our ability."

That didn't sound good to me. When I got him alone, I said, "Look here, Bill, you shipped on the Winging Star—why?"

"Well?" said Bill.

"You're taking on work now that's going to make a draft horse out of you."

"Well," said Bill, "this is different. Do you know what this girl's been through? Her dad died a year ago, leaving her all alone in the world, with six thousand hungry white Wyandottes to feed and bring up. She's been cheated by commission houses. Neighbors have stolen her broilers by the dozen, the skunks. A tramp dropped in here one evening last week and scared the living daylights out of her. The way the Winging Star smashed things up was just about the last straw. All these chickens are sick from exposure and a lot of them are going to die. She hasn't got a friend in the world, and the least we can do is leave things the way the Winging Star found them."

So we kept on working like draft horses. When we went aboard the ship that night, I said to Bill:

"The quicker we get out of here, the better I will like it. Your sixteenth interest will entitle you to a sixteenth of the insurance money. With that stake, you can pay off Old Man Sawbridge and go ahead and buy into a real steamboat next summer."

"The future looks pretty good," Bill agreed.

At breakfast, which began with ham and eggs and ended with crisp golden waffles, Miss Spragg was nearer herself again. She was pleasant, almost friendly. She made fun of all the hard luck she'd been having and went on to tell us some more about herself. She was having a pretty hard time making ends meet, and the damage done by the Winging Star, in spite of the repairs we'd been making, was going to set her back hard. Seventy-odd chickens had gone west during the night from exposure. That brought the total up to around five hundred, counting the ones that had been killed and drowned. Bill let her talk on.

Finally he said: "Miss Spragg, I've been thinking things over, and I'd like to invest a few thousand dollars in this farm of yours."

I looked at Bill and so did Miss Spragg. Miss Spragg gave a little chuckle. In that torn and grease-stained tailor-made suit, Bill looked like a gutter bum. Bill chuckled too.

"The fact of the matter is," said Bill, "and appearances notwithstanding and to the contrary, I am a part owner of the Winging Star. She was insured for better than eighty thousand and I am entitled to a sixteenth of that. I have one obligation of two thousand dollars hanging over me, but I would like to invest the balance. It would give me the greatest pleasure to invest it in your farm. All you lack is capital. You are a hard worker and a clever young woman and it looks good to me."

"No, thank you, Mr. Macklin," she said. "I wouldn't consider it."

"But you need capital," Bill argued.

No, sir; and thank you most kindly, but she wouldn't think of touching his three thousand or any part of it.

But I was getting worried. First chance I had, I argued with Bill.

"Bill," I told him, "your luck has changed at last. You've got your hands on a nice piece of money and this girl isn't going to take the usual advantage. You are sitting pretty. Don't flirt with calamity. Let's just ooze out of here, and next season buy into a nice little solid-steel steamboat."

"This girl has got a dandy proposition here," Bill answered. "It looks to me like a good sensible investment. There's a mint of money in a poultry layout if it's managed right. And Miss Spragg's a good manager. She let me see her books."

For the first time since I'd known him, I began to question Bill's sense of values. It was useless to argue with him, but I kept dinging away at him anyway. I told him about the big risks in the poultry business and how it would be getting into a game he didn't know like he knew the steamboat business. But Bill wouldn't argue. And that night he did a lot of figuring. He covered a dozen sheets of paper with figures.

I was chopping wood next morning when Bill came rushing out of the house, all excited.

"Jim," he said, all out of breath, "I've lost my pearl! I didn't notice it until just now. It's been missing ever since we ran aground. I'm positive it's down there by the bilge pump. Will you be a good pal and dive for it for me? You're such a good strong swimmer or I wouldn't dream of asking you. I'll do the rest of the work around here if you'll dive for the pearl."

I didn't cotton to that idea at all, but when that fellow had his mind set on a thing, he could have wheedled a starving wolf away from a porterhouse steak.

So for three solid days I went into the bilge water for that lost stick pin, while Bill spent his time working around and having long talks with Miss Spragg. Finally, late in the afternoon of the third day, I found the lost bilge pearl—lodged, it was, in the screen of the bilge suction strainer.

I rushed out into the rain and found Bill having a conference with Miss Spragg in the kitchen. They acted sort of flustered when I came floundering in, but I was too cold, wet and excited to pay attention to small points.

"Bill," I said, "I found it!"

"Found what?" said Bill, and I noticed the red shoot up back of his ears.

"The pearl!"

"Ah, the pearl," said Bill, holding out his hand. I passed it to him.

"It was right down there in the screen of the bilge suction strainer," I told him. But he wasn't paying attention. He was looking at Miss Spragg, and for the first time I saw he had hold of her hand.

"Sweetheart," he said, with me standing there, shivering and chattering and blue at the lips from all that diving in cold bilge water—"sweetheart, I am going to have this set into an engagement ring for you. Isn't it appropriate?"

Miss Spragg looked at it a minute, then she laughed.

"You darling!" she said to Bill. "It's egg-shaped!"

The first assistant stopped. He tapped the dottle out of his pipe into his thumbless hand. He spat with careless precision over the wide deck below and into the river.

"Yes, sir; I wouldn't have looked at that girl twice when I first saw her," he said reflectively. "But you've got to hand it to Bill. He knows values. Their kids call me Uncle Jim. They're fine kids—both boys. I'm sending fifty a month to Bill, helping to get the mortgage paid off on our new place. We moved down here to be nearer the Detroit market. We'll be making some real money next year," he added with his peculiar lip-elevating smile. It became a soft chuckle.

"And you ask me if I need glasses to tell my own chickens! Them's Wyandottes!"

A Radiotron for every purpose

RADIOTRON UX-201-A
Detector Amplifier

RADIOTRON UV-199
Detector Amplifier

RADIOTRON UX-199
Detector Amplifier

RADIOTRON WD-11
Detector Amplifier

RADIOTRON WX-12
Detector Amplifier

RADIOTRON UX-200-A
Detector Only

RADIOTRON UX-120
Power Amplifier Last Audio Stage Only

RADIOTRON UX-222
Screen Grid Radio Frequency Amplifier

RADIOTRON UX-112-A
Power Amplifier

RADIOTRON UX-171
Power Amplifier Last Audio Stage Only

RADIOTRON UX-210
Power Amplifier Oscillator

RADIOTRON UX-240
Detector Amplifier for Resistance-coupled Amplification

RADIOTRON UX-213
Full-Wave Rectifier

RADIOTRON UX-226
A.C. Filament

RADIOTRON UY-227
A.C. Heater

RADIOTRON UX-280
Full-Wave Rectifier

RADIOTRON UX-281
Half-Wave Rectifier

RADIOTRON UX-874
Voltage Regulator Tube

RADIOTRON UV-876
Ballast Tube

RADIOTRON UV-886
Ballast Tube

The standard by which other vacuum tubes are rated

Look for this mark on every Radiotron

Every Radiotron is tested and inspected in 41 different ways before it is approved in the laboratories and factories of RCA, General Electric and Westinghouse.

The Radiotron is the joint product of RCA, Westinghouse and General Electric, developed and perfected in the same great laboratories which give you the MAZDA lamp. They are the creation of the skilled radio engineers who made modern broadcasting possible. Equip your set with genuine RCA Radiotrons. Never use new tubes with old ones that have been in use a year or more. See that your set is completely equipped with RCA Radiotrons once a year at least.

RCA HOUR
Every Saturday Night

Through the following stations associated with the National Broadcasting Company:

8 to 9 p. m. Eastern Time

NEW YORK	WJZ
BOSTON	WEEI
HARTFORD	WTIC
PROVIDENCE	WJAR
WORCESTER	WTAG
PORTLAND, ME.	WCSH
BALTIMORE	WBAL
WASHINGTON	WRC
ROCHESTER	WHAM
PITTSBURGH	KDKA
CINCINNATI	WLW
DETROIT	WJR

7 to 8 p. m. Central Time

CHICAGO	KYW
ST. LOUIS	KSD
MINNEAPOLIS ST. PAUL	WCCO
DAVENPORT	WOC
DES MOINES	WHO
KANSAS CITY	WDAF
OMAHA	WOW
LOUISVILLE	WHAS
NASHVILLE	WSM
MEMPHIS	WMC
ATLANTA	WSB

8 to 9 p. m. Pacific Time

SAN FRANCISCO	KPO
OAKLAND	KGO
LOS ANGELES	KFI
PORTLAND, ORE.	KGW
SEATTLE	KFOA KOMO
SPOKANE	KHQ

RCA Radiotron

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE RADIOLA

RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA · NEW YORK · CHICAGO · SAN FRANCISCO

SPEED

2-TON - - - - - - - $1595
6-Cylinder engine, 4-speed transmission, 4-Wheel brakes (Lockheed Hydraulic)

1½-TON - - - - - - $1245
4-Cylinder engine, 4-speed transmission, 4-Wheel brakes (Lockheed Hydraulic)

1-TON (G-BOY) - - - - $895

¾-TON COMMERCIAL - $670
(Chassis Prices f. o. b. Detroit)

½-TON PANEL DELIVERY CAR - - $770
(Complete with body f. o. b. Detroit)

FASTER! . . . . More speed! . . . . It is the demand of business. And transportation, vital agent of business, gears up in response.

Graham Brothers Trucks and Commercial Cars provide business with the desired speed—and more. They link up inseparably with speed two other factors necessary to give speed its maximum commercial value—safety and economy. Their power—source of speed—is furnished by Dodge Brothers dependable engines, 4 and 6 cylinder. And each type of truck is so designed and built that the abundant power is converted into smooth, usable speed—the speed that means more trips per day, more money earned. Careful, exacting men, from all walks of business, are buying 60,000 Graham Brothers Trucks and Commercial Cars a year.

GRAHAM BROTHERS TRUCKS

Sold and Serviced by Dodge Brothers Dealers Everywhere

Built by Truck Division of Dodge Brothers, Inc.

THE GUN IN THE ARCHWAY

(Continued from Page 9)

to load and fire. And the name of this particular position of the gun was called the position of *abatage*. "What a name!" thought Lieutenant Pattee. "*Abattoir—abatage*—the position of slaughtering!"

"Piece ready, sir," reported the sergeant.

"Good enough," said the lieutenant. "That will be all for tonight. Arrange for a running guard of two men. The gun crew will sleep under the piece, the spare gunners in the woods. Watch out for enemy patrols, and at the first suspicious sound or a barrage rocket from the infantry, you call me."

"Wouldn't we better take a few shells outa them boxes an' pile 'em around the gun, sir?" asked the sergeant.

"Yes, sure; that's right! I forgot all about ammunition. They're supposed to have put five hundred rounds of shrapnel and H.E. in those woods last night. Maybe I'd better have a look at it. It would be a joke if it wasn't there, wouldn't it?"

"Yeh, but the joke would be on us!"

There was a small grove of trees that followed the railway on the south side, from the arch of the underpass a hundred yards or so east. The lieutenant and the sergeant went into this grove and, feeling about with their hands, located, after considerable difficulty, a number of piles of coffin-shaped boxes in which 75-millimeter ammunition was transported. They had the contents of one of these boxes taken out to the gun, with a rack of fuses and a fuse cutter.

"The spare gunners are to sleep and live in the woods," said the lieutenant finally. "Now understand, no man is to poke his head out of the bushes in daylight under any consideration. And even inside the woods, I don't want any movement while a plane is overhead; any kind of a plane—never mind whether it's Allied or boche. The enemy have taken a lot of airdromes, and probably half the planes you see with the red, white and blue circle on them are boche. There's to be no smoking after dark—none! Don't think because I'm not around it won't be reported. Those hills to the south are full of French and American observation posts, and if they see a cigarette ——"

Cr-r-rump! Crump-crump-crump! A salvo of shells landed far up on the hillside to the southeast. All turned to look. There, plainly they could see the ghostly column of smoke against the black woods. Shells—enemy shells! In their ten days at the Front not a man of them had ever seen one explode before. Then the storm burst.

With the rumble of a tremendous blast of dynamite those black hills beyond the Marne awoke to life. Flame ran along their crests, flickering like the flash of a distant trolley on a wet night. The steel that those flashing guns eructed arrived on the American side of the river in growing crescendo. First on the hills behind the railroad, where the support positions were and where the main forces were billeted; then on the main road, far down the valley; then on the towns. No need for a map to locate those towns. Mezy, Moulins, Varennes, Paroy—each with its crumbling houses outlined in flame, then quickly hidden in a cloud of dust and smoke.

"What is this?" gasped the lieutenant finally.

The enemy had started a bombardment. Why didn't the Allied side of the river blaze in its turn and smother the German fire with a blanket of steel?

The Allied side of the river remained silent. There was no sound save the ripple of a thousand guns firing on the north bank and the steady crash of their shells arriving south of the Marne. Was this what shell fire was like? Along with toothbrush drill and organized singing, thought the lieutenant, a little time might have been spent in letting a man know what a preliminary bombardment was like.

"What shall we do now, sergeant?" cried the lieutenant.

"Git ourselves a hole!" There spoke the ex-cook! What a help he was!

"We'll get on the gun," decided the lieutenant. That was a simple move that would do no one any harm. "Posts!"

There was no movement in the shapeless mass where the men huddled together like sheep.

"Corporal Beachey, yuh hear the lieutenant? Git your men on the gun! Take the lead outta your shoes an' hop! . . . Varnum, you been Number 1. Sit down! Soriano on the fuse cutter! Gillespie, Number 2! The rest of yuh stand by till needed. Snap out of it!"

Corporal Beachey! Was he on this gun crew? And as gunner! The lieutenant knew him. A dude soldier, an eater of cake and a frequenter of dance halls, a man that in the hottest day of summer always had the collar of his O.D. shirt pinned high about his neck.

The lieutenant remembered the days when he thought an officer was a sort of big brother to his men, one to whom they came with all their little troubles. This was true enough, but their little troubles always ended with a diffident request for a slight loan until pay day.

It was in these early days, when his Plattsburg uniform was still fresh and new, that he had loaned the dude corporal sixty dollars to go home to his sister's wedding. That the corporal had instead gone to New Orleans and spent the sixty dollars in riotous living, Lieutenant Pattee did not find out until months later. The corporal still owed him the money.

"Come out in front," said Lieutenant Pattee bitterly, "and let's see if we can see anything to shoot at! The battery commander picked me a fine bunch of men to depend on in an emergency!"

"'S all right, sir," comforted the sergeant; "they can't go off nowheres an' get drunk. That's one good thing!"

The two of them squeezed by the gun and crept out of the archway on the enemy side, where Lieutenant Pattee quickly forgot his minor troubles.

It was black, and he could see nothing but the flickering hills and the dull red glow of bursts on the American side. To his left Mezy had disappeared in a thick cloud of smoke. More smoke was beginning to drift along the fields from the river. This would be nice stuff to see through the air! And gas! How about gas? Pattee sniffed. None as yet, but it would come, never fear.

Shells suddenly began to burst close at hand. There were some faint cries of "Gas!" and the men put on their masks. There was a road that, coming from the highway, went through the underpass and so on to Mezy. This road the enemy shelled enthusiastically. It was only a wagon track, rutted and grass-grown, but troops could move on it, and the enemy wanted to see that none did. The shells, walking with uncanny accuracy up and down the road, passed several times over the arch. A box of ammunition blew up with a tremendous smack.

A man came crawling through the arch, calling at intervals for the lieutenant.

"Here!" yelled Pattee, pulling aside his mask. "What do you want now?"

"There's two men hit," replied the other.

"Oh, what fun," muttered Pattee. He found Sergeant Dennison by cautious feeling, and yelled in his ear, "Do you know where there's a first-aid station around here?"

"No," replied the sergeant, spitting, for the mouth of his gas mask was new and had a sulphurous taste. "We don't need one, anyway. I got some iodine if the lieutenant wants it."

"There's two men hit," replied the lieutenant. "Give me the iodine. Let's have a look at 'em."

They got up and beat a shell to the archway by a second. It burst on the bank just above where they had been lying, and the concussion was so heavy that Pattee thought at first he had stopped some of the iron.

He went through the arch, his head ringing, and into a group on the other side that turned their goggle-eyes at him like creatures in a nightmare. The two wounded men were on the ground, and cost what it might, Pattee was going to look them over with a flash light. One flick was enough. There was a man there that had to be got to a doctor, and that in a hurry. The second man could walk. He had been hit in the arm and was not bleeding badly.

"Two men!" barked Pattee. He took off his mask and let it hang. This was no time to be bothered by it. "Got a stretcher? Answer, no! Never mind. Get a blanket. Now then, who knows where there's a first-aid station? Ever see a sign says *Poste de Secours* on your travels?"

"You, Gillespie, you been into every cellar in the sector after vin rooge—didn't you ever see a first-aid post?" demanded the sergeant.

The men were dumb, and there was no sound save the blubbering of the outlet valves of their masks. Finally one pointed south, toward Moulins. There was smoke there, and flame. If there was a *poste de secours* in that town it was not functioning. And it was a long way there across the fields. Meanwhile the badly wounded man bled.

"Listen," decided the lieutenant, "you two men grab up this blanket. You with the arm, go along with them. Follow the railroad track and it will bring you to the Mezy road. There must be a *poste de secours* there. You'll run into someone can tell you where it is. Well, after you've got the wounded men there, you come back. Understand?"

They nodded their goblinlike heads. He knew they wouldn't, though. Once in the shelter of a cellar roof, they would never come back to the gun. The night would be dark and they wouldn't be able to find the road again.

So they went away, the two carrying the blanket in which was the badly wounded man, and the slightly wounded man helping with his good arm. The lieutenant watched them sadly. His little force was beginning to melt already, and he had not yet fired a shot.

"Didn't we just get here in time, though!" cried the lieutenant. "Wouldn't it be my luck to arrive just with the first shell!"

He smelled a particularly vicious reek of gas and put on his mask again. Then he went back to the enemy side of the embankment to see if anything had happened. The shelling continued, even increased in volume.

Lieutenant Pattee had not the slightest idea of what the terrain in front was like. He had planned to lie on his stomach with a field glass to his eye all the next day, until he had every road, every town, every gully by heart. No one had ever thought that the enemy might not wait another night to launch his drive. There certainly was nothing to be seen now. He could not use his field glasses with his mask on, and in a short time he could not even see through the eyepieces. They had clouded with his breath and the exhalations of his skin, for he had had no time to apply the grease that prevented just that occurrence. He could not see his watch and lost account of time.

The night wore on. Happily they had no more casualties. Shells fell fast about them, like dropping acorns in a high wind, but the enemy could not bend them over the embankment sufficiently near to hit men lying close against it. The far side and the track itself were hit again and again.

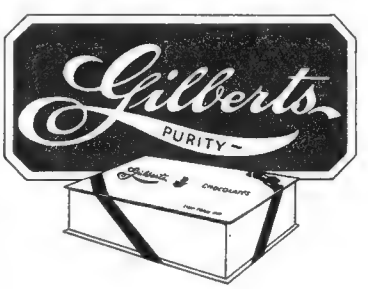
"Lieutenant!" yelled someone in his ear.

Had Pattee been asleep? No. It was colder now, and daybreak must be near.

Gilberts the Chocolates of Connoisseurs

Valentine's Day presents another opportunity to prove yourself one who knows supreme quality intuitively . . . Give her a package of Gilberts, the chocolates that are becoming more and more favored solely because of their merit. Without the aid of salesmen, Gilberts are now being sold from coast to coast . . . Our dealers and ourselves guarantee every package to be fresh and perfect. John O. Gilbert Chocolate Company, Jackson, Michigan, and Los Angeles, California.

Caballero package, $2 the pound. Panama and Very Best, $1.50...Other Gilberts, $1, $1.25 and $1.50. . . Ask your dealer.



This Ethan Allen figure identifies the genuine Ti-con-der-oga box.

It's rich black lines, easily written and easily read, have made Dixon's Ti-con-der-oga America's favorite five-cent pencil.

DIXON
"TI-CON-DER-OGA"
An extraordinary five cent pencil

© 1928

Made in the U. S. A. by
JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE COMPANY
Pencil Dept. 8-J Jersey City, New Jersey

"What's the matter?" he replied from the corner of his mask. "'Nother man hit?"

"No, sir; the archway's beginnin' to fall in."

"Get the men off the gun and get it out of there."

Pattee ran back to the gun and shoved the man off the gunner's seat with his own hands. He doffed his mask again, regardless of consequences. The archway was falling, all right; he could feel the stones under his feet.

"Get this gun to hell out of here!" he commanded.

"Where?" asked the sergeant.

Where, indeed? Regularly every five seconds a shell whacked on the road. By way of diversion one would slam down in the field or on the embankment, and every once in a while a whole flock of them would light and then soar heavenward in spouts of flame. No place for the gun there!

"Do you suppose if we had a limber we could duck between those bursts, sergeant?" he demanded. "Five seconds. We could have them all ready, and then as soon as the shell burst pour leather into them and get away at the gallop!"

"Yeh, but we haven't no limber!"

The ear-splitting crash of shells that was beginning to pain like a blow on the head suddenly ceased, and in the silence the men could hear their arteries pound and the blubbering of their neighbors' gas masks.

When their ears, that had been deafened all night long by the continual whoop and slam of the bombardment, began to function normally again, they realized that there was a new sound—harsh, deadly, implacable. Machine-gun fire, but in volume greater than anything they had yet heard.

"Here they come!" yelled someone.

Pattee made no reply, but went through the arch again. It was, strangely enough, lighter. Yup, day was breaking. The bombardment had passed on and was pounding the hills behind, while the river bank was lined with flares.

Men moved in the wheat. Germans? No. With his glasses he could plainly distinguish the round helmets, the short rifles and the long bayonets of American troops. They were support companies moving into Mezy.

Ah! A red rocket! S O S signals! The attack had begun now!

Pattee waited for the American barrage to land on that river bank like the wrath of God. He waited a long time. The barrage did not arrive. Planes, flying at high speed with the vicious directness of hornets, went by overhead, and in watching them Pattee saw that the sky was turning to pink.

The railway embankment was visible now, curving across the fields like a great snake, to disappear in the fog and smoke. He climbed the bank to the track, for he decided he could see better from a height.

Mezy was on fire, and in the light of a burning house he could see little black figures running. The smoke, though, added to the morning mist that began to rise from the Marne, soon shut out everything. He could see nothing of the farther bank, nor of the hills beyond it.

More men appeared in the wheat—a patrol perhaps, or an outpost falling back, for they were moving toward the embankment. Well, he'd be seeing a target pretty soon now. The group of men climbed the embankment some distance away and went down into the field behind. More appeared, coming slowly along. When they reached the embankment they turned and, crouching low, followed it to the westward. Since they were not ten feet below Lieutenant Pattee, he had a very fine view of them. They were in full pack, carrying their rifles in their hands. They each had three or four little round canteens dangling and they wore a very peculiar scuttlelike helmet.

Boches!

The lieutenant hastily looked about. A third group had emerged from the wheat just in front of the burlap screen that prevented enemy observation through the underpass. They examined this screen as though trying to discover its object. One of them suddenly turned and, seizing a comrade's arm, pointed.

Blong! went the gun under the arch. Whack! went the shell simultaneously. It was a shrapnel, with a double-effect fuse—that is, it would explode in air if it had time for the fuse to burn, but if it struck anything meanwhile it would explode by percussion; and since it had hit the ground in the center of the enemy group, it burst very finely indeed.

Being shrapnel, 90 per cent of its effect was lost by bursting on the ground, but the other 10 per cent dispersed itself among the group about the screen. Screen and group disappeared in the waist-high wheat. At about the same instant the lieutenant made one jump from the embankment to the trail of the gun, just in time to receive the ejected shell case on the shin. It hurt, and his language was lurid.

"Where's Sergeant Dennison?" he demanded. "Who threw that case out like that? Where's Number 2? Cut those fuses at twenty-five and they'll burst in air! Load up and let her go again! The wheat is full of boches! Sergeant Dennison, answer me, or I'll have your stripes!"

"He's gone!" said a voice faintly.

"Gone!" It was just light enough under the arch for the lieutenant to see that there were but two men with the gun, one on each side of it. "Where's he gone?"

"I dunno, sir. He told me to sit here and I was to peek through the hole. When I see a enemy I was to say 'Fire,' 'n' Jughead was to pull the string."

"I done it too!" said the man from the other side.

Lieutenant Pattee, had he had time, would have leaned his head upon the gun and wept. The ex-cook, the ex-baker, the so-called sergeant, had gone over the hill, and with him what was left of the gun crew, save these two, who had stayed because they had not had sense enough to go. Gillespie the lieutenant did not know, but Soriano, called Jughead, he did. He was a moron—a man with the intelligence of a child of five. He could not rake the picket line and do it properly.

"Get off that seat!" said the lieutenant to Soriano. "Gillespie, take Number 1. You, Soriano, see that hole in the back of the gun? That's to put shells in. Grab one of those and see if you can put it in."

He pointed to the pile of high-explosive shells which would burst on contact, whereas the shrapnel had to be cut—an operation requiring an ability to read figures at least.

Soriano leaped willingly to the pile of shells, seized the topmost one and slammed it home. He missed the chamber by several inches and smashed the nose of the shell against the steel breechblock with a clang. The officer's heart stood still, then raced on again. Why the shell had not exploded was a mystery. He arose and smote the Jughead with his foot.

"Git!" he ordered, tearing the shell from the other's hands. He loaded the gun and Gillespie slammed shut the breech. "I'll load and aim too," said the lieutenant, jumping across the trail and peeking through the hole in the shield. "It'll slow up our fire. Can't do anything else. I expected to get killed when I came to this war and I don't give a damn, but I'd like to live to tell the battery commander what I think of him for the gun crew he picked me!"

He sat down on the gunner's seat. The light was getting stronger every minute and he could plainly see a thin line of German infantry advancing diagonally across the field, evidently to take Mezy in flank.

The sight on the gun was a small black square divided into four by a perpendicular and a horizontal white line. The lieutenant carefully turned the elevating gear until the infantry seemed to walk upon this horizontal line, then he spun the traversing gear so that the gun, sliding along the axle and carrying the sight with it, brought the perpendicular line on the sight against the first German.

"Fire!" husked Pattee.

Blam! went the gun, the breech crashed open as Gillespie threw up the handle, and the ejected shell, still smoking, clanged against the trail.

Pattee watched for the burst. It was lost in the fog and the infantry marched on unmoved.

"Hit 'em?" asked Gillespie, standing up and peering over the shield.

"You sit down on that seat and never mind!" barked the officer. "Did you monkey with that sight quadrant? Leave it alone! Don't touch a thing!"

"Did yuh set the drum an' *plateau?*" asked Gillespie, unmoved.

The lieutenant swore. There were two gadgets on the sight column that had to be set before any aiming could be done. It followed that if in indirect fire a man could aim at a stick and hit a crossroad two or three miles away, in direct fire he might aim at a column of infantry and hit almost anything within range, but not the infantry.

But soft! *Plateau* zero, drum one hundred! That was the setting for direct fire. Good! He set the drum and *plateau* and looked for the infantry. They had gone on and, having moved into a field of wheat, were invisible—no, but with the field glasses, there they were, helmets moving, in line with that white house! He laid the gun on the white house.

"Put in a shell!" he choked. He heard it go in and the breech roll shut. "Fire!"

Crack! The helmets disappeared.

"There, you sons!" cried Pattee. "Tell me I can't shoot one of these guns!"

That the enemy had flopped at the shriek of the shell and were probably all crawling safely away did not occur to him.

"Listen now," said the lieutenant hurriedly. "These H. E. shells aren't as good as shrapnel. I'm going to lay on the edge of the fog—it's about six hundred yards away. I'll set the fuse cutter at six hundred with a corrector of sixteen. You put the shells in and cut the fuse, then load, and I'll fire. I won't need to aim any more."

It was necessary to kick Jughead Soriano away from the fuse cutter. There was a shell in it and the lieutenant hurriedly inspected it. It had been cut with a corrector at zero, which would burst it very nearly at ground level, no matter at what range.

"Here, you! Hold this shell! Stand right here and don't move with it!"

He stationed Soriano at the entrance to the underpass, holding the shell. This would keep him safe and out of the way. Then the lieutenant and Gillespie tried to run the gun together.

"Runaway hoss! Runaway hoss!"

Jughead Soriano rushed into the arch, upset Gillespie, who stood posed with the shell, and seized the lieutenant's arm.

"Get out of here, you crazy idiot!" yelled the lieutenant. "Go over to those woods and start lugging in shells. Do something to be useful. Get yourself killed if you can't do anything else!"

"Runaway hoss!" insisted Soriano.

Sure enough, Pattee heard a rumble of hoofs. Who—what—— Four horses flashed by the entrance to the arch, accompanied by cursing men and a rattling, bouncing pair of wheels. They made a circle in the field and went by again. At the head of the leading pair was Sergeant Dennison, and seeing this, Pattee left the gun and rushed out.

"Here, you," he shouted, "stop those horses! I want to see you! Where yuh been, hey? Pull down those horses, hear me?"

"D'yuh think we're makin' 'em run?" replied the sergeant in a most insubordinate manner. He tugged at the bridle and addressed the horses. "Condemn your mean lean flee-bitten hide, whoa! Hold up, now, you glue-factory-cheatin' illegitimate! Turn their noses int' the bank, corporal; maybe that'll stop 'em. Turn 'em in! There, gallop up that 'n' see how 't feels!"

The horses, after a futile attempt to mount the railroad embankment, stood

(Continued on Page 68)

NASH

Leads the World in Motor Car Value

Nash Luxury at Nash Price

gives you the utmost in motor car value

THOSE who love fine motor cars are attracted invariably to Nash, because Nash invariably shows them style and luxury quite unusual among moderately priced motor cars.

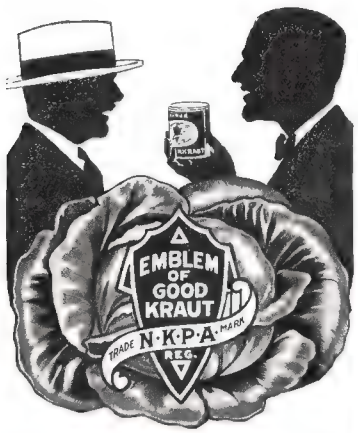
Finer materials, charming taste, more exacting care in workmanship, all these contribute to lend charm to your motoring, when you drive a Nash.

Looms famous for fine fabrics originate the unusual upholsteries employed in Nash interior dress. Body colors are applied by the Nash deep-lustre process which imparts depth and brilliancy to their beauty. Walnut and walnut finish paneling is liberally used to produce the fine-car atmosphere which surrounds you in a Nash.

And, when you find this perfect atmosphere in a car perfected in basic design, on a chassis every inch precision built, with a 7-bearing 6-cylinder motor of surpassing smoothness, it is easy to understand why so many people are enthusiastic about Nash.

Then, when you inquire the price and find it no higher than other cars much less desirable, it is easy to believe that *Nash leads the world in motor car value.*

STANDARD SIX $865 to $1085 — SPECIAL SIX $1135 to $1445 — ADVANCED SIX $1340 to $1990
F. O. B. THE FACTORIES



Both Consumer and Dealer Welcome
This EMBLEM
It Always Means
FIRST QUALITY
Sauerkraut

"Emblem Sauerkraut? Produced by members of the National Kraut Packers' Association? Guaranteed to be First Quality? Fine!" said the customer. "I've been hoping they would take that step. Now I know what I'm buying."

"Very true; there are many people just like you," replied the dealer, "and my sales have doubled in the last few months."

"That is not surprising. In our family we are great lovers of Sauerkraut. To know that we can be sure of First Quality Sauerkraut will bring me here oftener than ever."

"Thank you. I've never had a complaint since I began handling it. It is always of the right color and proper shredding and what they call correct lactic content. The Packers deserve praise for what they have done. With the help of Uncle Sam's officials, they voluntarily agreed on a Sauerkraut standard. Only those members meeting this standard are licensed to use that Emblem on their cans or barrels."

"As I said, I'm for the Packers and I'll help spread the good news. By the way, can you guess why I am so glad to get this Sauerkraut? Well, you know, I'm very fond of turkey, and have just bought a fine sixteen pounder that I want to stuff with Sauerkraut. When in season, you should try wild turkey, duck, goose, pheasant, or other game stuffed with Sauerkraut dressing. Nothing like it in the world. It makes my mouth water to think of it."

Sauerkraut is one of the most wholesome, delicious and economical dishes. Send for our booklet, "Sauerkraut as a Health Food" (with 49 ways of serving it), and learn what Metchnikoff, Sadler, Kellogg, Arnold Lorand and scores of other famous doctors and dietitians say about its health qualities. It is FREE.

15 Cents Worth of Sauerkraut Will Serve 4 to 6 Persons

THE NATIONAL KRAUT PACKERS' ASSOCIATION Clyde, Ohio

Send for Interesting Booklet FREE

The National Kraut Packers' Association
Clyde, Ohio
Please send me postpaid your free booklet "Sauerkraut as a Health Food," with new tested recipes.

Name

Address

P-21 City and State

(Continued from Page 66)

still and trembled. They were attached to two wheels and an axle, from which a white-faced soldier descended.

"Where yuh been?" demanded Pattee, with lowered eyebrows.

"When the shellin' let up we heard horses runnin' on the road, then a crash and the damnedest stampin' an' rarin' I ever did hear! 'Them's horses!' I says. 'Let's go get 'em! Maybe it would be a limber come after us.' We run out and there was a escort wagon in the ditch an' these here hell dodgers doin' a balance-all around it."

"We took it apart," interrupted the dude corporal, "and brought them along to pull out the gun."

"Brought them? They brought us! They took us damn near outta the sector! Whoa, there, stand still!" The teams made another desperate effort to climb the bank, but were unsuccessful.

"Swing 'em around now," ordered the sergeant, "an' we'll hitch on an' get out of here while the gettin's good. I got a piece o' rope we'll run through the pintle ring ——"

"Too much talk!" barked the lieutenant. "Take those horses over there and tie 'em up to the trees. Then come back and pile in on this gun! We've got work to do! The boches are coming through the wheat like recruits to chow call! Move!"

"But didn't the lieutenant say somethin' about havin' orders to get out the gun? Well, if it ain't got out quick, it won't never be, I'll inform the cockeyed world!"

"Do what I say," replied the lieutenant furiously, "if you don't want the toe of my boot where it'll do the most good!"

Five minutes later the gun opened fire on a trench mortar. It had been set up in a patch of scrub with intent to engage and destroy American machine-gun positions farther down the river bank. The shell burst beautifully and spat two hundred and ninety leaden balls at the trench mortar and its crew. The latter's effectiveness immediately disappeared.

"Another round!" commanded the lieutenant.

Another round was fired. Where did it go? Ah, that was the question. A hurried examination of the sight setting showed no change. A hurried inquest at the fuse setter disclosed that the shell had been fired with its safety cap still in place, the man at the fuse setter protesting that he had never before handled one in his life.

"You run the fuse setter, sergeant!" directed the lieutenant. "Corporal, take Number 1. I'll be the gunner. Let's see if the three of us can't make this work!"

Gillespie loaded, the fourth man passed shells and Jughead still stood at the entrance, holding his shrapnel and watching what went on without the slightest flicker of interest.

Targets came thick and fast now. Infantry climbed up the river bank in ever-increasing numbers. The irregular whack-whack of rifle fire grew louder as the Americans in Mezy fell back. The smoke lifted a little, so that the lieutenant could see the farther bank and Germans there, two and two, carrying down pontoon sections for a bridge. The lone gun under the arch ruined that project. They shifted target to the crossroad below the church in Mezy and dispersed quite a group of the enemy that had concentrated there. The enemy located them then, for machine-gun bullets began to click against the stones of the arch and ring on the gun barrel.

"It's coming from the left flank!" said the dude corporal. He stood up to see—thuck!—he went down in a heap between gun and wheel as though someone had suddenly removed his backbone. They pulled him out hurriedly, but he was dead.

"Sit here a minute, sergeant, and run the gun," said the lieutenant. "I'm going out to take a look and see if it's time to go. You'll be in command if—that is, you'll be in command."

He went cautiously out and crawled up to the track. Machine-gun bullets drew sparks from the rails like those from an emery wheel, so he went down, but not before he had seen that the railroad station at Mezy was in the hands of the enemy. Here and there to the south he could make out small groups of Germans. But in front, where the tiny stream that flowed down the valley joined the Marne, the line still held. There were no Germans there.

Below, in the shelter of the embankment, the four horses had ceased to twist and turn, and now, better used to the noise, or convinced that it would not harm them, chewed peaceably at the trees to which they were tied.

The lieutenant decided that he could hang on yet a while. Base though he knew the thought to be, he could not help but feel glad that none of the other members of the gun crew owed him money.

"We'll stay yet a bit, men," he announced, running under the arch. "This noise doesn't amount to much. The doughboys are holding and the trees those goats are tied to are good and thick, so they'll be sure to be there when we need them. Let's go! Visibility's getting better every second and we ought to do some good shooting."

The announcement was received with silence by the men about the gun.

"You'll catch hell for tyin' them horses to trees," remarked the sergeant finally. "I had my frame climbed for it once a'ready."

"Well, what shall we do—stand to horse with a bridle in our hands and hold 'em ourselves all day? It's time the Frogs got over this conservation of natural scenery stuff. Let 'em chew the trees down if they want to. I guess if the boches get through here they won't waste a hell of a lot of thought on trees. Now then, every man but the sergeant start bringing in ammunition. If the krauts get through on our left, we won't be able to get to it if it's in the woods. Pile it up against the wall. Jump!"

At eight o'clock the sun shone down from a blue sky and illuminated the high ground to the west so well that the lieutenant could make out movements in the wheat, and once in a while catch a glimpse of a slung rifle, which, being long, stuck up out of the wheat, though its owner was invisible.

The lieutenant got out his map for the first time. Um-m! In front of Mezy the Marne curved sharply southward. The enemy had crossed there, and driving back or destroying the defenders of that sector, were advancing eastward to take those in the throat of the little valley in flank.

What should the lieutenant do? He could not fire on these men from his present position. If he ran the gun out from under the arch it would expose him to certain discovery and destruction, either from Mezy or the hills on the far bank of the Marne. If he stayed where he was, another half hour would mean capture or death, for the American infantry he had seen in the fields and on the railway embankment could not hold out against both a frontal attack and an attack in flank.

PHOTO, FROM STATE OF VERMONT PUBLICITY DEPT.

Yet suddenly, like a line of surf on a distant sea wall, what looked like dirty spray leaped high.

Whr-r-am! crashed another wave. Whoop! The spray shot up; then after that, unceasing, the troubled water leaped and leaped. It was not water but smoke. Someone else had seen that advancing line of Germans and a barrage had been laid down, which, from the height of the bursts, was from 155's. It was a comforting sight and the lieutenant went back to the gun quite cheered. It did not occur to him that the use of 155 millimeter guns against personnel in an open field was most unusual and it was a certain indicator that the batteries of 75's had suffered heavily.

That was Lieutenant Pattee's last reconnaissance. The enemy appeared in force now, having driven away the defenders of the south bank and so being able to cross unhindered. They threw over bridges and all the efforts of low-flying planes and artillery fire could not destroy them.

The gun crew under the arch did not work well. They were poorly trained; they had been up all night and under the constant strain of new and horrifying events. None of them had given any thought to what war might really be, in all the year or so they had been in the Army, and to have it suddenly revealed to them in all its vividness in a great drive, the last desperate effort of the enemy for victory, was a terrible shock.

There was no time to eat, no time to do anything. There was a little wood in front of them, and on the western edge the lieutenant kept up a steady fire. One shot, six turns of the wheel, another shot—ten to the minute, as a barrage should be fired. Twice they caught enemy groups just as they started a rush from the protection of the trees.

One of the seventeen balloons that they could see must have located them, for the track was hammered unmercifully for an hour, with no further effect than to prevent the Germans' own troops from advancing.

At noon Gillespie was shot through the leg. They put a first-aid dressing on it and left him. There was no place to take him to, and no one to take him if there had been. Some more bullets smacked on the arch while they were dressing the wound.

"Carry on!" said the lieutenant sternly.

He unbuttoned the flap of his holster and tied it back with great show.

The men could see, as well as he, that the bullet that hit Gillespie had come from behind Moulins or Paroy and that it meant that the enemy had gone through the French positions on the right.

The sergeant that had been a cook, the half-witted Soriano and a third man were all that were left, but Pattee meant to hold them as long as he was alive. He exhorted them, especially Number 1, not to fall asleep, for inattention on Number 1's part would result in his getting fingers caught in the gun as it came sliding back after recoil, which meant a cold chisel and a ruined gun to get his hand clear again; also another man out of action.

At 3:30 they were so deaf with the continual concussion that they did not hear a man come up to the gun until he shouted in the lieutenant's ear, "Are you in command?" Pattee nodded. "Fine work then! You've kept 'em off our necks all day! We've got orders to pull out, back as far as the aqueduct. I felt so grateful that I had to come over to tell you in case you hadn't heard. Yeh, we gotta fall back. They went through the Frogs like a streak of catnip. I hear they took Montmirail at noon."

"Montmirail!" gasped the lieutenant.

Montmirail was the railhead, fourteen kilometers away.

"Leave the gun and come back with us," said the other officer, reading Pattee's thought. "You'll never get it out of there. There's only three horses left anyway. One of them stamped and r'ared himself around his tree, and so he broke his neck."

"I'll bet it was that black one," cried Sergeant Dennison. "He ain't no account

(Continued on Page 70)

EXPECT THE UNEXPECTED
—A DIFFERENT KIND OF A SIX

Approach The Victory expecting the unexpected—for it is radically unlike any other motor car in the world . . . In The Victory Six, body and chassis are integral . . . Other cars have hundreds of major body parts. The Victory has 8! . . . Other cars provide *one* body wall to protect you. The Victory provides *two*—yet is lighter by 175 pounds! . . . Its weight swung low between the wheels—and without body overhang—The Victory's smooth going over rough roads, and its freedom from skidding and sidesway, will amaze you . . . And The Victory power-plant—relieved of excess weight—will treat you to a character of speed, pick-up and getaway you have never expected in a car at this price.

$1095
BROUGHAM F.O.B. DETROIT

The VICTORY SIX
BY DODGE BROTHERS

ALSO THE SENIOR SIX AND AMERICA'S FASTEST FOUR

Character

SO tall it stands—and with such a manly personality! How rugged is its dignity! Surely, in the staunch character of a Colonial Clock is the home's perfect expression of its permanence and stability.

Give your hearth the distinction that only the upright character of a Colonial Clock can give. You'll find both a style and a size to please, whether for mansion or cottage. Be the price as little as $55.00 or a thousand and more, the same for-all-time reliability is pledged to you by the "Colonial" nameplate, found inside the door. Whatever the choice, your Colonial Clock will be distinguished by its Solid Honduras Mahogany case, its splendid Imported movement.

Colonial Manufacturing Co.
Zeeland, Michigan

Sold by the better Furniture and Jewelry Stores.

This Free Book

"For All Time"—an interesting story of Grandfather clocks—is yours for the asking.

COLONIAL CLOCKS

(Continued from Page 68)

anyway. He wouldn't pull comin' in, only just paw the air and buck an' try to break loose o' the hold I had on his bridle. Good enough for him he's dead."

"Well, I must skip back," said the infantry officer. "Blow up the gun and let's go!"

"No!" said Pattee firmly. "They told me to get out the gun and I'm going to get it out. We'll need it tonight. It'll sicken any attempts to take the aqueduct in front. I've got a wounded man I'm going to get out too."

"An' the corporal?" asked Dennison.

"Let the boches bury him. We can't carry everyone. Give us a hand for just a second, will you, captain? We can't get the gun out of *abatage* with only three men."

Three hours later the gun arrived with its crew—less Gillespie, left at a dressing station—at the town of Courboin. There was no firing now by either side, and the place was as silent as a tomb. In this town was the regimental command post of Pattee's regiment, and thither he went.

"I'm Pattee of A Battery," said he to the lone officer he found there. "I've just brought in my gun. The infantry got orders to fall back, so I came too. I suppose that was all right?"

"Gee!" said the other officer, blinking in the candlelight. "I'd never recognize you, Pat. Yes, sure it was all right to come out. No use sacrificing yourself. Hm-m—er ——" His fingers twitched his lip in indecision.

"Well, what? What's on your mind? Why don't you look me in the eye? They want me to command another one of those forlorn hopes of all the imbeciles in the division?"

"No, no," coughed the other. "That is—h'm—I was just getting out a letter to you—that is, I've got it out. I didn't write it, you know—I—you know it's from the colonel; my name on it doesn't mean a thing." His cough was quite strangling.

"'Smatter? Had a sniff of gas?" asked Pattee. "Give us the letter!"

He took the sheet of white paper, and bending over the candle read it:

"'From—to—subject'—never mind that. 'Explain by indorsement hereon your violation of orders these headquarters in tying animals to trees during the forenoon of July 15.'

"I told the lieutenant he'd catch hell for that!" comforted Sergeant Dennison at Pattee's elbow.

"Who reported me for this?" demanded Pattee through his teeth.

"Your battery commander. He—if he hadn't, someone else would have. The order is very strict and everyone was looking that way. The colonel ——"

"Ah-h-h!" snarled Pattee, but no words would come. He turned and dashed out of the P. C., but a man seized his arm.

"Are you the officer that commanded that isolated piece?" demanded this newcomer.

"Who wants to know?"

"General Gauthier, commanding the artillery groupment of which you are a part. He ——"

"Yeh, he wants to bawl me out for tying horses to trees. Well, tell him with those three horses and the front axle of an escort wagon I got a gun up here from Mezy."

"No, he doesn't. He wants to shake hands with you. That was great stuff, that gun! He's going to recommend you for the Legion of Honor!"

"To hell with the Legion of Honor, and you too!" raged the lieutenant, breaking away and starting to run down the street. "I'm going to find my battery commander and give him a bang in the jaw that'll knock his kisser off its trunnions! I hope it costs me my commission! I'd rather be a buck private anyway!"

The darkness swallowed him.

AN AMERICAN BANKER

(Continued from Page 19)

individual, young or old, who had such colossal assurance and self-confidence. The first time I ran across him was in a bank in Birmingham. We were both waiting to see the cashier, an elderly gentleman with white whiskers, who stood talking to a customer at one of the writing desks at the side of the banking room. Elmer edged up close to the two men, and the moment the customer turned to go he slapped his business card down on the desk and put out his hand for the cashier to shake. The latter was looking over some papers that the departed customer had given him, and he shoved Elmer's card to one side impatiently and continued to look at the papers, paying no attention to Elmer's outstretched hand. A less-assured person might have felt snubbed, but not Elmer Giles. He broke out into a hearty laugh and exclaimed, "Oh, it's all right; you needn't be afraid to shake hands with me. I don't hold myself any better than you!"

The strange part of it was that Elmer was a remarkably successful salesman. He had such high spirits and good nature with all his forwardness that no one could long bear him ill will. He had, besides, a good field for his particular product, because the Southern banks were considerably behind the times in their safety devices. I recall that in one bank I visited in a fairly good-sized Mississippi town the only burglar alarm was a chair, with a wire attached to one of its legs, that each night was set against the door of the vault. The wire was connected with a bell outside the building; and the theory was that when the burglar attacked the vault door he would naturally move the chair out of the way, which would break the wire and set the bell to ringing.

In another town I ran across a bank where the combination lock on the vault door was out of order and there was no local mechanic who knew how to fix it. There was danger that if once locked it would be impossible to get it open again; and so each night the cashier would turn the knob just enough to set it on a dead center and hold the door shut, but not actually locked. It was the intention to have it fixed, but as a man would have to come from a near-by city to do it, the matter had been put off several months.

Anyhow Elmer Giles found the South a good field for the sale of his burglar-alarm system. He carried a small model of the device in a specially built steamer trunk, and his method was to go to a good-sized city and set this model up in a hotel room and invite the local bankers and those from surrounding towns in for a demonstration. On these occasions he would work himself up into a perfect spasm of energy and the sweat would pour down his face as he lectured on the terrible danger the bankers were running from criminals, and the security that might be had by those wise financiers who purchased his apparatus.

On one occasion when I was with him there was an audience of perhaps twenty men, and he was especially forceful as he approached the close of his lecture and prepared to make the practical demonstration. All through his talk he had stressed the fact that the alarm bell set going by any attack upon a bank vault would awake the entire community within a distance of three miles; and as he raised his hand to push the button he shouted:

"If any gentleman here has weak eardrums he had best cover them with his hands, for the commotion I am about to set up will be absolutely deafening—enough to alarm a whole countryside!"

He pushed the button with a great flourish. Nothing happened. He pushed again with the same result, and then with hardly a pause he broke out into one of his fits of infectious laughter.

"I was just trying your nerves, gentlemen," he chortled. "Before the actual demonstration I think it would be well to adjourn to the hotel bar for a little invigorating refreshment. Then we will all be in better shape to withstand the shock of such ear-splitting hubbub as my apparatus produces!"

It was twenty-five years ago, and in the state of Arkansas. At his invitation the entire audience adjourned to the bar and he found opportunity to slip back to the room in advance of his guests and adjust whatever it was that had gone wrong.

I have said the South was coming into prosperity at the time I was on the road, but the prosperity was not well distributed. I remember going into a small Alabama town to try to do business with one of the banks, and, as was my custom after my first disastrous experience, I first interviewed the president and cashier and then got the names of the directors, whom I called on one by one. In this particular case I had occasion to see a man named Moreland, who had the leading general store. The business houses of the town were ranged around a big open square where country people hitched their teams to long poles strung along on the tops of posts, and as it was October the square was filled with the wagons of farmers who were in town to market their cotton and make their yearly settlements with the storekeepers.

While I was waiting to talk with Mr. Moreland a tall, sallow man who wore a ragged straw hat and blue overalls came into the store to transact his business, and from where I stood I couldn't help hearing most of the conversation. He was, it seemed, a tenant farmer to whom Mr. Moreland had been furnishing supplies, and his cotton crop of the current year was so meager that he could not pay all of the interest on his indebtedness, to say nothing of the principal. Evidently the man could not read or write, for as Mr. Moreland pointed out the various entries on the ledger he nodded stolidly, but never looked at the figures.

Finally I heard him say, "Then I got nothin' coming to me?"

Mr. Moreland explained again carefully that the receipts from the cotton fell below the accrued interest on the already existing debt. The man stood for a long moment, looking dolefully about the store, and then remarked:

"I shore am sorry. I hoped I was going to take home a piece of meat."

The merchant told him to wait a moment and went back to the rear of the store where there was a large wooden box for the storage of salted meats. The season had been unduly warm, and of the few pieces left, none was fit for human consumption. He came back and handed the man a silver dollar out of his pocket. The man took the coin and went out. Mr. Moreland told me the man's family probably had not had a meal of meat since the preceding fall.

I think I see life a little differently because I chanced to be a witness to this homely drama. Whenever I hear people talk lightly of millions I remember the man who worked a year for the prospect of taking home a piece of meat and then got it through charity.

My career as a traveling man came to an end in the summer of 1903. Among the places I had occasion to visit a number of times was the city of Southton, at that time a community of about 60,000 people, and looked on as a coming town. In May of that year I was in New Orleans when I got a message from my firm to go to Southton, a journey of about 200 miles, to interview the directors of an institution called the Merchants State Bank that was reported about to organize a savings department. It turned out that the information

(Continued on Page 73)

Burroughs

ADDING

BOOKKEEPING

CALCULATING

BILLING

SERVICE STATIONS IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES OF THE WORLD

SERVICE STATIONS IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES OF THE WORLD

Burroughs Portable Subtractor

Combines direct subtraction with addition and multiplication. Speedy to operate—easy to carry. Eight-column capacity: $125 delivered in U. S. A.

Burroughs

BURROUGHS ADDING MACHINE COMPANY
6202 SECOND BOULEVARD DETROIT, MICHIGAN

A Job Half Done

Is Not Done At All!

WHAT difference does it make, if the thing be a house or a motor oil—if it is only "half done it's not done at all"!

If your motor oil has only *quality*, then it is only *half* right! If all it does is fight friction and resist heat, then its job is only half done! The right *quality* of motor oil is not enough —you need the right *grade,* or body, too!

Why? Because motor oil, to do a complete job when it goes up into your cylinders, must fill the space between each piston and cylinder wall—must seal this space to prevent the power from blowing by!

That's where having the right *grade* of motor oil is important. This space between piston and cylinder wall changes with mileage. In a new car, this space is small—only a lighter grade of oil can get into it to prevent power loss. After your car travels 2,000 miles, this space has increased—only a heavier grade of oil will seal your power. At 12,000 miles, a still heavier grade is required.

There is a grade of Opaline to give you this extra service—to seal this space and prevent your power from blowing by, both before and after pistons are refitted or new rings installed. That's where the Sinclair Law of Lubrication* carries a message to you.

In Sinclair Opaline Motor Oil you get not only good oil, meeting the demands of present-day engines—you also get the right grade to *fit the degree of wear* in your engine at every mileage point.

Buy Opaline by mileage! Tell your Authorized Opaline Dealer how many miles your car has been driven and he will give you motor oil that will do the complete job! Having the right *grade* of motor oil is just as important as having the right *quality.* It is the responsibility of the Authorized Opaline Dealer to see that you get *both.*

SINCLAIR REFINING COMPANY, INC.

New York Atlanta Boston Chicago Detroit Houston Kansas City Omaha

Use Sinclair H-C Gasoline, the better, all-year, High Compression, anti-knock fuel for all engines

*THE SINCLAIR LAW OF LUBRICATION

FOR EVERY MACHINE, OF EVERY DEGREE OF WEAR, THERE IS A SCIENTIFIC SINCLAIR OIL TO SUIT ITS SPEED AND SEAL ITS POWER

© 1928 S.R.C.

SINCLAIR OPALINE MOTOR OIL

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Seals Power at Every Degree of Wear

(Continued from Page 70)

was incorrect, for the bank was not yet ready to go into the savings business, but the visit led to my acquaintance with the bank's president, Mr. Guenther T. Outcault.

I had to stay in town several days waiting for further instructions from my firm, during which time I saw Mr. Outcault a number of times, with result that he offered me a position in the bank, with the somewhat vague title of auditor, at a salary of $150 a month. The proposition looked good to me, and I accepted, writing the Bankers Promotion Corporation that I would like to resign on July first. I asked Mr. Outcault to delay my start with him until September, as I felt I was entitled to a vacation, which I planned to spend with my people in Virginia.

It turned out that I did not get my two months' vacation, and have not had it yet. I traveled my territory until my time was up with the Bankers Promotion Corporation on the first of July, when I returned to Southton to spend a day or so before leaving for Cincinnati and thence to Virginia. I had my sleeper reservation made for the night of the Fourth. That morning I was sitting in the lobby of the Mansion House when I saw a stout, middle-aged man who wore a black slouch hat and a Prince Albert coat without a vest walk up to the desk and ask the clerk a question. The clerk pointed in my direction and the man came over and introduced himself. He said he was Perry L. Greer and was in the general-merchandise business at a place called Greer's Station on the Southwestern Railroad about 130 miles out of Southton. The Southwestern was building a branch road that would connect with the main line at Greer's, and would probably cause something of a boom at that place. Mr. Greer owned a plantation as well as the general store, and was now ambitious to start a bank. He said he knew Mr. Outcault of the Merchants State Bank in Southton, who had told him I would be at liberty until fall and might take the job of organizing his institution. He was willing to make this temporary arrangement because he was in a hurry to get started, being fearful someone else might get into the banking business ahead of him. Mr. Outcault had evidently spoken well of me, for he pressed me to accept and to leave no later than the next day.

Perry L. Greer was a man whose overpowering enthusiasm made it hard to refuse him anything. I knew Mr. Outcault was doing some work at the Merchants Bank that morning, and got him on the phone to ask him what he knew of my would-be employer. He assured me that Mr. Greer was a man of substance and that whatever he said could be depended upon. Within an hour the arrangements were made. I was to stay at Greer's Station until September at a salary of $125 a month and free board at the Greer Hotel, which was another of my new employer's enterprises. Mr. Greer went home that evening and I was to go the following evening. Early the next morning I went to a printing office and gave a rush order for some blank checks and deposit slips, that were to be delivered to me that evening at the station. Then, as per Mr. Greer's instructions, I called at the Merchants State Bank and was given a thousand dollars in bills, which, for safety's sake, I distributed in my various pockets and secured with safety pins.

With this banking equipment I arrived at Greer's Station somewhere around midnight. At the hotel, which was just across the road from the depot, I found a sleepy colored boy who showed me my room on the second floor. There was no safe in the office where I might have deposited my thousand dollars, and though the door of my room had a lock, there was no key. The boy said a traveling man had carried it off some time before and they had not yet got around to having a new one made. I ended up by prying out some tacks at the edge of the carpet with my pocketknife and slipping my bank capital underneath for the night.

The Bank of Greer's was opened for business the next day; and though it is less than twenty-five years ago, I suppose no bank was ever opened under more pioneer conditions. There were three general stores, of which Mr. Greer's was the largest. The railroad station, the hotel and six saloons completed the business district, all grouped around an open square that was baked a brick red in dry weather and was a slippery sea of red mud after a rain.

At the station a single-track railroad left the main line and zigzagged off into the distance in the general direction of west. This was the new road that was firmly believed would make a metropolis of Greer's Station, and the construction gang was at work about twelve miles out.

I carried my blank checks, deposit slips and currency over to the Greer store. Mr. Greer himself was not there; he lived on his plantation some three miles away, and the store manager was an elderly man named Harvey Snider, who was generally called Judge, on account of being a notary public.

The store building was a long wooden structure, set on cedar posts and with a platform at the front. There were no show windows, but instead three wide doors that, when opened, gave a full view of the interior from the square. On one side was the stock of groceries, on the other side dry goods and men's clothing, and down the center a row of shelving for hardware. About midway on the dry-goods side was a railed-off space for the post office. Back of that was the office of the store, and that also served for the bank quarters.

The Judge was delighted at the addition to the business, for most of the trading was done in the evenings and I was someone to talk with during the long day stretches. At his suggestion I went over to the station to borrow the agent's box of stenciled letters, and with these we made two board signs carrying the word BANK, one of which we nailed on the store front and the other on the railing of the office.

Mr. Greer came in from his plantation about noon, driving a pair of fast horses attached to a light democrat wagon and wearing his Prince Albert coat, though the weather was scorchingly hot. He was pleased as a child with a new toy over his banking venture, which he considered one more step in the career of empire builder that he had evidently marked out for himself.

Half a dozen times during the afternoon he took me to the front door to point out the exact spot on the square where would sometime be located the Greer Office Building, the Greer Department Store, the Greer National Bank, or the Greer Opera House. He also told me that he was buying large tracts of land along the right of way of the new railroad which he expected would yield him enormous profits. He was a generous, likable man and I am glad he got so much pleasure out of his empire-building dreams, for the reality never came. Like so many optimists, he spread his capital out a bit too thin, and when he died ten years later his estate barely paid out 100 cents on the dollar.

The bank did not start with any great rush of business. The two other mercantile establishments would not patronize a competitor, and of the six saloon keepers only two opened checking accounts, the others evidently preferring to keep their finances in more liquid shape in view of possibly hurried departure from our midst. My first profitable business came from an entirely unexpected source, and one of which I have never been very proud. Each day at about sundown an engine and a couple of flat cars came down the new railroad from the construction camp to bring in a crowd of laborers for their entertainment among our saloons; and one evening about a week after the opening of the bank a man came in who introduced himself as John Morrissey, the construction superintendent. With him was a dejected-looking little individual whom Morrissey called Shacks, which I learned afterward was diminutive for Shackelford.

The business Morrissey called about was this: The construction laborers were paid by the railroad company once a month, on the tenth. If a man quit between pay days he could not get his money, but was given a time check, which was a slip of paper that showed how much money was due him. Theoretically the laborer could come back on the regular pay day and exchange the paper for cash; but few cared to wait that long, and so Morrissey developed a plan by which he personally bought the time checks at face value, less 10 per cent. He said he was going to quit doing this at the camp, but if I wanted to do it at the bank he would send the men to me and we would split the profits. I asked him why he was willing to share this easy money; for answer he grabbed his companion by the arm and shoved him forward for my inspection.

"This Shacks here is my bookkeeper," Morrissey said resentfully, "and he has been handling this time-check proposition for me. He claims it is a disagreeable job. He took four beatings today from different Bohunks who were mad because they had to pay 10 per cent to get their checks cashed, and he says he is going to quit before he will take any more beatings."

Shacks nodded his head earnestly in corroboration of his employer's statement.

To make a long story short, I accepted Morrissey's proposition, and during the entire time that I was at Greer's Station the profits on cashing time checks paid the entire expenses of the bank. It was not, I confess, a pretty business to be mixed up in, and my only defense is that twenty years ago such operations were considered quite legitimate. Business ethics have come a long way since then.

One day I had an experience that might have put me in Shack's class, if not worse. There was so little bank work that I got into the habit of helping Judge Snider around the store and post office. On this particular morning I sorted out the letters that came on the southbound train and waited on a few stamp customers. The Judge was busy on the other side of the store at the time, but afterward came to the post-office inclosure and asked if I had seen some books of postage stamps that had been lying there—the little books with pasteboard front and back. I had seen them, but they were nowhere to be found, and the Judge asked me who had been in for mail. I mentioned several names, among them that of Holt Houston.

"There's your man," said the Judge decisively. "Holt Houston takes everything he can lay his hands on, and he's got those stamp books."

I knew in a general way who the man Houston was. He came from a good country family, of which he was the black sheep, and at the time was running a saloon and gambling place on the bayou three or four miles south of Greer's Station. I told the Judge that if he was convinced Holt Houston had really taken the stamp books I would go down to his place and try to get them back.

The Judge warned me that I would be tackling a pretty hard customer, and suggested that I take his pistol, but I refused. I had never shot off a revolver in my life and had sense enough to know I would be better off without it. I saddled the horse that we kept for store errands and rode off to Holt Houston's place.

It was a two-room wooden shack built out over the bayou, with a couple of rowboats tied to the rear that Houston rented to fishing parties. The bar was in the front room and Houston himself was sitting there in a kitchen chair, barefooted. When I went in he glared at me for a moment, then got up and walked behind the bar and invited me to have a drink.

I replied I would be glad to do so if he would let me pay. He said nothing, but set out a bottle of whisky and two glasses. I told him if he didn't mind I would prefer lemonade for mine.

"What the hell is the matter with you?" he growled. "Can't you stand a man's drink?"

Nevertheless, he pushed one of the whisky glasses aside and set out a bottle of lemon soda for me. As blandly as I could I explained the reason for my call.

"We missed some little books of stamps at the post office this morning," I said, "and it occurred to me that I might by mistake have handed them out to you with your letters. If it isn't too much trouble would you mind looking?"

His only answer was to reach back in his hip pocket and pull out a small leather-covered blackjack with a round knob at one end, weighted with lead, and a leather thong at the other end to go around the wrist. He slammed this down on the bar between us and let it lie there, the heavy end toward me. Not knowing what the ethics of such a situation might be, I ignored the gesture and went on with my mission:

"Of course, Mr. Houston, I knew you wouldn't have taken the stamps knowingly," I said, "and the mistake, if any, must have been mine. But won't you do me the favor to look among your letters?"

He walked up and down behind the bar a few times as though considering what to do. Then he suddenly reached in another pocket, pulled out the missing books of stamps, tossed them on the bar alongside the blackjack and said casually, "Oh, hell, what's the difference? I'll pay you for them."

I assured him that this would not be necessary and that mistakes were bound to happen, after which I settled for the drinks, gathered up the stamps and went out. But I am free to confess that I felt much better when I was on my horse and around the bend, out of gunshot distance.

Greer's Station was a wild place in more ways than one during those railroad-building days. At one time the hobo situation became a serious problem. Not only did many of the construction-gang laborers who quit or were discharged turn hobo but others of the profession turned up from every point of the compass. At night the scene was like that of a besieged city, the bonfires from their camps forming a complete circle around the town. We had no local police, and holdups became so frequent that eventually we organized a vigilance committee on the lines of the California gold-rush days, and once a week about a dozen of us armed with shotguns went the rounds of the hobo camps to gather up all those who could not show good reason for their presence in our midst. We made such of our captives as had money buy railroad tickets for other points, and the penniless ones we placed informally on freight trains.

From a banking standpoint my worst crisis occurred on the August pay day of the new railroad, when for several hours I operated a banking institution with less than fifteen dollars in money. The railroad hands received their pay in the form of drafts which were good anywhere, and I let it be known that the bank would be glad to cash at par all that were brought in. I figured that some of the men would rather get their money from me than at the saloons where they were expected to buy a few rounds of drinks in return for the accommodation, and there was the chance that out of the lot I might pick up a few depositors.

By that time I had, besides my original $1000, something like $3000 on deposit. The safe we ordered had not yet come, and I kept my currency at night in a tin box at the bottom of a sugar barrel.

Pay day came on a Thursday. The construction gang quit a couple of hours before regular time, and about five o'clock the train of flat cars came down from the camp, and as it pulled up to the station the men began jumping off and running for the saloons and stores. In a few minutes I had a line in front of my bank window that stretched out to the store platform and

(Continued on Page 76)

Every Barrel of Atlas, of the 195,000 Used in the Castleton Cut-Off, Met All the Tests of the New York Central Engineers

Built with ATLAS in 1924

ATLAS

Main Offices: NEW YORK *and* ST. LOUIS • • BIRMINGHAM • DES MOINES • BOSTON

Built with ATLAS in 1913

For All Points West, North, South: the New York Central Terminal, Built with Atlas

DEPENDABILITY AND PERMANENCE

The True Measure of Quality in Portland Cement

FIFTEEN years ago the New York Central Railroad, insuring—as always—safety, service, and long life, chose Atlas Portland Cement for the Grand Central Terminal and Electric Zone in New York City. ¶ Again in 1924 for the Castleton Cut-Off Bridge over the Hudson, termed by its president "one of the engineering marvels of the age," the New York Central specified Atlas. ¶ **This repeated choice by a vast engineering organization is more than recognition of Atlas dependability and uniformity.** ¶ It definitely ratifies consistent performance and *assured permanence* as the true modern measure of quality in portland cements. ¶ More, it in effect counsels all who contemplate building a suburban home, a sidewalk, or a skyscraper, to specify Atlas—"The standard by which all other makes are measured."

A vastly enlarged range of artistic possibilities is given to concrete by Atlas WHITE, perfected by The Atlas Portland Cement Company. A true portland cement, it has all the famed qualities of Atlas GRAY Portland Cement—high tensile strength, permanence, economy. In addition, it invites architects to plan varieties of color, to choose from unlimited and widely varied surface textures, to specify even decorative sculpture of concrete.

To those who need special speed in construction and early use of completed work, The Atlas Portland Cement Company offers Atlas LUMNITE Cement, through an arrangement with its associate company, The Atlas Lumnite Cement Co. ¶ LUMNITE is not a portland cement, but it can be used for every purpose for which portland cement can. In 24 hours it produces concrete which exceeds in strength the 28-day concrete of portland cement.

PORTLAND CEMENT

GRAY AND WHITE

CHICAGO · KANSAS CITY · OMAHA · ALBANY · PHILADELPHIA · JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

A survey recently completed by the Bureau of Business Research, Harvard University, indicates—among other important conclusions—the essential economic functions performed by the Building Material Dealer in the distribution of Atlas from the mill to the user. For this detailed study of the building materials trade, Atlas financial support was prompted by a broad interest in the Building Material Dealer and a desire to have an impartial and authoritative evaluation of his services to his community. *For helpful construction information on any type of concrete work, write to The Atlas Portland Cement Company, 25 Broadway, New York.*

ATLAS

THE STANDARD BY WHICH ALL OTHER MAKES ARE MEASURED

(Continued from Page 73)

beyond. The men were getting $3.50 a day, so every time I cashed a check for a month's work I reduced my balance to the extent of about ninety dollars.

As soon as I realized what I was up against I told Mr. Greer, who happened to be about, that he had better wire Southton for extra currency; but as there was no chance of its reaching us before the middle of the next afternoon, I had to do the best I could meanwhile. I am afraid my operations of that day would hardly be considered ethical on lower Broadway, or would be commended by a modern bank examiner. For one thing, I worked very deliberately, taking plenty of time with each customer. Whenever one turned up who was unable to write, I capitalized the situation, making him get two friends to witness his mark and sign their names underneath and questioning them closely as to their acquaintance with their unlettered friend. I had an idea that some of those in line might tire of waiting and go elsewhere, but it was the most patient crowd imaginable. In an hour my capital was practically exhausted and it was necessary to declare a truce. I stepped out of my inclosure, held up my hand for attention and shouted,

"The bank is now closed for supper!"

There was some grumbling, but the line dispersed and I had a chance to gather fresh assets. Some of the men had spent a part of their money in the store, and I persuaded the Judge to let me have what he had taken in, amounting to $300 or $400. A couple of traveling men happened to be there with their sample cases and I got about a hundred from them. It was out of the question to ask for accommodation from the other storekeepers, but I went the round of the six saloon keepers and all but one of them did what they could for me, though they were hard pressed themselves. The station agent yielded up a couple of hundred. My last chance was the hotel, and there I had a piece of unexpected luck. The manager was a little fellow named Will Simpson, and after he had given me the contents of his cash register he pointed mysteriously to the dining room and whispered:

"There's a lady in there and she's got money."

I took Will's tip and went in to see the lady. Supper was not yet served, but she was sitting at a table alone, consuming a bottle of beer she had commissioned a waiter to bring her from one of the saloons, the Greer House being a temperance hotel. She was about fifty years of age, 200 pounds in weight, and had a deep bass voice like a man's. It was evident she was in no amiable temper, for when I introduced myself she demanded to know what the hell I wanted.

She really had cause for her sour state of mind. It seems she was in the land business in New Orleans, and was taking a trip to look at some plantation properties near a town called Harpersville, about fifty miles west of Greer's Station, which would be on the line of our new railroad when finished. When she bought her ticket in New Orleans the agent had looked at the map and, seeing a dotted line extending from Greer's Station to Harpersville, routed her that way. She had got into Greer's Station that afternoon and learned that the line to Harpersville would not be ready for traffic within six months at the earliest. I never heard a lady express herself more forcibly on the subject of fool ticket agents, crooked railroad corporations and tank villages—by which last she meant the community of Greer's Station. When I suggested that I would like to give her railroad pay checks in exchange for any cash she could spare, she asked me if I thought she was a blankety-blank fool.

But after all she was a good sport. I explained to her the fix I was in, and after a while she agreed to go over to the store to see if I was telling the truth. Once there, I had no trouble in convincing her that my operations were on the square, and I indorsed over to her $600 worth of railroad pay checks while she went into the back room and extracted that amount from somewhere about her person, all in new twenty-dollar bills, but a bit dampish on account of the lady's tendency to perspire profusely in our August climate. I was so busy that I am afraid I did not sufficiently express my thanks, and I did not even get her name; but I would like to say here and now that if the lady who was marooned in Greer's Station on August 13, 1903, chances to read these lines and ever visits New York City, all the courtesies of the Transcontinental Bank and Trust Company will be extended to her.

With the additional cash I had collected I managed to continue payments until the store and bank closed for the night, but it was a close squeeze. When I opened next morning I had less than fifteen dollars, and that was all I had to operate on until mid-afternoon, when the money we had telegraphed for came down from Southton.

The small town is a wonderful field in which to gain real down-to-the-ground business ideas. I have said that on account of jealousy neither of the two competing merchants would at first do business with Mr. Greer's bank; but after a few weeks one of them—a man named Weatherby—happened to meet me in the hotel and said he might a little later open up a checking account, as it would be so much more convenient than keeping his funds in a Southton bank, as he was then doing. When I got back to the store I repeated the conversation to Judge Harvey, who had a fund of natural shrewdness that had been augmented by his fifteen years' experience as manager of the Greer store.

"It'll be all right to let him put money in the bank," the Judge remarked, "but if he ever wants to borrow any I'd be pretty careful. Weatherby is going to bust one of these days."

I said I had heard of no shakiness on Weatherby's part, and I doubted it could be true, because Weatherby had quite a fair rating in the credit-agency books, and I knew he was constantly buying goods from wholesalers in Southton who shipped him without question.

"That's just it," the Judge answered. "He's buying too much. He doesn't turn his merchandise often enough. If you're a real credit man you ought to be able to tell by the appearance of a stock of goods what kind of a fix the business is in. If Weatherby is going to be a bank depositor he may ask to borrow money one of these days, and you ought to size him up a little. Why don't you go over there and look around?"

I put on my hat and went across the square to the competing store, which was much on the same order as Mr. Greer's establishment, with groceries on one side and dry goods on the other. The main difference was that where we had shelves down the center for hardware, Weatherby's carried a stock of men's clothing, the suits being suspended on wire hangers that were hooked over long poles. Mr. Weatherby was cordial enough and I stayed perhaps half an hour, during which time I had ample opportunity to look around. When I went back to Greer's the Judge asked me what I thought, and I said the business looked all right to me and I would have to see a financial statement before I would set Weatherby's down as a poor credit risk.

The Judge was delighted at being able to give instructions to a banker.

"A fine chance you'd have to judge by any statement Weatherby could make," he jeered. "To my knowledge he hasn't inventoried his stock in ten years, and I'll bet he couldn't tell within $2000 what his debts are. That's the trouble with a lot of you credit men. You think you can go by the figures, but a lot of times the figures are only guesses."

Then the Judge proceeded to tell me why he believed so firmly in his gloomy predictions for Weatherby's future.

"It's like I tell you," he said. "Weatherby is one of these fellows who likes to take things easy, and it's always easier, so long as your credit is good, to buy more merchandise instead of seeing that the merchandise you've got keeps moving. Now take his grocery side, where his canned goods are stacked on the shelves. His clerk dusts off the goods every day with a feather duster, so the cans are clean enough; but if you had looked sharp you would have seen plenty of dust on the shelves, in between, which shows most of the stuff has been there a long time. Even if the clerk took the goods off the shelves every day or so, you could still tell the stock is old, because the frequent wiping with a cloth soon takes the luster off the labels.

"Then there is the other side of the store where they keep the piece goods. If you noticed, most of the piece goods have a board inside the bolt. If you can't tell the age of the piece goods by their edges, you can tell by the looks of the end of the board. If it has a brownish color or bears evidence of last year's fly season, then you know the merchandise has not been moving.

"The same thing is true of Weatherby's clothing stock. All the coats are on wire hangers, and those that have been there a long time show a crease on the collar band made by the upright wire that hooks over the pole.

"You can see all these things in Weatherby's store," the Judge concluded earnestly, "and you don't have to be there more than ten minutes to do it. He gets in a new lot of merchandise which sells readily, but before it is half worked off he buys some more, and that which was left over from the first purchase becomes old stock. I'll bet right now that two-thirds of Weatherby's merchandise has been in his store more than a year; and it stands to reason no business man is going to last who is working on one-third of his capital. You'll see. Weatherby is going to hit the ceiling one of these days."

Fortunately Mr. Weatherby never asked me for a loan, but a year after I left Greer's Station his store did get into the hands of its creditors. And eighteen years later I still remembered enough of the Judge's technic to decline the account of a department store on Broadway, New York City, after I had made a personal tour through its premises.

During my three months in Greer's Station I had very few calls for loans, and these were in small amounts, from fifty to a couple of hundred dollars. Not knowing which of the citizens were good for loans and which were not, it was necessary that I have some kind of credit-rating book. For this purpose I went through the store ledger and copied the names of all persons who had charge accounts, getting from the Judge data as to how promptly each one paid his merchandise bills and about how large a sum each one was good for. Alongside each man's name I set down some distinguishing feature by which I might know him in case he came in and wanted to do business. It was the Judge also who gave me these data, and as he was a man of humor, some of the entries in my credit book were quite colorful. I recall that beside the financial rating of one prominent citizen I wrote, "Don't wear socks." Of another citizen it was said, "Hollers when he talks," and still another that, "Ears stick out straight from head."

I kept this book on a little shelf underneath the bank counter; when a man came in I would engage him in conversation and at the same time run through the pages without his seeing what I was doing. When I came to his page I could tell in an instant whether he was the man he said he was, and whether he was good for the accommodation he asked. I think it must have been talked around the community that the bank cashier from up North had the gift of second-sight, for one day an old fellow came in and without any preliminaries stepped up to my counter and said:

"If you're a banker you ought to be able to look at a man and tell if he is honest. I want to borrow $200 for sixty days."

This time I didn't even have to consult my book, for the Judge had told me that a man named Jones who was a great joker and also was minus one hand, in the place of which he wore an iron hook, was good for anything he wanted. As the man in front of me answered the description, I opened my cash drawer, pulled out a packet of bills and asked him how he wanted the money. He grinned in a pleased way and remarked:

"I don't want no money. I just wanted to see how good my credit was."

Evidently he was satisfied with the treatment he received, for a few days later he came in again, this time to make a deposit. The bills he brought were crumpled, as though he had previously banked under a mattress, which I imagine was the case.

Ordinarily the loans I made were unsecured, but occasionally, when the applicant was a renter, I took a chattel mortgage, and in such cases I always inspected the security.

I recall on one occasion riding several miles out to pass on the market value of "One heifer, one bull calf, one sow, with litter of six, same being three weeks old; all said property being offered as collateral on loan of thirty-five dollars."

The nearest approach to big business was a loan I made to a man I will call Wagner, a contractor who came to Greer's Station to grow up with the town. This Wagner was a peculiar character, originally from some place in Ohio, and even more full of the empire-building spirit than Mr. Greer himself. Before he had been with us a month he organized a chamber of commerce, got the six saloon keepers to form a retail liquor dealers' association, started a land-development company to provide factory sites for industrial concerns, and got himself elected secretary of all three. For his regular business he proposed to build two-family frame houses on the mass-production plan and sell them to wage earners; and it was for this that he came into the bank one day and asked for a loan of $1000. He had enough money to buy a piece of ground, but not enough to finish his first building. It was his idea that with one of his two-family houses completed he could go up to Southton and interest capital enough to go ahead on his mass-production project.

On general principles I was against entering into Wagner's proposition. He was one of those optimists who are always seeing $1,000,000 just around the corner, and who are always making plans that will work out wonderfully, provided every little detail goes as planned. But the little details don't always do that; and as the ultra-optimist usually has his mind only on the grand finale, his show is liable to break down somewhere along the route. I turned Wagner down on his request for a loan, but afterward he got in touch with Mr. Greer, who instructed me to let him have the money.

There was a curious sequel to this transaction. As a railroad division point Greer's Station eventually grew into quite a town, with a population of 2000 or 3000 people, and the bank became a fairly strong institution. Its correspondent in Southton was the Merchants State Bank; and seven or eight years later, when I was cashier of the latter institution, the Bank of Greer's sent us some paper for rediscount. Among the items was a note for $16,000 executed by M. H. Wagner. The signature had a familiar look, and I asked one of the clerks who came from the Greer's section if he knew anything about it. When he replied that Wagner was a building contractor I made further inquiries and learned it was my old friend. I further learned that the original loan had never been paid or even reduced and that the $16,000 represented a gradual pyramiding of credit through which the bank had been hoping to get back its $1000. We returned the note to the Bank of Greer's with the suggestion that it send us other paper.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

for Economical Transportation

AGAIN, Chevrolet has created an automobile so far beyond all expectations in the low-price field that it is everywhere acclaimed a sensation!

Not only does this Bigger and Better Chevrolet embody the matchless technical skill of the world's foremost engineering staff . . . not only does it incorporate the priceless scientific facts discovered in the vast General Motors Research laboratories—but into its construction have gone the great practical lessons learned in millions of miles of testing on the General Motors Proving Ground!

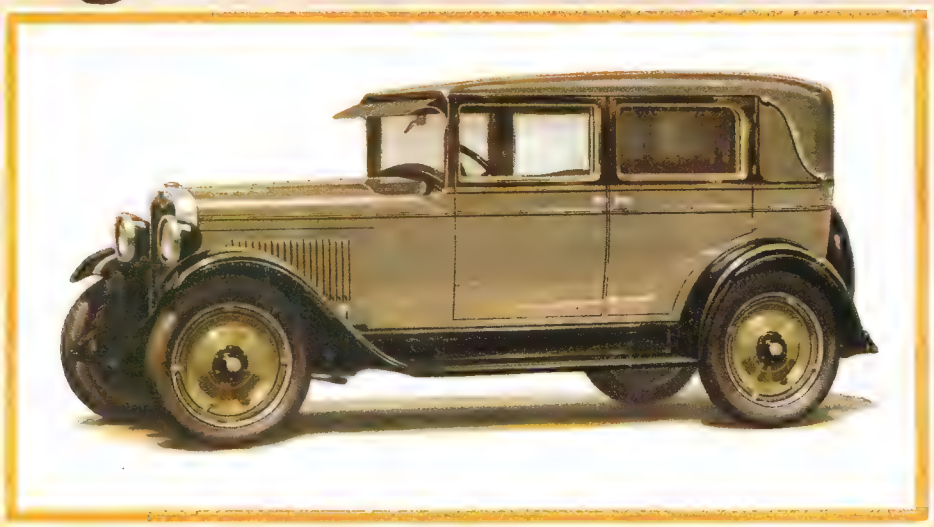
Built on a wheelbase of 107 inches—four inches longer than before . . . offering marvelous new bodies by Fisher . . . and embodying scores of mechanical advancements—this great new car marks a significant epoch in the development of luxurious transportation at low cost!

Study the illustrations on the following pages. Note the beauty and symmetry of the new Fisher bodies—styled with all the artistry and originality of world-famous designers! Read the list of outstanding features. Then go to the display room of the nearest Chevrolet dealer—and see the car.

Like tens of thousands of others, you will say that here is the world's most luxurious low-priced automobile.

QUALITY AT LOW COST

Again-The Greatest Sensation



The Imperial
Landau Sedan

Finished in Cossack Brown Duco with Mountain Brown beading striped in Gold.

New Reduced Price

$715

f.o.b. Flint, Mich.

The Sport
Cabriolet

Finished in Dundee Gray Duco with Brocatelle Green beading striped in Gold.

New Reduced Price

$665

f.o.b. Flint, Mich.

The Touring Car

Finished in Falmouth Gray Duco. Body beading black striped in French Gray.

New Reduced Price

$495

f.o.b. Flint, Mich.

The World's
Low-P

Finished in Ave
Tartan Tan whee
striped in Gold.
most sensational
the automobile

New

$58

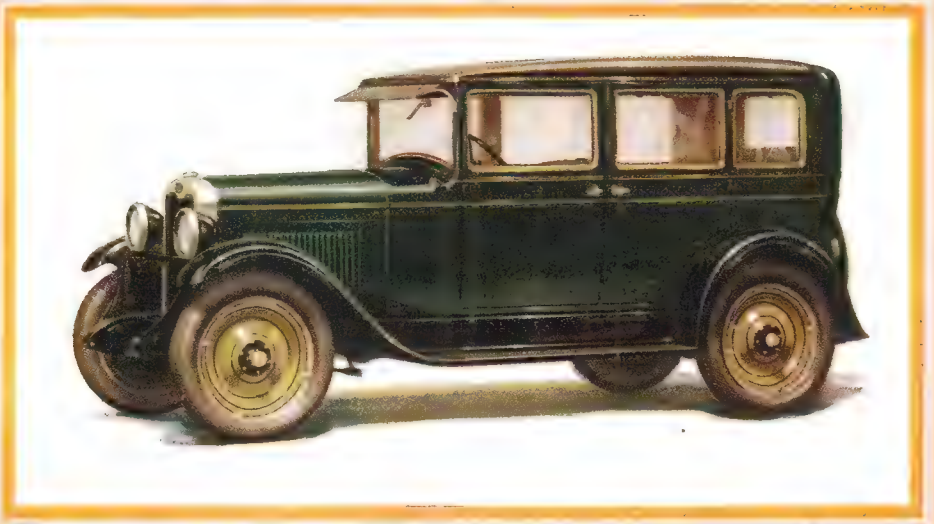
WITH its long
its graceful
modish colors
Bigger and Bette
order of beauty ne
low-priced car.
stream gracefully
with the contour
how the evident a
emphasized by ma

for Eco

CHE
B
B

QUALITY A

# of America's Greatest Industry!



The Sedan
Finished in Faunce Green Duco. Black body beading with golden yellow stripe.

New Reduced Price

$675

f.o.b. Flint, Mich.

Most Luxurious
iced Coach
e Green Duco, with
Black body beading
This car is one of the
ines in the history of
astry.
ced Price
5 f.o.b.
Flint, Mich.

The Coupe
Finished in Faunce Green Duco. Black body beading with golden yellow stripe.

New Reduced Price

$595

f.o.b. Flint, Mich.

low, fashionable lines,
proportions and new
genuine Duco—the
Chevrolet reveals an
before attained in any
how the hoodlines
ack to blend unbroken
the Fisher bodies—
of distinction has been
erly execution of detail.

The Roadster
Finished in Falmouth Gray Duco, with black beading striped in French Gray.

New Reduced Price

$495

f.o.b. Flint, Mich.

nsportation
ROLET
gger
ss
and
etter

T L O W C O S T

new CHEVROLET

for Economical Transportation

In keeping with the Chevrolet Motor Company's long-established principle of building an up-to-date, modern automobile—the Bigger and Better Chevrolet offers every feature of advanced engineering design and all the completeness of detail demanded in the world's finest automobiles. The partial list of Chevrolet features given below is indicative of the modern engineering and quality construction embodied in this great new car.

MOTOR

Improved motor—the valve-in-head type.
AC oil filter.
AC air cleaner.
Oil pump for efficient lubrication.
Fully enclosed motor.
New crankcase breathing system.
New two-port exhaust.
New alloy "invar strut" constant clearance pistons.
New hydro-laminated camshaft gears.
Improved mushroom valve tappets.

COOLING

Larger, deeper Harrison radiator.
Thermostat control cooling system.
Centrifugal water pump.
New wind-tunnel type fan shroud.
"V" type long life fan belt.

ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT

Underwriters' approval gives lowest fire insurance rates.
Delco-Remy starting motor.
Delco-Remy generator.
Bullet-type legal headlamps with dimmers.
Bullet-type parking lights.
Horn button, spark and throttle controls on top of steering wheel.

BRAKES

New non-locking four-wheel brakes—189 square inches of braking surface. Positive brake linkage.
Individual brake adjustments.
Automatic brake equalizer.
Independent emergency brake—70 additional square inches of braking surface.

CHASSIS

New 4¾" deep steel frame, 4 inches longer.
Wheelbase extended to 107 inches.
17" walnut-finished steering wheel.
Ball bearing worm and gear steering mechanism.
Semi-elliptic shock absorber springs—84% of wheelbase.
Rear springs 54" long and underslung parallel to frame.
Front spring 36" long—parallel to frame.
Stewart-Warner vacuum fuel feed.
Safety 10-gallon gasoline tank located at rear.
Easily operated single-plate dry disc-clutch.

TRANSMISSION

3-Speed selective sliding gear transmission.

REAR AXLE

Complete differential assembly including ring gear mounted in carrier, integral with pinion and propeller shaft assembly. Modern type positive adjustment.
Six large New Departure ball bearings in rear axle.
One-piece pressed steel banjo-type housing.
Rear axle shafts spline-fitted to differential gears, giving great strength.

EQUIPMENT

Completely enclosed instrument panel indirectly lighted includes speedometer, ammeter and oil gauge.
Rear view mirror.

4 Wheel Brakes

Tire carrier and extra rim.
Complete kit of tools with tire pump and jack.
Combination tail and stop light.
Klaxon motor-driven horn.
Theft-proof combination ignition and steering lock.
Gasoline gauge.
Alemite pressure gun lubricating system.
Larger balloon tires 30" x 4.50" with disc wheels standard equipment on all passenger models.

BODIES

New and larger streamline bodies by Fisher—combination wood and steel construction—the type found on highest priced cars.
One-piece full-crown fenders of heavy-gauge steel.
Ribbed rubber-covered steel running boards.
Large watertight rear compartment on Roadster, Coupe and Sport Cabriolet.
Cadmium-plated non-rusting outside hardware.

CLOSED MODELS

New and larger streamline bodies by Fisher.
Larger doors on Coach and Sedan.
New Duco finishes in striking colors.
Clear vision plate glass windows throughout.
Ternstedt window regulators.
Remote control interior door handles.
Door lock enclosed in door handle.
Door pockets.
Military type sun visors.
Improved automatic windshield wiper.
Fisher "VV" one-piece windshield.
Dome light (Coach, Sedan and Landau).
Foot rest, ash tray and robe rail in Sedan and Landau.

OPEN MODELS

Side curtains opening with doors.
Double adjustable windshield with rubber weatherstrip.
Outside door handles.
Concealed hinges.
Doors open forward.
Seats covered in durable Fabrikoid.
Large glass window in rear curtain.
Handy curtain fasteners.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

QUALITY AT LOW COST

THE RIVER PIRATE

(Continued from Page 23)

dopey from the sleep, but I jumped up and washed, and Sailor Frink and I went downstairs for supper.

When we walked into the restaurant I looked around for Maggie. I was very hungry. She was standing at the far end of the bar, her shambling figure kind of hooked over the rail, and she was whispering with a man.

I only needed a look to see that the man was Caxton.

At noontime Maggie had five men serving lunches to dock workers, but at night her restaurant had very few customers. She only had one or two things for supper, and one of those was sure to be stew. But I always liked stew. I liked to break off a piece of bread and soak it in the juice and eat it that way.

Sailor Frink and I sat at a table, and Caxton spoke to Maggie and then she turned toward us.

"Stew fer me," I called to her.

"You better be gettin' a bucket, so you had, Maggie," the sailor grinned at her. "The lad is goin' to have stew."

Maggie smirked her glue gums into sight and I saw Caxton's lips jerk a little as though he might have been smiling. I guess smiling was pretty hard for him.

"What's yours, Frink?" Maggie asked.

"Me? I guess I'll be havin' a mess o' whatever ain't stew!" the sailor called. "That there stew boiler you got ain't only so big, so it ain't!"

Maggie smirked again, the sailor laughed at his own joke on me. Maggie brought us good portions and I started to eat. Then Caxton came over and kicked a chair alongside our table. His hard eyes were on me every minute. He sat down.

"Have some chow, matey?" Sailor Frink asked him.

"No."

That was the way with Caxton. He never seemed to say more than he had to and he always seemed to think more than he ought to.

"Kid," he said to me, hunching his square shoulders and resting his elbows on the edge of the table, "you do plenty of eatin'."

"I'm just hungry all the time," I told him. "What is there to that?" It was beginning to make me mad, everybody harping about the way I ate.

"You eat more'n a stevedore," he grunted, "an' work less'n a statue! How come?"

"He's lookin' now, so he is," Sailor Frink interrupted. "Lookin' fer a job at work, that he is."

"He better find it, Frink," Caxton grunted.

"Is it that you'll be too friendly with us, Caxton?" Frink asked. If Caxton knew the sailor like I did, he knew right then that he was on dangerous ground.

"I can live without either of you," the copper shrugged. "You're nothin' to me, see? Not a thing—until our rackets cross."

"Is it that you're thinkin' the lad is crooked?" Frink demanded. I kept right on eating. There was nothing I could say to birds like Caxton and Frink.

"Coppers never think," Caxton sneered. "If they did they wouldn't be coppers." There was a lot of sarcasm in his voice.

"They do somethin', that they do," Frink insisted, "an' I'm askin', so I am, if it ain't thinkin', what is it?"

"Watching," Caxton growled. "I made it clear I ain't going to tail this kid back into trouble. I'll make it my business to give him a chance. But if either of you mess around in this district I'll knock you off plenty!"

"That's right plain, so it is, Caxton," the sailor agreed heartily. "Right plain it is. You'll be watchin' us, so you will, an' you'll run us when we does somethin'."

"Never was anything better said," Caxton allowed.

"Then," Frink grunted, "we got you to watch."

"No. Not unless your plans are—well ——"

"Like you been thinkin' they are, eh? Is that it, Caxton?"

"I told you coppers don't think," Caxton snapped.

When the words had got so hot I quit eating for a minute and watched the two men.

After what had been said, Sailor Frink creased his lips into a tight little line and I saw his scar jerking again. He was thinking things out for himself. Caxton sat there hunched up, his eyes steady on Frink. I went back to eating.

"If coppers don't think," Sailor Frink said after a time, "it's a right good bet that sailors don't either, so it is. Mebbe it is that they just watch too, mebbe."

"I won't frame you," Caxton growled. "I never framed a man in my life!"

"Ain't it so?" Frink muttered. "Ain't it so? I spose, Caxton, you hung around here, so you did, just to drive us off. You want us to beat it, so you do."

"I don't give a whoop whether you beat it or not," the copper snapped. "I'm playin' fair, that's all. I'm tellin' you that you'll get all the tough breaks if you go wrong in this district."

"But you'll do no framin', so you won't?"

"Nary a frame, Frink. It ain't in my line; but I'll hang your stuff on you if you pull anything, and I'll send you for the route. It's just my way."

I knew he was telling the plain truth. Just the idea of having Caxton after you would give any man a sort of jump.

"You got"—Frink grinned—"a mite o' confidence in Caxton, so you has!"

"I'll get you if you do a dance around here, Frink," the copper promised.

"Me," Sailor Frink grunted, "I can't dance! Finish up three or four more bowls o' that stew, lad," he said to me. "We ain't got too much time, so we ain't. An' before we shove off we gotta thank Caxton, that we have. A gentleman, he is, an' a good friend."

"Or enemy," Caxton growled.

Then he got up and went away and left us there. I ate another bowl of stew. Sailor Frink was thinking so hard you could almost hear him.

When we got up he led the way out into the street. Caxton was nowhere to be seen.

"He might follow us, sailor," I whispered.

"He might," Frink gulped; "that he might—a little ways."

"Why do you suppose he was talkin' so secret with Maggie?" I asked.

"I dunno, that I don't. There's a lot more to Maggie than rough language, that there is." I recalled that he had told me that before.

"Where are we goin', sailor?" I asked.

"Goin'?" he shot at me in his thick voice. "Where are we goin', you ask? We're goin' to Kraft's, o' course, lad. Is it the stew or the sleep that drowned yer mem'ry?"

That suited me all right. I did not answer. But I knew that Sailor Frink could not be scared off—not even by Caxton.

VIII

WE LEFT Maggie's behind us as we strolled along. As nearly as I could see, Sailor Frink was not watching for Caxton, and that struck me as queer. The copper was on my mind a lot. I guess it was just a guilty conscience, because I knew that we were going out on a crooked job. I kept peeking around for Caxton, because I was afraid he might be smart enough to follow us.

We went along until we had got away from the docks and reached a car line.

"Climb aboard this here one." Frink smiled at me as a trolley came along. "Climb right aboard, hearty. Don't be a-worryin' about this Caxton." From that I knew that Sailor Frink had not forgotten the copper or the chance that he might try to learn more about us.

I could not understand just what we were taking a street car to Kraft's for, but after you got to know Frink real well you did not ask questions.

We rode for a long way—three or four miles. Then we got off and Frink stood in the shadows of a building and watched all the automobiles and the street cars for nearly half an hour.

"He ain't tailin' us, that he ain't," he grinned at me. "We'll be crossin'."

We walked down the street and into a ferry slip where a big boat was moored. There were fifty automobiles aboard that boat and there must have been two hundred people outside them. I leaned over the rail and looked down into the slip, and the water was like ink.

We crossed the river and Frink led me into a little town on the other side. There we caught another street car, and I could see that Frink was certainly keeping a close watch now. The car we caught was a short one, and when it started it bounded like a galloping horse. It was a good thing we were good sailors or we would have got seasick. We rode about three miles on that, then we got off and walked a few blocks back toward the river.

There was a little saloon there, right near a great big factory that had the biggest electric sign on it I ever saw. I remembered seeing the sign from our own side of the river. Even from Maggie's place you could see the reflection of it on the water. I knew we were right across the river from Maggie's and I knew that Sailor Frink had taken a long way around so that Caxton could not tail us so easily.

We went into the saloon and had two quick drinks. "Grog, lad," Frink grinned at me, "is a sailor's meat, so it is, when work's ahead."

From that saloon we walked around the factory with the big light flicking on and off overhead. Every time it changed I could hear a clicking noise, and I guess it takes a pretty big machine to run those trick lights. Down at the back of the factory there was an alley almost like a towpath on a canal. We walked along that.

It was pretty dark when we got away from that sign, and the place was mighty creepy. I was glad that Frink was with me; it was no place to be alone. On our left the river swept away to the other bank and it was, except for the reflections of lights that looked like ghosts, just like looking into a big black hole.

At our right there were big shacks and factories; all dark except for now and then a standing light in some dinky office or a row of lights in the elevator shaft, one on top of the other, which marked each floor of a factory. That was to guide the firemen, Sailor Frink told me, in case of fire at night.

Right on the edge of the river there were boathouses of all kinds—big ones, little ones, medium ones. All huddled together, they were, and I wondered how anybody could ever tell their own shack. But in the daytime they all carried flags, and landlubbers went into them and put on white pants and caps and kicked about the cost of gasoline.

In a few minutes we came to a gangway. It was familiar to the sailor. He knew every step. He took my hand and led me down, and I heard his keys rattling and a door squeak as it opened. Right away a blast of wet air hit my face and I stepped inside and Sailor Frink flashed the light and closed and locked the door.

In a little slip inside the house there was a sort of whaleboat. It was long, and pointed at each end, but there was a deck built up on the stern—just a flat deck that looked like a loading platform. Under the deck was a one-cylinder motor that the sailor called a "kicker."

"This is the craft, matey," Frink said. "You git busy now. Ship the oars an' stand by to warp 'er out when I lift the hatch at the stern end here."

He walked along beside the boat and caught hold of a rope that was belayed at the side wall of the house. He pulled this up and a drop door at the rear end of the boathouse went up. I worked the big boat out until the bow was under the door. Then the sailor stepped aboard and lowered away on the door.

"I'll start the kicker, that I will, lad," he whispered. "You git up for'ad an' try to keep a watch-out fer logs in the river. Is that mast aboard?" Things were coming pretty fast for me. I was afraid that the motor would attract attention when it started. I need not have worried any. Sailor Frink had the exhaust equipped with a silencer that did a great job.

I crept into the bow and felt along the boat. Sailor Frink had doused the light as soon as we cleared the house. "There's a thing like a mast here," I told him. "It's a mighty short one, an' thick."

"Is there a bos'n's chair on 'er?" the sailor asked.

I felt around and found the rope and the little seat of a boatswain's chair. "Yep. Lines an' all. The line is rove through the mast someway."

The sailor chuckled and I heard him turn over the flywheel of the kicker and felt the boat lurch ahead. My eyes were getting used to the dark and I began to see things. The sailor certainly could handle a boat.

Far up the river I could see the ferryboat we had crossed on. It was a mass of lights and it looked like a toy being slid across a black velvet blanket. Ahead there were plenty of lights. Over on the far shore they glistened and winked and shot their reflections out over the black water. It seemed to me they were trying to point at us.

In about ten minutes we were creeping along the shore on our own side of the river. I knew the sailor was looking for Kraft's place. He just slid the boat along through the shadows, and standing right in the bow I could hardly hear the gurgling it made in the water.

When we got to the warehouse we wanted, Frink hove to against a piling and whispered to me to make fast. I reached out and slipped an arm around the piling. As I caught hold, my hand closed over a barnacle and I cut myself. I hoped Sailor Frink would not want me to climb up those pilings.

He was moving around as quiet as a mouse. I could feel the boat roll as he shifted his weight. At last he came forward and passed close to me and raised the mast with the boatswain's chair until he had stepped it through the midships thwart. After that he threw a painter around the piling to hold the boat and pulled me after him.

I half saw him working with a big oil can. He was spraying the running gear on the mast with oil. As he worked I began to see why the mast was short and thick. It was a collapsible thing, the upper sections sliding down inside the lower. He began to raise the mast, and it went right up alongside the warehouse windows. It was a clever scheme.

When it was high enough he whispered to me, "Into the seat, bunkie. Up you go. When you get aloft, we want the top o' the mast about four feet higher'n the porthole. We'll use 'er fer a boom, that we will. You'll find the tackle there an' everythin' shipshape.

"Take this here marlinspike an' jimmy the window open. Slip inside the warehouse an' slack away on the chair line. Hook the pelican on the hoistin' line to the window sash an' roll three coils o' two-inch line to the port—three coils o' two-inch. Then we'll lower away an' stow 'em, so we will, on the after deck.

"That done, hearty, I'll be tellin' you what to git next."

(Continued on Page 84)

Always have Three Kinds of

It's easy to keep the loving smile on mother's face. Write, today, and keep on writing.

Bills, mostly, come to dear old dad. Wouldn't a letter from you be a real treat to him?

Letters to sweethearts? What a thrill for the "only girl" when the letter carrier rings.

And that cute little cousin. How delighted young girls are when they receive a letter.

Brothers like letters. Lots of funny stuff in their answers, too, isn't there?

Eaton

Writing Paper in Your Home

"Oh, daddy, Uncle Jim has written me a letter. Isn't he grand!"

A cheery note to "the kid" pleases him as much as a birthday present.

Think of ALL *the* Letters You Should Write *—then* Write a Few Letters Today

When distance divides friends, the flame of regard is kept kindled only by personal letters.

Few things in the world bring greater happiness than warm, intimate, affectionate letters.

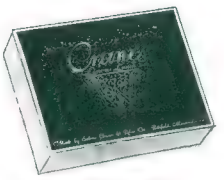
And remember that letters received are usually answers to letters sent—that to receive letters, you should write them.

Whether writing to son or daughter at school, to father, or mother, to a childhood friend, or answering an invitation to a dance, a wedding, a tea, or house party, personal letters alone reflect personalities and carry warmth.

Each letter requires a different tone—and etiquette frequently demands different kinds of writing paper. Today, "every well appointed home has three kinds of writing paper."

There is Crane's—for the very best: Eaton's Highland Linen—the most popular stationery in the world for everyday correspondence, and Eaton's Deckle Vellum—a flat sheet for the man.

Eaton, Crane & Pike represents the most complete line of social stationery in the world. EATON, CRANE & PIKE COMPANY, 1 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. Factories at Pittsfield, Massachusetts, and Toronto, Canada.



Crane's—for the very best.

Eaton's Highland Linen—for everyday correspondence.

Eaton's Deckle Vellum—a flat sheet for the man.

How would you write or respond to a dinner invitation? Social correspondence assumes added importance as our lives grow busier and as good taste becomes increasingly important to social progress. An especially low price of twenty-five cents has been placed on our new one hundred and fifty-six page book, "The Etiquette of Letter Writing." Send the coupon and a quarter today.

Eaton, Crane & Pike Co., DEPT. 100, Pittsfield, Mass.
Please send me one copy of "The Etiquette of Letter Writing" for which I enclose twenty-five cents.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

City _____ *State*_____

Crane & Pike

(Continued from Page 81)

"But there must be a watchman, Sailor Frink," I whispered. "What'll I do with him?"

"Aye, there's a watchman, so there is," he muttered in his thick voice—"a watchman—but he's off, that he is, drinkin' cheap liquor with Shark. Step lively now, lad, an' if you should—which you won't—meet up with a fracas, sing out fer Sailor Frink an' I'll come a-runnin', that I will. Here's the light, lad. Use it little as ever you can."

I slipped into the chair and gave the word. Sailor Frink hauled me aloft as though I weighed about as much as a feather. The boat rolled a little, but I slid up past the wall of the warehouse and toward the window. In one hand I carried the marlinespike and inside my shirt was the flash light. There was something in my throat, too, and it was a long while after that I began to suspect it was my heart.

When I was opposite the window Sailor Frink stopped hauling away. I could not reach the window, and the sailor belayed the line that was holding me and worked the boat into a better position. I stuck one foot against the wall of the warehouse and flashed the light against the window. The glass looked like the eye of a dead fish staring straight at me.

All around me was pitch dark. I could hear the lapping of the water below and once in a while a strange noise would reach my ears, and that always gave me a thrill. But I slid the spike under the sash and it gave very easy. I lifted the window and, through a thousand cobwebs that rubbed against my face like the breath of a bat's wing, I caught the odor of wet rope and hemp and tar. I let go the window, which was a big one, and was glad when it stayed up without any help.

I hooked one leg over the sash, but I turned the marlinespike end for end in my hand so I would have something to fight with in case I met trouble. It was not that I feared meeting a man; that was, of course, the only thing I could have met, but it was the last thing I expected to meet. I was a kid and scared of the dark and the smells and the bigness of the place.

I sat on the sill and lowered away on the chair. I held the line until I felt it go taut under the sailor's grip. I knew he would lash it tight against the mast to keep it clear of the hoisting and lowering gear. Then I flashed the light down inside the warehouse, and it was a good thing I did. The floor was easily ten feet below me.

Lucky for me, though, there was a pile of canned goods inside and I could get down over it. I caught the hook and looped it over the sash. Then I slipped inside and crept down over the boxes. In my mind was a picture of the warehouse as I had seen it that day.

I found the coils of two-inch line easy enough. In fact I found about two dozen coils, and they all carried red tags. About everything in the place was tagged the same way. I guess the tags told where the stuff was going and who it belonged to. I took no chances. I tore the tags off and threw them behind other stuff.

As I worked, the place seemed damper and darker and noisier than any I had ever seen. I felt like a mouse in a ballroom. It was all so big and so open and so noisy quiet. Once or twice I crossed up with dock rats and they squealed and ran across the floor. They are as big as cats and to me, there alone and pretty much excited, they sounded like horses on that hollow floor.

By the time I got the third coil of two-inch up over those boxes and lowered away to Sailor Frink, I was soaking wet with the work of it and half nutty with excitement. I was trying to work as fast as I could and one of the coils got away from me and rolled down the boxes with a clatter that sounded like a busy day in an iron foundry.

I saw it going for a minute and my tongue seemed as thick as a board and as hot and dry as a soldering iron. The coil bumped down to the floor, bounded off into the shadows and disappeared. I had no appetite for going places in that warehouse where I had not been before, so I let the darn thing go and went and got me another from the place I knew.

When I had lowered away the third coil it seemed to me I had been in the warehouse full an hour. I guess I might have been there as much as ten minutes.

"What now?" I sung out to the sailor in a whisper.

"Hold fast," he called back, his voice sounding like a ghost's coming from nowhere—"hold fast, lad, I'm comin' aloft."

I had tried to make my voice sound game and steady, and I wondered if the sailor knew I was losing my nerve and was coming to help me. Anyway, I was glad he was coming. He shinnied up the mast and reached over and caught the sill. I flashed the light a little and he was smiling like he was on an excursion.

"I'll be helpin' you, matey," he whispered. "I'll be gettin' the stuff here handy with you, that I will. Then we can lower away faster."

"Watch out for the drop inside," I told him; "there's only boxes here."

"Right ho," he grunted as he climbed through the window—"right ho."

Then we looked at his list with the help of the light and went down over the boxes on another hunt for stuff. My courage had all come back to me, now that Sailor Frink was with me, and I did a lot of whispering and got quick ideas and was no longer afraid to go places in the warehouse that had frightened me when I was alone.

The sailor was a peach. He feared nothing. He went around the place with the light burning half the time. When he saw what we wanted he would dart over to it, hook it up in his great arms and start toward the loading window. He would clamber over those boxes with the speed of a dock rat and stow the stuff handy by the window so that I could make it fast for lowering away when the time came. I would stand on the warehouse floor and light his way for him with the flash light.

We got so much stuff that once the sailor had to drop down to the boat again and we lowered away to make room by the window. He told me what to lower first so that he could stow cargo safest on the flat deck. Then he was back up again and we were off on another hunt. With the sailor along it got to be fun. I felt as safe as a bond in a vault.

"All we got to be afeared of," the sailor told me as we worked, "is the river boat o' the police. If they should just happen along like, they might be stayin' to ask questions about our craft, so they might."

"We better hurry," I suggested.

"We been workin' only thirty minutes, so we have," he grinned. "In another five we'll be lowerin' away, lad, that we will. An' in fifteen we'll be headin' to sea." He laughed hoarsely as he spoke, and together we manned an eight-inch hawser that took everything we had to carry. The sailor was the strongest man I ever saw.

Each time we got to the window the sailor would lean out and reach for the mast until he felt it still there. Then he would listen pretty carefully. I listened too. But all we could hear was the voice of the river as it lapped at the piling below and swished around the hull of our boat and onward toward the ocean.

"We got everythin', matey," the sailor said at last. "Everythin' that Shark has on the list, we got, so we have. He'll be pleased, that he will, bucko."

"There's a lot more stuff here, sailor," I whispered with a lot of false courage. "While we're here let's take some of it with us."

"They might trace it, lad, so they might," he answered. "That little boathouse is no place fer the storin' o' cargo, so it ain't. That'll come later."

I was tickled to death to get out of the place. The sailor stood there checking over his list to be sure, and to see him you never would think he was stealing a thing. He acted just like a workman who was going over his stuff in broad daylight. There was no hurry about him. He just wanted to be sure he was right on this buying trip.

"We'll lower an' stow, so we will," he chirped to me. "Up you go, laddie."

He went through the window and down the mast. I caught the hook and line and made things fast and shot them out into the night. When they swung from the window they would disappear from sight except for a sort of yellow streak they left in their wake as the darkness swallowed them.

Then I would hear them bump against the mast and hear the faintest whine from the sheave as the rope ran through the block and the cargo reached the sailor, loading below.

I was glad when the last load swept off into the night. Just as soon as the sling was stowed, I was going to swing out to the mast and slide down like the sailor. Then, I supposed, we would cast off and leave the warehouse and take to the river and fresh air and safety. But I got fooled.

Almost before I knew it, the sailor was at the masthead outside the window. He swung to the sash and climbed through.

"There's one thing we'll be takin', laddie," he grinned at me as I flashed the light. "It's that extra coil o' eight-inch. I knows, so I do, just who's waitin' fer it, lad."

We went down over the boxes again and toward the coil of heavy line. My hands were sore as boils from the work we had done, and the barnacle cut I got when we first tied up was bleeding and hurting. I began to think I might get poisoned from it.

The heavy coil was quite a long way from the window, but I followed the sailor and clenched my teeth and told myself that he never would see me quit. We got to the line. I flashed the light and the sailor tipped the heavy coil over. Then he looked up at me and grinned. I knew he was thinking I was about all done and was trying to encourage me.

"Good lad," he said huskily. "'Tis a good night's work you've done, so it is. A good night's work." Before I could answer him he had stooped down and was rolling the coil onto his own huge hands.

"I'll help, sailor," I muttered, slipping the flash light out and sliding it into my shirt front.

He did not answer me at all. I could not have spoken to him if both our lives depended on it. He let the coil roll away from him across the warehouse floor. Through his yellow teeth came a curse I seldom ever heard him use. It was a blasphemous curse, and the sailor, in a queer and superstitious manner, had a sort of religion of his own. I heard his teeth grinding and I reached out and caught his arm. The muscles were as set and hard as the very rope we had been handling.

Down at the front of the warehouse a single electric bulb had suddenly lit. It was high up on the roof girders and it was covered with white dust and cobwebs. Its light was a sort of yellowish green, but to us it seemed like a searchlight.

IX

WHEN that yellow glow filled the big warehouse, it certainly looked as though we were trapped. I just stood there hanging to Sailor Frink's arm and listening to his yellow teeth grind. There was not a sound in the warehouse beyond the scraping of rats' feet across the floor, the almost silent swish of the river under us, and the grinding of those yellow teeth.

The light left us absolutely without a helpful thought in our heads. I went as limp as an angleworm. My head was covered with sweat, and Sailor Frink told me afterward that my hand trembled on his arm just like a leaf in a cyclone. I never did try to think of anything to do. I left that to the sailor and just waited for his first move.

We stood there, I guess, half a minute, and in the back of my mind was the thought that any second we would see a lot of cops or some watchman with a gun trained on us. But nothing happened. Just that pale green-yellow light gazing at us through dust and cobwebs and giving me, without so much as moving or blinking, one of the worst scares I ever got.

Then Sailor Frink stooped down again and hauled the coil of eight-inch into his mighty arms. He was the only man I ever knew who could handle such a coil alone.

"We got a few minutes, so we have," he grunted. "We'll be gettin' started along, that we will."

"But somebody lit that light, sailor," I whispered. Instead of my voice, it sounded as though my throat was doing the talking. "Somebody that's around here close an' watchin' us this second. Mebbe Caxton ——"

"We'll be gettin' under way, bucko," he repeated. He lugged that coil over to the boxes and I followed. Every step I took I expected to hear a command to halt. The flesh on my back kept tingling as if it was trying to prepare itself for a shot. But we got to the boxes, and then up over them and to the window. The light still burned its pale warning when Sailor Frink slid through to the mast and left me there alone to sling the eight-inch.

I fastened the sling and hook, but I kept darting looks back at that light. Nothing happened. It just burned there. As soon as ever I could, I popped out of that window and slid below. Nothing I ever stepped on felt any better than that deck when I got there.

"Cast 'er off, laddie," Sailor Frink grunted—"cast 'er off."

I drew the painter around the piling and shoved the bow out toward the river. I heard the motor choke a little and then felt the boat lunge ahead. I glanced up at the warehouse and it seemed to me that I had been in the place for years, instead of just a short time. I guess I was about a wreck.

The window glowed from the light inside. We had not stopped to pull the glass part down and it looked almost as though the old warehouse had its mouth open and was trying to call out for help. As I looked another light flashed on; the same dusty, green-yellow color, but it made the window look bigger and brighter.

"Hustle up, Sailor Frink," I begged. "Another light just showed in that dump. Damned if there ain't ghosts there, or somethin'!"

I heard the sailor laugh to himself. His voice was huskier than ever, and out there on the black water with that experience behind me, it sounded terrible.

"No ghosts," he whispered back at me. "Nary a ghost, lad. It's them signal lights, so 'tis. The watchman ain't rung his box, that he ain't, an' when the boxes ain't rung they make a light show at a detective agency, an' they also light up, so they do, in the warehouse. They won't answer that fer another ten minutes, that they won't, matey. By that time we'll be unloadin' in our own boathouse. But it gave you a start, says I—a real start when that light come on!"

"It sure did!" I admitted. "Didn't it give you one too?"

"That it did," he whispered laughingly. "It ain't Sailor Frink as'll be a-lyin' about that there, so it ain't!"

Then we went on in silence. But I kept looking back at those lights. They had a kind of spell over me. I hated them, and feared them like everything for what they had done to me. I was shaking as though I had a chill, and now that we were out on the river where it was cooler, my wet clothes hung to me like a barnacle clings to a sea turtle.

"The lights just went out, Sailor Frink," I told him when I saw the pale glow fade out of the warehouse. "Mebbe you better hurry up. I guess they're there."

"I guess the watchman is back on his job, lad, that I do," Frink answered me. "He pulled at his boxes, that he did, an' the lights went out, most likely. If the others had come, there would be noise, so

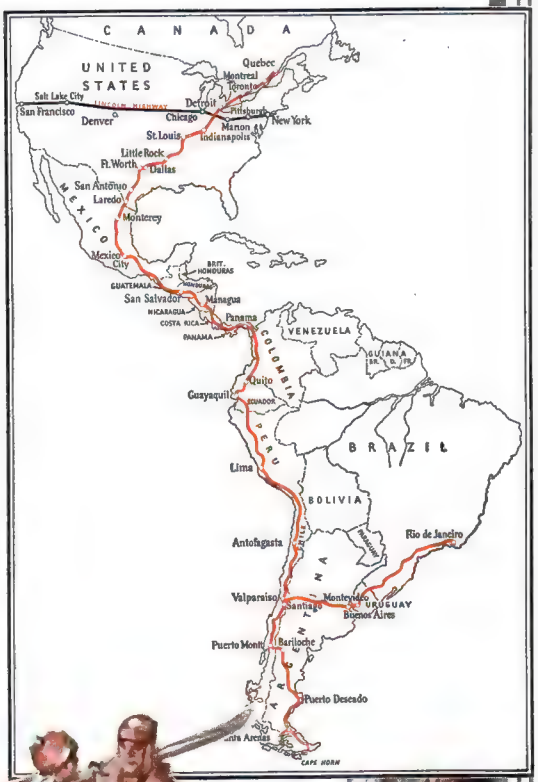
(Continued on Page 89)

FOR over a quarter-century, F. A. Seiberling has been an acknowledged leader of the tire industry.

Practically every major improvement in tire manufacturing—in tire construction—bears the imprint of his inventive genius, or has been developed under his direction and leadership.

As President of the Lincoln Highway Association, his pioneering spirit rejoiced in the task of bringing toward fulfillment the first vision of a great national highway.

Today he is coöperating in what promises to be the greatest road-building achievement of all time: the planning of a highroad which will bind a hemisphere together into one social and commercial unit.



Our Neighbor on the North . . .

An Editorial by F. A. Seiberling

CANADA, our neighbor on the North, is truly a neighbor, for her nine million people share with us a spirit of enterprise and of pioneering which is creating on this continent a great new record of achievement.

Only a short time ago I had the privilege of taking part in the organization of the Seiberling Rubber Company of Canada, and of experiencing the warmth and friendliness of a Canadian welcome to a new industrial enterprise.

If the reception accorded our institution is typical, I can see no limit to the height we may reach, to the success we may attain, as two nations traveling side by side toward a common goal.

Hard-surfaced roads have grown from trails—others have been pushed through where not even a trail traversed field and forest. Year by year they grew; threaded here and there across the border, knitting the Dominion closer and closer together, uniting the Nation to the North with our own.

Here is a map on which you see outlined a great Pan-American highway—a broad road to begin at Quebec and join together seventeen republics of North, Central and South America, a bond fated to break down century-old barriers, to make the Americas a social unit and to further that exchange of goods and ideas so essential to modern life—

To make us all, in a word, better neighbors.

F. A. Seiberling

Whenever the talk turns to Tires

When skis glide over the hard-packed snow — when a brilliant, graceful figure flashes through the air and breathless watchers tingle with excitement, the talk is of sport and of the great outdoors.

But when logs crackle and flame in the great fireplace and its warmth pervades the room, the talk will turn to many things: to travel, to roads, to cars — perhaps to tires. And those who have traveled many roads in many weathers will probably mention Seiberling All-Treads.

And if you have seen these tires or used them you will know the reason why.

A BREATH *of the Northlands in Tuesday Night's Music*

Used by permission of Oliver Ditson Co., Boston

The Seiberling Singers, with their male chorus, their soloists, their orchestra and their organ, form a combination new to radio. Always you'll hear interesting, *tuneful* music when you turn to them—and always one or more numbers believed to be new to broadcasting.

Listen for their Tuesday evening program at 8 p. m. (Eastern Standard Time) through WEAF and 26 associated stations.

On Tuesday night there will be two French-Canadian songs, an exquisite fairy tale of the snow-mountains "Kikimora", told in music by Liadow, unhackneyed numbers by Grieg, Bullard and others. But all of the music isn't of colder climes: listen for "The Hand-Organ Man" and a little Italian overture.

Whatever the Weather *Whatever the* Road

Sand, mud or snow—they're all the same to a Seiberling All-Tread.

Here's a tire to whose one-piece tread and side-walls are added sturdy side-bars for extra traction and protection.

The Seiberling All-Tread is built under the direction of F. A. Seiberling, who brought to it the knowledge and skill acquired in the designing and manufacturing of over fifty million tires.

Never before has a tire met with so great a success in so short a time.

Yet, not content with what had already been achieved, Mr. Seiberling increased by twenty per cent the quantity of rubber in this tire, and added twenty-five per cent to the strength of its cotton carcass.

The Seiberling ideal is:

"Not the cheapest—but the BEST tire that Seiberling knows how to build."

THE SEIBERLING RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO
In Canada: Seiberling Rubber Company of Canada, Ltd., Toronto

SEIBERLING ALL-TREADS

Bigger than the WEATHER

Armored against TIME

"Caterpillars" mind not at all the mischievous pranks of old Jupiter Pluvius! Armed with a "Caterpillar" the contractor gets his work done despite unexpected showers ... the farmer successfully battles short seasons ... the road builder gets his spring work off to an early start ... the "Caterpillar" track-type tractor rides the soft spots safely!

And not only longer working seasons ... but more of them! Drop forgings and heat-treated steels now build the track that resists wear ... that puts the nicks in the scythe of Father Time!

Independence of the weather; a long life and a busy one ... remember these pleasant things about the "Caterpillar" Tractor! ....

There is a "Caterpillar" Dealer near you.

1028

CATERPILLAR
REG U.S. PAT. OFF.

CATERPILLAR TRACTOR CO.
Executive Offices: San Leandro, California, U. S. A.
Sales Offices and Factories:
Peoria, Illinois San Leandro, California
Distributing Warehouse: Albany, N. Y.
New York Office: 50 Church Street
Successor to
BEST C. L. Best Tractor Co. The Holt Manufacturing Company HOLT

(Continued from Page 84)

there would." He was always sure of himself, Sailor Frink—sure of himself and, no matter what happened, cool under fire.

We kicked on, and Kraft's warehouse, with all the memories I will always have about the place, faded farther and farther into the night. Now it was just a vast black shadow, then it merged into nothing but a long line of darkness and I was sure, unless we happened to meet the police boat, that we were away safely.

I began to realize that fact as we made way across the inky water. We were away safely. Here I was with more than a hundred dollars in my pocket and three hundred more to come from just that night's work. I was on the way to getting rich. The thought kind of made my experiences in the warehouse fade a little in my memory. They were trials that had paid me well.

We got back to the boathouse without any trouble, and Sailor Frink, just with one hand, raised the heavy door and we slid the boat inside. Then he lowered the door and told me to snap on the flash light. I laid the light on the deck of the boathouse so that it lit up the boat as we moored it.

Then the sailor went over the stuff on the flat deck of the boat and rolled one of the eight-inch coils over under some canvas in a corner of the boathouse. He looked at his watch. It was only a little after ten o'clock. We had got through early.

"We'll stow this stuff, that we will," he said. "Then we'll go over to meet Shark and tell him what we got. He'll be glad, so he will—glad."

The business of stowing the stuff was another clever idea. Hung below the water under the boathouse was a big case. It looked almost like a lobster pen, except that the sides were waterproof.

The case was lowered right to the bottom of the river by a block and tackle that swung from a heavy rafter under the roof.

Sailor Frink raised the thing and it came up right under the bow of the boat. We had to put the light out and open the rear door so that we could push the boat back. That made us work in the dark, but Sailor Frink knew the things we had to do and we finished up pretty quick.

When we lowered away, the big box sank under water with a soft sucking sound that sounded like a promise from the river to keep our haul safe. The sailor belayed the line and we pulled the boat inside. Then we lit the light again and saw that the rear door was barred and everything tight before we left.

As we walked up the cleated gangway to the alley we were to follow back to the trolley line, I began to realize that I had been working. My muscles ached like anything and the cut on my hand was still bleeding and I had to wrap a handkerchief around it.

When we got up to where the light from the big electric sign on the factory made it possible, the sailor looked at the cut. He pursed up his lips until the scar on his face twisted into a sort of S.

"It won't do, that it won't," he whispered huskily, "fer you to be showin' yourself wrapped up an' bleedin'."

I could see that he was right, but what we were going to do about it I could not see. He still seemed to be thinking about it, and so I just waited for what his idea would be. After a time he turned and started along the alley.

When we got to the saloon where we had taken the drinks, he swung through the door. He wiped his forehead with one of his big hands and I saw that they were very dirty and left a black streak on his face. I looked at my own hands and they were worse than his. We both laughed and went into a little washroom and cleaned up as well as we could.

Back at the bar the sailor called for whiskies and got them without any trouble. Then he opened my hand and poured raw whisky through the cut. It stung quite a lot, but I did not let on about it. The sailor said the whisky would prevent poisoning. It did stop the bleeding pretty well and that was a big help.

The man behind the bar saw what we were doing, and after the sailor had ordered fresh drinks he got friendly and brought over a little bottle of iodine. We covered the cut with that and it seemed to dry in and close the places that were bleeding. Then we drank our drinks and went back to the bouncing little trolley, and the drink went to my head and steadied me down so that my nerves were quiet. I felt swell.

We got back to the little saloon, where we were to meet Shark, at about twenty minutes past eleven. He was not due there until twelve. We had drinks again, but I took beer because the whisky was very strong and I thought another drink of it would make my head swim.

The sailor started to laugh after we had the first drink, and called the man over and asked him if he could make me something hot to eat.

The man said he could make a roast-beef sandwich, and so I had one. It was the best sandwich I ever ate. The bread was soft and spongy, and the gravy oozed up into it, and the meat was tender.

Just before midnight I saw Shark come in, but he only shot us a quick glance of warning and walked over to the bar. He leaned there and Sailor Frink made a little clucking noise with his lips to warn me. I just sat quiet. It was not five minutes later that the door opened and Caxton came in. I knew he had been tailing Shark. He looked at us and his lips twitched. Then he looked at Shark.

Shark turned around and saw him. "Hello, Caxton!" he said. "How's the boy? Have a little shot?"

"Don't mind if I do, Shark," the copper said. "I see you're all alone."

"If there's anybody with me I'm too drunk to know it, Caxton," Shark laughed. "Were you looking for somebody?"

"Nobody special," the copper said. Then he walked over to the bar and leaned there beside Shark and tossed off a whisky like it was water. Once or twice he took a quick flash at us and I knew well that we were on his mind, but he did not say anything.

Ten minutes went by without much of anything happening. Then Sailor Frink asked for another round of drinks and called over to Caxton: "Will you an' your friend join in with us, Caxton—will you?" It was just like he never saw Shark before.

"Don't care if I do," Caxton said again. Shark nodded his head and smiled. I ordered beer. The rest had whisky again.

That brought on a conversation, and while it was going on the lights in Caxton's eyes were the strangest I ever saw. It was a cinch that he was doing some tall thinking, but it was also a cinch that he was getting nowhere with it. Shark and the sailor were giving him a fine ride.

"This ain't such bad stuff," Shark said as he held up his drink. "I just had a shot in a joint downtown and it was worse than this. I was with the captain of the tug Nancy, too, and he's tough enough to get the best a joint has got." He laughed a little and continued: "They don't put much over on the captain of the Nancy. He's running his tug out on Federal contracts and he leaves Pier D every day at seven A.M. He gets back about midafternoon, and all he does is sit in the pilot house once he's clear of the docks."

"Pretty soft billet, that it is," Frink grinned. "I'm somethin' o' a sailor myself, so I am, but I never hit jobs as gentle as that, so I don't."

"He carries his dredgemen out to their job in the morning," Shark explained, "ties up to the dredge and lays there till it's time to come back. There's some law, I think, about having a power boat on hand as long as the dredge is working. All day long he sits out there smoking and taking things easy."

Caxton made a remark about some people having all the luck and Sailor Frink nodded that it certainly seemed that way. As he grunted the words he wiped off his lips with the back of his hand and got up. I followed him. He waved good night to both the other men and we went out into the street. I figured our talk with Shark was all off for that night. This Caxton was getting to be a nuisance.

Outside, Frink laughed. Then he told me that Shark had tipped us off that Caxton was watching us and that the deal was out until we could get to the captain of the Nancy.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE IVORY INDUSTRY

(Continued from Page 13)

One magnate explained to me that when a player was bought from the minors it was customary to give him a 25 per cent increase, which in most cases was satisfactory. In the event that it was not, the player had his choice of accepting or of quitting professional baseball.

Naturally, when the Class AA and the Class A leagues are holding ivory at such a figure, it is to the advantage of the big-league clubs to get the raw material before it has advanced to this stage. Hence the increasing importance of the ivory hunter, or scout, who can find ivory in that far-flung territory which technically is known as the Sticks. Rogers Hornsby, for instance, was found in the Sticks and purchased by the St. Louis Cardinals for $500.

All but one of the big-league clubs have farms—that is, they own or control minor-league clubs into which they herd the very raw ivory for development. When the material is ready or nearly ready, they recall it or bring it into their own clubs. They are forced to do this to hold their prospects, because of the player-limit rule. According to this, no major-league club may have on its roster more than forty players up to June fifteenth. After that the limit is twenty-five, and there can be no changes until the end of the season.

The big-league club which has gone in for ivory collecting on the most intensive and systematic scale is the St. Louis Club of the National League. Of Mr. Branch Rickey, who represents the majority stock owner, Mr. Samuel Breadon, they insist that he has a chain of minor-league baseball clubs. This is no reproach—it is a business requiring business methods.

When the ivory was plentiful the profession of ivory hunting, or scouting, was more or less perfunctory. Managers looked over the recruits sent in by the hunters in a blasé sort of fashion. Today every prospect sent to the big leagues gets a thorough looking over at the spring training camp. The managers have become very patient with the raw material, for it costs money in the first instance, and it has a money or trading value.

They no longer sneer at those spring wonders. They prayerfully hope that any early promise they may show will stand up. The recruit who used to be the butt of the training camp is now a person of much importance. It is a very serious situation. In most of the training camps it is forbidden to haze or otherwise annoy the youngsters from the Sticks.

Scouting has become an increasingly important branch of the business of baseball. Each big-league club maintains at least four scouts under constant marching orders. Besides these, there are scouts who work on commission, being paid for what usable or salable ivory they may turn in.

"I must buy some new shoes, but-"

What happens when you painfully break in a pair of shoes? You make the new leather conform to the lines of your foot, don't you? But there is one shoe that doesn't have to be shaped to your foot.

ARNOLD Glove-Grip Shoes are comfortable from the beginning. The first time you lace them they *fit!* The Glove-Grip Arch assures that.

In Glove-Grips the soft leather of the upper is drawn *underneath* the instep. When you lace the shoe the arch is gently lifted—not pushed up by an artificial support. The shoe follows the lines of your foot. Every muscle is relaxed. And its glove-like fit makes it appear custom-made.

Let us send you the address of the nearest Glove-Grip dealer. Write to the M. N. Arnold Shoe Company, North Abington, Mass.

ARNOLD
GLOVE-GRIP
SHOES

Most styles $10 *to* $13.50

THE OLYMPIC

flux control

What it means to the quality of your soldered product

Flux control *is* essential to the quality of soldered products. Controlling the application of a soldering flux has been the most haphazard operation confronting the manufacturer. Present-day pressure for greater production increases many times the hazard of external flux application. Fallibility of the human element—evaporation—dilution—lack of uniformity in a separate flux—the use of too much or too little—is all reflected in the quality of the finished product.

Flux control *is* assured the user of Kester *Flux Cored* Solders. The very nature of its construction makes this positive. Kester for production use results in labor saving. Its self-fluxing feature reduces soldering time a third. Saving of material—fewer rejections—safety for operators—by the reduction of irritation possibilities and subsequent infection, are added features.

Kester Cored Solders are made only in virgin tin and lead alloys, incorporating eight different flux cores and ranging in diameters from .040" to .250", and some ribbon types.

We are authorities on solder and fluxes and have been for 28 years. Our Research and Experimental Laboratory is ready to aid the industrial trade. If you have soldering problems or wish to improve your present methods, send the coupon below.

Householders

Kester Metal Mender is the household package of Kester *Acid-Core* Solder. The handy mender around the home. Should also be in every motorist's tool kit. Ask your dealer.

Radio Fans

Kester *Radio* Solder (rosin-core), a combination of solder and *safe* flux for radio work. Approved by radio engineers. A liberal coil of solder in a handy can sells for 25c east of Rockies.

KESTER
Flux-Core
SOLDER

Chicago Solder Company,
4202-01 Wrightwood Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
Gentlemen: Please send me samples you would recommend for the following operation:

Name—Co.....

Address.....

Position.....

Operation (Describe briefly).....

.....

Jobber.....

Perhaps it is not generally known, but many college baseball coaches are scouts for big-league or Class AA leagues. This is in line with what one of the magnates told me—that the club owners are looking more and more to the colleges to find the best material.

Most of the managers of the distant minors have affiliations with some big-league clubs and are constantly recommending young players. On the slightest indication of a prospect, a scout is dispatched to look the youngsters over. Sometimes three or four scouts of rival clubs are gathered in one small town to look over the same prospect. This pleases the minor-league manager, for he sees the big-league clubs bidding for the ivory which is his to sell to the highest bidder.

Sometimes the scouts engage in sharp practices to beat one another to the prospect, especially if the advance information seems accurate beyond the need of investigation—which is seldom enough. I have heard one tale of the double-cross in scouting from which I think I will withold the names.

Two scouts met on a train bound from Cleveland to Philadelphia. When they were active baseball players they had been around together a great deal, but at that time there had developed a slight enmity and considerable rivalry between them as scouts. Each knew that the other had in his pocket a blank contract, and each knew that the other was on the same mission—to sign the same player. They pretended to be very glad to see each other and they made no inquiries as to the objects of each other's trip. But I regret to report that when one of these scouts climbed out of his berth hurriedly to get off at Philadelphia, he discovered that his shoes were missing. He was forced to continue to New York, while the other scout got off and got the prospect to sign the contract. These two scouts do not even speak, because that particular prospect stepped right into the big time.

Positive and Negative Scouts

Mr. Egbert Barrow, who at present is business manager of the New York Yankees, tells a joke on himself as scout when he was employed by the Louisville Club, but it was a joke that brought to the big leagues a player who has been classed by as competent a judge as John J. McGraw as the greatest baseball player of all time.

Mr. Barrow's orders were to proceed to a small town in Pennsylvania to sign a player named Wagner. When he arrived there, the particular Wagner he was sent to get was out fishing. There were three Wagner brothers and all of them played baseball. Mr. Barrow did not know of this. When he saw Hans Wagner on the town baseball diamond, he immediately had him affix his signature to a contract with the Louisville Club. It was not until Wagner reported, that Mr. Barrow was informed that he had signed the wrong member of the family. But his worriment over that part of it was soon dispelled.

There is some difficulty in tracing back to the time when scouting, or ivory hunting, became a recognized profession or business. Joseph Page, scout for the Chicago White Sox, whose territory is all of Canada, with trips on orders to inspect prospects throughout the United States, says that he thinks ivory hunting, in a small way, started in the very late 80's.

Mr. Page discovered a pitching prospect in Montreal during the early 90's and recommended him to one of the National League clubs. The pitcher made good from the start and the grateful owner presented Mr. Page with a check for $100. "If I could find a pitcher that good today," sighed Mr. Page, "it is more than likely I would be asked to accept about $10,000 as a slight token of the club's gratitude."

Today a good baseball scout is paid as well as a good baseball player. He is dealing in a precious commodity. There are positive scouts and negative scouts. The positive ones bring in usable or salable ivory. The negative ones—and these are decidedly useful—prevent the club owners from paying good money for bad ivory. When a ball player who may or may not make the grade is held at $100,000 f. o. b. wherever he may be playing, you can see that it is necessary to have a competent negative scout.

One of the big-league clubs has a system that gives it an advantage over other clubs with a corps of more competent scouts. This club has let it be known that any time a big-league club offers any amount for a player, this particular club will pay $5000 more than the best offer of any other club, provided the prospect is satisfactory. This might or might not be classed as sharp practice, but the ivory hunting becomes more and more furious each year.

F. O. B. San Antonio

Now the minute a good prospect makes himself felt in the minors, the bidding starts. Until five years ago, the custom was to wait until the minor-league clubs gathered in their annual session. Then the big-league owners, scouts and agents haunted the hotel where the minor-league owners held forth. The trading was done in the hotel rooms, and at every one of these meetings there was much buying and selling. The annual meeting of the minor-league clubs came to be called the ivory market.

I recall one of these at Louisville, where the trading was particularly brisk. In the lobby of the hotel I came upon Mr. John Benson, who owned the San Antonio Club.

Mr. Benson was a trifle glum. "I have some players I want to sell," he said, "but I don't know many of those fellows in the big leagues; me being a simple Texan. Everybody seems to be selling them but me."

A little later I saw Mr. Benson. He was beaming, and drew me to one of the lobby posts upon which was pinned a slip of paper. The legend on this was a curious one. It read something like this:

FOR SALE

1 Left-handed pitcher, aged 22	$10,000
2 Infielders, aged 21 and 23	15,000
1 Catcher, aged 28	5,000
2 Right-handed pitchers	15,000

All of these players guaranteed sound in limb and wind. Will consider any fair offer for the lot, f. o. b. San Antonio, Texas. Apply JOHN BENSON, Room 607.

"Now that ought to bring results. Why beat around the bush? We are all here to sell players. I am going to get action," said Mr. Benson.

He did. A crowd gathered around his sale notice. A little later Mr. Benson was called away. When he returned he pulled down the sign. It was the first year of Kenesaw Mountain Landis as Baseball Commissioner, and I was given to understand that he disapproved of Mr. Benson's methods of advertising and selling his ivory.

PHOTO. FROM GERTRUDE GUTTING

The James River, Near Natural Bridge, Virginia

Let us start from this point to consider how the ivory bought at such a sale is sorted and polished for big-league use. We will assume that a big-league club has purchased one of the infielders advertised. His contract is assigned to the big-league club and he is offered a raise of 25 per cent in salary.

The player may demur and demand more money, but unless he is a very good prospect indeed, he is told that he may take it or leave it alone. If he leaves it alone, he cannot play organized baseball. He generally takes it; otherwise he becomes what the sports writers call a holdout. Just why the sports writers should use this term, I do not know. It is a term of reproach to the player, and the use of it is of great help to the magnates in bringing around a stubborn player inclined to fight for what he might consider his worth.

He reports the following spring, and if he is not ready for the big-league club, he is sent out on option to some other minor-league club until he is, or until it is evident that he lacks the speed for the big time. Then he goes back to the minors again, and when he does he plays again for a minor-league salary. Loose ivory at the source—the very distant minors, the semipro teams—is handled in a different fashion. With the prospect who is not in organized baseball in any way, the approach is a little gingerly. These men are free agents.

Usually the small-town prospect is dazzled by the big-league offer and is only too eager to sign the contract. But it has become more and more evident that ivory has a sense of its worth—and sometimes an exaggerated sense. Here the ten-day clause—which few prospects read; and it would do them no good to read and understand it, for it is an ironclad part of the contract—comes to the aid of the magnates.

The player can be signed at an apparently exorbitant salary, tried out for a month, and then released abruptly on the ten days' notice. Some scouts explain to the prospects that it is better for them to sign at a moderate salary, on the chance of being retained until they are ready for the big leagues.

A Friend at Court

College players, often being brighter than the boys from the Sticks, sell themselves more wisely to the baseball system. There was Owen Carroll of Holy Cross, who pitched one year of phenomenal baseball while a student. Naturally, all the big-league clubs wanted him. Mr. Carroll took the best offer, which was $10,000 for signing his big-league contract. That was just a year's salary for Christy Mathewson when he was at the peak of his career.

Once in a while you hear faint plaints to the effect that organized baseball is a system of peonage. Perhaps on strict analysis it is, but the magnates insist that it is the only way in which the national pastime can be held intact; and the players accept the system, as is demonstrated by Ruth's story of the passing of what amounted to a baseball players' union or guild.

Over all this vast organization—millions of dollars in ivory—sits Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis in the rôle of benevolent despot, much after the fashion of Will Hays over the motion-picture industry, with the exception that the power of Commissioner Landis is absolute.

During the session of the ivory market of which I have written, Commissioner Landis presided. He made one significant remark: "In all matters of dispute between players and magnates, I want it understood, and I want all of the players to feel, that I always shall be inclined to take the side of the player against the magnate."

This brought some startled looks to the faces of the magnates present, but the players were pleased and convinced. This attitude on the part of the Czar helps to hold the great industry together. The only alarm is over the ivory shortage, and the magnates are giving much thought to the conservation and the development of the raw material these days.

Banishing Pepless Mornings *from the* Lives of Workers

via the Simple Expedient of Breakfasts That "Stand By"

What's Needed at Breakfast—and Why

Judd Foster, Southern railway official, meets his arduous duties by having hot oatmeal each morning at breakfast. "It keeps me fit," he says.

A clear eye and steady nerve are required in Jim Ackerman's job. "Quaker Oats keeps me feeling prime," he says.

Alice Ryan, noted woman scientist, prepares for her exhausting laboratory work each day with a hot breakfast, usually including Quaker Oats.

70% of the Day's Important Work Falls in These Four Hours

70% of the day's most important work is done between 8:30 a. m. and 12:30 p. m.—in four short hours—according to nation-wide commercial, financial and scholastic investigations.

That is why the world's dietetic urge now is to *watch your breakfast;* to start days with food that "stands by" you through the morning and thus protect the most important hours of your day.

LARGELY through inadequate breakfasts, thousands suffer the handicap of dull and listless mornings. Few people, authorities say, understand exactly what is needed in food to insure energetic mornings.

The essential requirement is well-balanced food, that "stands by" you. One can't expect to feel right during the forenoon without that kind of breakfast.

Thus, Quaker Oats, with its overwhelmingly greater protein content than many cereals, plus its remarkable food balance, is widely urged by authorities as the ideal breakfast. Supplant your present breakfast for one week with Quaker. Note, then, the difference in your mornings.

16% is protein—plus—an excellent food "balance" and unique deliciousness

In the first place, Quaker Oats contains 16% protein—vegetable meat, the "stamina element." That is the element that builds muscle, that constitutes a "factor of safety" against disease.

Quaker Oats provides some 50% more of this element than wheat; 60% more than wheat flour, twice as much as rice; 100% more than cornmeal. It is richer in this element than any other cereal grown. Consider what this means.

Besides its rich protein element, Quaker Oats is rich in the carbohydrates that supply energy. Rich, too, in minerals, and abundant in Vitamine B, that build bone and promote growth. 65% is carbohydrate. It retains, too, the roughage to lessen the need for laxatives. The oat is the best balanced cereal.

Served hot and savory, Quaker Oats supplies, too, the most delicious of all breakfasts—a creamy richness that no other cereal known can boast.

Quick Quaker—the world's fastest hot breakfast

Your grocer has two kinds of Quaker Oats, that which you have always known and *Quick Quaker*, which cooks in 2½ to 5 minutes.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

Good Furniture Carries the Faultless Label

ON THE furniture you buy—inside the drawer—under the table top—you will find the Faultless Label. Small in size but large in significance, it is your guarantee that your furniture will move at a touch, silently, without strain—that your housework will be lightened. Long life to your furniture, less labor for you—rugs and floors that retain their fresh beauty—these are the things you buy when your casters are Faultless.

Good furniture carries the Faultless Label. Look for it on the next piece you buy.

FAULTLESS CASTER COMPANY
EVANSVILLE INDIANA
New York Chicago Grand Rapids Los Angeles
Stratford, Ontario

You really owe it to yourself to look for the Faultless Label.

NOELTING
FAULTLESS · CASTERS
Makers of Quality Casters for a Third of a Century

"ROAMIN' IN THE GLOAMIN'"

(Continued from Page 33)

night near my house at Dunoon. Every now and then I happened across a couple of lovers linked close together as they slowly meandered along the road to Inellan in the gathering dusk. They were oblivious to everything save the sweet nothings they whispered into each other's ears. The words of Burns came back to me as I passed first one pair and then another:

If heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair
In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale.

"There they go, bless them!" I said to myself. The old, old story. The ever-new, entrancing story. What a perfect night, what a picturesque road, for love-making! No time so sweet for amorous dalliance as in the gloaming. Roaming in the gloaming! At once I stopped dead. Roamin' in the gloamin'—if ever a phrase deserved a song this did! What a title for a lovely lyric! Instead of going home, I went up the hill behind Laudervale and hewed out a rough verse and chorus. Next day I had the song complete—words and melody—but months and months elapsed before I had all the trimmings—the patter, the expressions of the face, the essential et ceteras—just to my liking. I tell you all this about "Roamin' in the Gloamin'," because people in every corner of the world seem to like it best of all my purely love songs and have asked me how I came to hit upon such a simple but eternally appealing theme.

A Command Performance

Well do I remember the great honor of my first royal-command performance. Curiously enough, I was playing at the old Paragon, in the Mile End Road, London, when the royal communication reached me, so that the situation was evolved of a Scotsman singing to Jews—practically all the Paragon patrons were drawn from the ancient race—being commanded to sing before our king at one of the oldest and most noble palaces in the country. King Edward was on a visit to Lord and Lady Savile at Rufford Abbey. The host and hostess suggested to His Majesty that perhaps he would like to be entertained by a leading artist one evening during his visit.

"Tell Harry Lauder to come and sing to us," said King Edward.

So down I went to Rufford Abbey, taking my son John with me as accompanist. We were most hospitably received by Lady Savile, to whom I submitted my program. In her turn she submitted it to King Edward. It contained a list of my songs, and I had imagined that perhaps His Majesty would indicate those numbers he would like to hear. Imagine my astonishment when Her Ladyship returned with the royal command that I had just to begin at the beginning of the list and His Majesty would tell me when to stop.

My concert took place in what seemed to me to be one of the great underground vaults of the turreted castle. As there was a big house party at the Abbey for the Doncaster Races, the audience numbered fifty or sixty people. The King sat well forward in the stalls, beside his host and hostess; near them were many lords and ladies and other members of the British aristocracy, while in the rear seats were gathered the officials, esquires, lackeys, butlers, footmen and maidservants, down to, I presume, the humble dishwashers and stable grooms. There was a nice little stage with a piano in one corner to which John tremblingly advanced when Lady Savile gave us the signal to start.

I began with "I Love a Lassie," went on with "Tobermory," "We Parted on the Shore," "Stop Yer Ticklin', Jock!" and before I knew where I was, so to speak, I had sung half a dozen songs. But still there was no indication from the great personage in the front of the house that he had had enough. So I just went on to sing every song that I had jotted down on the list—ten in all—and ending with "When I Get Back Again to Bonnie Scotland." That number finished, I went to the footlights, bowed several times and nodded to John to leave the piano.

"And that's all I can sing tonight," I announced, "because I have no more music with me!" As a matter of fact, I was completely exhausted and—as we say in the Doric—"wringin' wat."

A few minutes later I was having a rubdown in the dressing room, when a royal equerry came to say that His Majesty wanted to see me. "Like this?" I asked jocularly, indicating the state of nakedness in which I was at the moment. The official laughed, said he would explain to the king and that perhaps His Majesty would wait for me. He did so—and I can truthfully say that I am one of the few men in the world who ever kept a king waiting. A few minutes afterward I was making my obeisance to His Majesty and he was pleased to tell me that he had thoroughly enjoyed my performance as well as the playing of my son at the piano. King Edward was not only a great monarch but he was a man through and through.

I have also sung to King George and Queen Mary several times. The first occasion was when, as Prince and Princess of Wales, they were visiting an East End district of London for some charitable object.

Writing about my meetings with British royalty reminds me of an altogether unique incident which occurred at the Palace Theater the night King George and Queen Mary came to see my performance. Mr. George Ashton, the well-known London concert agent, who usually manages all such outings on behalf of British royalty, came round to the dressing room and said that Their Majesties desired to have a chat with me in the royal box. Of course I went up at once and remained with the king and queen for perhaps seven or ten minutes. They were keenly interested in my American experiences, for one thing, and, for another, they asked me all about my songs—how I got the ideas for them, and how long I practiced them. On making my way back to the dressing room Mr. Ashton appeared in the corridor, and with him was the Duke of Connaught. I was introduced to His Royal Highness and was standing speaking to him when Ashton moved off up the corridor.

A Gift From Royalty

"Well, good night, George," I shouted after him, "and good luck!" Before the words left my mouth the king had emerged into the corridor from his box. With a broad smile on his face he turned in my direction and cried out: "And good night and good luck to you, Harry!" I was overwhelmed with confusion at the awful thought that I might be held as taking jocular liberties with the king emperor, and stood riveted to the spot. But King George went off laughing very heartily at his own joke.

The Prince of Wales I have had the honor of meeting several times. In fact, we are quite good friends. I have had him in my dressing room more than once. He is a splendid fellow and easily the most popular young man in Britain. No wonder he is such a favorite wherever he goes, for there is absolutely no swank in his make-up. Sunny-natured, with great freedom of manner and devoid of every semblance of hauteur, he has won the love and affection of the common people as no prince has ever done in the history of our land. Over in the States, too, he is just as big a success; I always say that we ought to send him across the Atlantic for a few months every year. He would do more good in the glorious cause of Anglo-American friendship than a dozen ambassadors, no matter how skillfully chosen.

Once the prince came to the London Hippodrome when I was on the bill there. It was at a time when rumors were unusually rife in London as to his forthcoming engagement, and naturally everybody was dying to know just who the lucky girl was. He sat in a box and was so enthusiastically entering into the evening's fun that before I left the stage he cried out "I Love a Lassie, Harry!" joining with others in the audience in the request for this old favorite.

Quick as lightning, I looked up at him and replied, "Yes, I know you do, but we all want to know who she is!"

The people rocked with merriment, while His Royal Highness also lay back and laughed heartily. Once when I was speaking to him privately I expressed the hope that he would follow the excellent example of his brother the Duke of York and marry a Scottish bride. "I might do worse, Harry," was all he would commit himself to. Among my collection of twisted sticks which I use in my different character studies is one brought home from Japan by His Royal Highness specially for presentation to myself. When the prince saw this stick out there, he said, "I must take it home to Harry Lauder." And he did.

An Animal Paradise

After an unusually long engagement in the States, I was entertained at a welcome-home banquet in London. Lord Dewar was the chief man behind the scenes in arranging this function, and he himself took the chair.

Lord Dewar is an unfailing mine of wit and wisdom whenever he gets on his feet. I have seen and heard dozens of London audiences rock with laughter at his brilliant epigrams and quaint, sardonic philosophy. He has just the slightest impediment in his speech—it is not that exactly but rather a mannerism of hissing certain words—which makes his utterances all the more attractive. Not one of the ordinary tricks of the orator is exploited by Lord Dewar; he makes his points by sheer intellectual ability and by a sense of humor unsurpassed in any living man.

It is one of the greatest pleasures of my life that I am on terms of intimate personal friendship with His Lordship. I often go down for a week-end to his wonderful country seat in Surrey, where he has hundreds of acres given over entirely to what I call his menagerie. There are stud farms exclusively for the rearing of race horses, farms wholly devoted to poultry, goats and pigs, kennels for greyhounds, lofts for pigeons, ponds full of water fowl—you could spend a week at East Grinstead and never see half of the animals within its borders. There must be thousands of them, and every one thoroughbred. There is no room on Lord Dewar's estate for any horse, cow, dog or fowl of low degree. They are the aristocrats of the British animal and feathered world. Every head is held high at East Grinstead.

Perhaps the favorite of all this multifarious collection in the eyes of their owner is the sultan of the racing stud, Abbot's Trace. This horse was leading in the Derby of his year when he fell coming up the home stretch after showing terrific speed for fully a mile. Everybody thought he was dead, but he got on his feet after all the other horses had passed him and walked back to the paddock. His owner was bitterly disappointed, for he thought "the Trace" was sure to win the blue ribbon of the English turf.

Trainers and other owners told Lord Dewar that his horse was no good and strongly advised him to sell Abbot's Trace. That

(Continued on Page 95)

First choice
Interwoven Socks
© INTERWOVEN STOCKING CO.

A partnership for YOUR profit

WILLARD, the battery that is built to last longer and to serve better in the owner's car. Willard, the service that relieves the owner from battery care while it guards him against battery repair. This is the partnership that has saved money, time and batteries for car owners for over twenty-five years. For battery quality that pays—for battery service that saves—*see your local Willard Battery man.*

Willard Batteries plus The Willard Battery Men

(Continued from Page 92)

he would ever be a famous sire was a suggestion they laughed to scorn. But his noble owner had faith in the horse. He kept him because he loved him. And his belief in the quality of the old horse has been more than justified, for his sons and daughters won more races last year than the progeny of any other sire, including some of the most important races in the calendar. Even in America a son of Abbot's Trace heads the list of winning race horses down Kentucky way. Nothing gives Lord Dewar so much delight as to note that an Abbot's Trace colt or filly has again caught the judge's eye. Not even the report that America was giving up prohibition would please him better than to see one of his old favorite's sons winning next year's Derby!

His Lordship once played a very mean trick on me. Admiring his pigeons one day at East Grinstead, I threw out the suggestion that a few of the lovely birds would look very nice flying round my eaves and turrets at Glen Branter, the West Highland estate I bought just before the war. His Lordship said he would be delighted to send me a pair of his very best birds.

Beware of a Scot Bearing Gifts

"In case you may forget," I replied pawkily, "I'll just take them with me; I am going up to Scotland tomorrow." So the birds were put in a basket then and there, and next day they traveled with me to the north. I put them in a beautiful "dookit" which I had ordered by telegram to be prepared for them. But the moment they were given their liberty they disappeared. They were homing pigeons and were back at Lord Dewar's place before he got my letter complaining bitterly of the joke he had played on me. That's the kind of present one Scot gives to another!

At a recent big London function Lord Dewar found himself seated next to a very pretty girl with the hyphened surname of Porter-Porter. Whether His Lordship had not caught the double name, or was disinclined to use it, I don't know, but the story goes that after being addressed as Miss Porter several times, the young lady turned to Lord Dewar and pointed out that "my name, if you please, is Porter-Porter, with a hyphen!"

"Ah," swiftly retorted His Lordship, "just as mine is Dewar-Dewar, with a siphon!"

Looking back on the years between 1907 and 1914, it seems to me now that they passed with amazing swiftness. My engagement book was full up with British and American bookings. Life, so far as I was considered, was a perpetual scamper over the chief towns of England, Scotland and Ireland, and then off again to the States for another long tour. It is quite true that my bank book was swelling in corresponding ratio to my engagement book, but while this fact gave me intense pleasure, I was often oppressed with a feeling of horror when I realized that every week of my life for years ahead was irrevocably fixed and ordained. I had no time for holidays. If I got an occasional week-end at Laudervale in Dunoon, or at Glen Branter on the shores of Loch Eck, Argyllshire—the Highland estate I now possessed but seldom saw—it was as much as I could fit in.

Of course the ocean trips to and from America were as good as vacations, but I did miss that fine feeling that comes to most men and women once or twice a year—the exhilarating thought that now, for a week or a fortnight, they can cast care to the winds and thoroughly enjoy their holidays. More than once I tried hard to get released from dates on both sides of the Atlantic, but it was no good—managers' plans are made a long way ahead; I was a slave for whom there was never a respite.

Sometimes I fell to hating my life with a fierce hatred. What had I done that I should thus be kept at the grindstone, driven and dragooned, at home and abroad, week after week, month after month, year after year? For more than ten years I had had no home life worth speaking of. Nance certainly went with me to America every time and she was an unfailing pillar of support and encouragement. Without her loving care and comradeship I must have kicked over the traces altogether and torn my contracts to tatters. I think John had a lot to do with these occasional moods of mine. He had now gone up to Cambridge. Even when I was playing in London and the British provinces I saw very little of him. Occasionally he would run down in his car for an evening or a week-end, but I was always so full up with business that it seems to me now we never had the good times together that a father and a son ought to have had. I was proud of the progress he was making at college. His intention was to take his degree as a bachelor of music. He had everything that a boy could desire, because by this time I was a comparatively rich man and my potential earning power was very great.

But, as I have said, I was leading a slave's life. I was not my own master. True it is that the fascination of my stage work held me constantly in thrall. Whenever I pranced on from the wings to begin my act the world was wholly blotted out; private thoughts and reflections, resentments, longings—all were forgotten in the glare of the footlights. The applause of the people, the sense of personal mastery over the emotions of crowded audiences, the feeling of playing on the heartstrings of men and women as on an instrument—here are the fetters of steel that keep the artist bound to the theater through all the nights and all the years. Reaction comes only during the day. Over and over again during one or other of my American tours I have sent for Morris and told him point-blank that I was packing up, that all the dollars in the United States Treasury would not keep me a day longer away from my home and my boy. I saw him in daily association with his own fine son—young Will—and my heart cried out for John. But of course I always lost in these bouts with my manager; he had the most wonderful way of soothing me and encouraging me to carry on.

"Sure, Harry," Will would say in his quiet style, "I'll cancel everything after this week. But don't forget that you have to breakfast with the President on such-and-such a date. And remember you have arranged to meet Henry Ford and see his Detroit plant the week after." Or it would be an appointment with some senator, or judge, or a visit to Abraham Lincoln's tomb, or a game of golf with George Low, or a day at Congress, or something equally fascinating, to which he knew I had been keenly looking forward. No matter how homesick I might have been, Will Morris always had his own way.

In the South Seas

These infrequent temperamental storms apart, I must admit that I always found each successive visit to the States refreshing and invigorating to a degree. Remember that by the time of which I am writing I had come to know the country from coast to coast. I had made innumerable friends, from the highest in the land down to the humblest citizens. I had received the freedom of practically every large city. I had been entertained by all the leading clubs, societies and associations. Great organizations like Rotary and Kiwanis had invited me to their weekly meetings in every state in the Union. I had visited every historic spot, been shown over every big industrial plant, was now perhaps better acquainted with the national life and characteristics of the people than millions claiming citizenship under the Stars and Stripes. By and by in these memoirs I propose to give you some brief impressions of the great Americans I have met and talked with, from Teddy Roosevelt down to the political and industrial leaders of the present time. I will also, with the editor's permission, recount some of the more amusing adventures and experiences that I have had during my twenty years' touring of the United States. But these impressions and stories must fall in their proper places. At present I feel that I should be getting on with my roamin's in other parts of the world and to the war years which held so much of action and excitement for all of us and so much of woe for many of us.

The question of my visiting Australia had frequently been broached to me and I had actually agreed to the terms of an exceedingly handsome offer put up to me as far back as 1911. But it was not until three years later that I was free to set sail for the island continent. This I did from San Francisco in February, 1914. The long sail over the blue Pacific was an enchanting experience to me. I do not suppose there is a boy or man in the wide world who has not dreamed, at one time or another, of the South Sea islands, of coral reefs and waving palm trees, of moonlight nights and melody under the Southern Cross. I know I did very often as a wee boy. And here was I, the poor half-timer in Gordon's Flax Mill, the toiling miner in the coal pits of Lanarkshire, having my dreams realized—I was indeed sailing away into the seas and to the islands of romance. I have made the same voyage several times since then, but one can never quite recapture the sensations which mark one's first venturing upon those wonder seas of the west.

European War Clouds

We arrived at Sydney on a glorious morning. As we slowly sailed up the magnificent harbor—surely the noblest home of ships in all the world—every vessel flagged me a welcome or blew a cock-a-doodle-doo on her siren. But if I felt flattered by the reception given me in the harbor itself, what can I say about the warmth of the welcome accorded me by the people of Sydney? Had I been the discoverer of Australia returning after fifty years to see how the people were faring, I could not have been received with greater acclaim. The quays were crowded, the main streets were lined, bands were playing, the mayor and the members of the corporation were on duty to hand me, metaphorically, the keys of Sydney and of Australia.

I was happier during this trip to Australia than I had been for a long time. It had been arranged that John was to come out and join us for a long holiday immediately after Cambridge had closed down for the summer vacation. He was within a few days' sail of Australia when we got back from New Zealand. And his mother and I could scarcely contain ourselves for joy over the thought that he would so soon be with us. I cried like a child when he stepped off the ship looking bronzed and well after his voyage, and bigger and more manly than when I had seen him about a year previously. His training as a subaltern in the territorial regiment of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders had evidently done him good, I told myself. Our greetings over, the first thing he said to me was: "What's the news from home, dad? The outlook is pretty bad, don't you think?" He referred, of course, to the war clouds then gathering thick and foreboding over the political horizon in Europe. I replied that everybody was trusting that the situation would be clarified very soon; my own view was that a European war was unthinkable. In any case the war, if it did come, would not immediately affect Britain.

"Don't make any mistake, dad," said John quietly, but more seriously than I had ever known him speak. "If it comes to war, we are in it up to the hilt. And in that case I'll be recalled at once. Rather hard lines," he concluded, "after looking forward to a jolly good time with you and mum out here."

John's reading of the war situation was more accurate than mine. He arrived on

To men who despair of finding the right fountain pen

If you're tired of ordinary factory-made pens, try a Swan Eternal. It's hand-made by jewelry craftsmen. It gives twenty, thirty, forty years of daily writing service. It is made in all styles and guaranteed unconditionally. Yet it costs only $5, $6 or $7. If your favorite store doesn't have it, please send the name to Mabie Todd & Co. (*Makers of fine pens since* 1843), 243 West 17th St., New York. 209 S. State St., Chicago.

Swan PENS

Cheer io

How that tiny bit of living music does keep the house sunny with his cheery song. And how easy it is to keep him happy and healthy.

Sunbeams and a daily bath—clean gravel and French's Bird Seed.

French's Bird Seed—blended of the choicest seeds essential to canary happiness. Clean and healthful because air-washed to blow all harmful dirt and chaff away. And laboratory-tested to make quality certain.

At your dealer's or send 15c for full-size package by mail postpaid. A French's Bird Biscuit *free* in every package

French's BIRD SEED

FREE: *Write for a copy of new, illustrated book "The Canary—its Care and Treatment". Helpful, authoritative, interesting.*

The R. T. FRENCH COMPANY
7 MUSTARD STREET ROCHESTER, N. Y.

the last day of July, war was declared between Britain and Germany on August fourth—my birthday, as it happened—and next day a cable arrived for John from the British War Office, ordering him to rejoin his regiment at once. He sailed for home by the first available steamer. The next time we saw him was at Bedford, six or seven months later, just before leaving for the French Front with the Highland Division.

I had a long list of bookings to play in the States on the way home, commencing at Frisco and zigzagging all over the country, so it was not until the spring of 1915 that we set foot once more in England. As soon as ever we could get up to Bedford, we did so, and during the next month or two we saw a lot of John and his officer friends of the 51st Division. This division was almost unique in the British Army. Being a territorial unit, officers and men were all known to each other; apart from the formal military discipline, they were more like companies of brothers and pals. The Argylls mostly all came from Argyllshire or Stirlingshire, the Black Watch from Perthshire, Forfarshire and Fifeshire, the Gordons from Aberdeenshire and Banffshire, and so on. There were companies, or sections, entirely made up of Dunoon men, of Stirling men, of Dundee men, of St. Andrews men; districts and towns were thus closely associated and it all made for *esprit de corps*—the only French phrase I really understand—not only in training but in the fighting days that lay ahead. I knew hundreds of the officers and men and always felt proud that our boy belonged to such a fine division. They were all kilted and their regimental music was the pipes. Man, but they must have looked grand as they marched through France to the front line! I often wished to God that I could join up with them. But I was over age and, for another thing, their ranks were closed at that time to all but territorial soldiers.

Keeping in Fighting Form

Later in the war my friend Willie Blackwood joined up and was lucky enough to get posted to the 51st. Often, since the war, I have listened to Blackwood for hours as he told quaint, amusing or tragic stories of his army days with the famous H. D.—Highland Division—in France. One of his senior officers was his brother-in-law's foreman porter in peace days; his own batman was an insurance agent who had insured his life some years previously. A sergeant in his company was a Dundee schoolmaster with a string of letters after his name. His adjutant was the shoemaker from whom he bought his boots in private life. The driver of the mess cart was one of the most accomplished architects in the midlands of Scotland. His major was a furniture dealer in Stirling. The colonel was a lawyer in Perth—"dear auld Wullie Grey," as Blackwood calls him. Of Colonel Grey conducting a court-martial against one of his own boys Blackwood tells a story which always makes me ripple with merriment. The soldier's crime was not heinous but of sufficient seriousness to warrant an inquiry. After hearing all the evidence the colonel turned to the culprit and delivered himself as follows:

"I'm rale sorry, Jamie Broon"—or whatever his name was—"to see ye in this disgraceful poseetion before me. Ye maun mind that this is no the toon o' Perth ye're in, but France, and that there's a war on. What wad yer faither, dooce man, think if I were to write an' tell him that ye had been misbehavin' yersel' oot here? I ken yer faither fine an' it wad break the auld man's hert!"

By this time, of course, the offending soldier was reduced to tears, and he replied in sobbing accents, "Dinna dae that, Maister Grey, for God's sake. I'm awfu' sorry for what I've dune, but I swear I'll no come afore ye again. Declare tae God, Maister Grey!"

And so, with an admonition, the kindly territorial colonel—the father as well as the commander of his men—dismissed the case!

Blackwood always asserts that the only trouble the officers of the Highland Division had to face was to prevent the men fighting among themselves when they were not fighting the Germans. One of the most bloodthirsty affrays he saw in France, he recounts, took place behind the line near Bapaume one Hogmanay night—the last night of the year and a special festival evening with all Scots either in peace or war.

Some of the transport boys had secretly laid in a large amount of rum for the due celebration of the occasion. The proceedings were marked at first with tremendous cordiality and conviviality all around, but about midnight an argument arose as to whether Aberdeen or Dundee was the better town to live in. Words led to blows and soon a miniature battle was in progress. The Aberdeen-Dundee disputants were putting up a capital show—so good that others thought they would like to join in. Only when casualties began to be serious was the guard called out and the battle finished. Next morning the regimental postman appeared at the officers' quarters with his head swathed in bandages, and as he handed out the letters, Lieutenant Blackwood asked him if he had been "in the scrap last night."

"I was that, sir," proudly replied the postman, "an' it was certainly a grand fecht. But I wish I knew the —— that got away with my left ear!"

Before going to the Front John got an occasional leave and we spent several weekends together at Glen Branter, where I was building a house for him on the estate. He was now engaged to be married to the sweetheart of his boyhood, Miss Mildred Thomson, whose father was a big warehouse proprietor in London. John himself never seemed to doubt that he would come through the war all right, but often I had a presentiment in the other direction. So many thousands of our best and bravest young men were being "a' wede awa'" that it was too much to hope my boy would escape. Naturally I did not mention my fears to John, who, for his part, was buoyantly looking forward to going over there with his beloved men.

I was on the Atlantic, bound once more for America, when John and his Highlanders sailed to France. Morris had arranged a very long and strenuous tour. After my opening weeks in New York my wife and I practically lived on a train for six months. Now that I come to think of it, I must have spent a good few years of my life on American trains. And a man could live in many worse places, believe me.

Massa Harry in a New Act

In the early days I had the Riva saloon which President Roosevelt used during his presidential travels. Other well-known people who had had the privilege of touring in it before me were Sarah Bernhardt and Adelina Patti. Later I had other parlor cars placed at my disposal.

Generally a Harry Lauder Special train consisted of three coaches, a baggage car, a Pullman sleeping car for my company and a parlor car for myself, my wife and Mr. Morris. These trains ran unchanged all over the North American continent. The original railway company took over all arrangements for each tour. And to the credit of the American railroads be it said that in twenty years, and in the covering of many hundreds of thousands of miles, I have only once been in an accident. That was at Buffalo, where we were run into by another special.

Some of the train servants traveled with me on many successive trips. There was one, a big black fellow named Tom, who was a magnificent cook and the best maker of waffles I ever came across. I must have eaten many thousands of black Tom's waffles. One night my own Tom asked the other Tom if he would like to go to the theater and see the Big Boss perform—meaning me.

"Sutt'nly, Massa Tom," said the cook. So white Tom got a ticket for him at some town out west. On returning to the Riva late that night, Vallance asked the black fellow how he had enjoyed my act. "Fust-class, Massa Tom—fust-class!" he exclaimed. "But Ise mighty glad he don't break his neck when he slip ever so high and fall down ker-wallop!" This criticism of my performance so puzzled Tom that he began to make inquiries. It appeared that our cook had gone to the theater right enough, that the first turn was by a grotesquely attired acrobat who made comedy tumbles off chairs piled up almost to the flies, and that, after seeing this act, the cook left the theater under the impression that he had seen Big Boss Harry Lauder!

Home again early in 1916 just in time to welcome John on his first leave from France and the trenches. Oh, but it was splendid to see the boy safe and sound and grown bigger and stronger than ever. He was now a captain, having been promoted several months before. We had a few days at the Glen together and spoke of the many things we would do after the war. A list of provincial dates kept me as busy as usual, and in the late autumn I went into my first revue at the Shaftesbury Theater, London. My first—and my last.

An Official Telegram

Three Cheers was quite as good a show as most successful revues are, but somehow I never felt myself thoroughly happy in it. My work as an artist is too individual for a revue. Ethel Levey and I had some excellent scenes in Three Cheers and one of the big hits in the piece was my war song, "The Laddies Who Fought and Won." This number sent the audiences into hysterical enthusiasm at every performance; the chorus was always taken up and shouted vociferously. A company of Scots Guards in full uniform marched onto the stage at the finish of the song, the final scene, before the fall of the curtain, being most warlike and inspiring.

I put my whole soul into the singing of this song. John was never out of my mind from the opening bars till the last—it was of him and his gallant boys of the 51st I was singing. Yet, as I have said, I never was at happy ease in this revue. Often I had fits of the most violent depression. These were not altogether dissociated from the daily publication of tremendously long lists of British casualties. I dreaded to buy a newspaper. In the closing days of the year Nance went up to Scotland to be beside her ain folks for the peculiarly Scottish festival of Hogmanay. I was left alone in London.

On Monday morning, the first day of 1917, I was handed a telegram. My heart started to beat double time. I could not bring myself to open the telegram. I knew what it contained. The agonies I suffered that bright New Year's morning! They cannot be written about. But hundreds of thousands—aye, millions—of fathers and mothers will know just what I passed through for many hours and for many weeks. My only son—the one child God had given us! The war had claimed his young life.

CAPTAIN JOHN LAUDER KILLED IN ACTION—OFFICIAL WAR OFFICE

That was what the telegram said when I came to read it. Then I noticed the postmark. It was from Dunoon. So Nance knew already! Brave soul, she had received the information first and simply redirected it on to me. Pulling myself together, I realized that my place was at Dunoon with my boy's mother. Throughout the day many of my personal friends called at the hotel, and their presence and kindly words of sympathy and encouragement kept me on something of a level keel mentally and physically. Tom Vallance, the boy's uncle, never left me for a moment, and he and I traveled up to Scotland by the midnight mail.

(Continued on Page 98)

When there's snap and tingle in the air- *match it*

Drink Coca-Cola
Delicious and Refreshing

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

8 million a day

The little red signs at cheerful places flash their invitation all along the way. Pause and refresh yourself with a Coca-Cola—one little minute that's long enough for a big rest.

You never know how refreshing a good drink can be until you try the one great drink with that delicious taste and cool after-sense of refreshment.

The Best Served Drink in the World

A pure drink of natural flavors served in its own thin, crystal-like glass. This glass insures the right proportions of Coca-Cola syrup, ice-cold carbonated water and a little finely crushed ice, stirred with a spoon until the sparkling bubbles bead at the brim.

"My goodness, child! Look where you're driving! It's a wonder those front tires didn't burst."

"Sorry, Mother; I didn't see that hole. But don't worry about the tires—they're all Kelly-Springfields."

(Continued from Page 96)

The meeting between Nance and myself next morning I shall never forget. She was wonderful. Through her tears her eyes shone with a brave light. For her there were no hysterics, no frenzied outbursts against Fate and God. She was proud of John in death as she had been of him in life. I was the weak individual that morning; she the strong. And after we had prayed a little together, not questioning His mysterious ways but simply asking Him for strength and comfort, we both felt slightly more resigned to our terrible loss.

Had it not been for Nance and her mothering of me at that time, I think my professional career would have ended with John's death.

"We mustna forget, Harry," she would often say, "that you and I are only two amongst countless fathers and mothers who have made the same sacrifice as we have been called on to make. Think, Harry, of all the weeping mothers in Scotland and England and ower the seas every day of the war. There's hardly a house in Scotland where a bonnie laddie hasna been grat for by a father or mother some day or another since the struggle began. And think o' the fatherless bairns an' the stricken wives an' the auld folks wi' naebody left to fend for them and care for them." Thus did John's mother carry more than her own load during that day or two of our sad reunion in the silent house on Clydeside.

The London revue, Three Cheers, was closed down, on account of my trouble, for the first three days of the year. Had I merely consulted my own inclinations I would, of course, have immediately cut adrift from all stage work. But to replace me in the revue was impossible. I had either to return and resume my part in the show, or see it suddenly disbanded, with all that this meant in the way of financial loss to hundreds of people. My wife said I ought to go back. Tom pointed out that I had a duty to the more poorly paid members of the profession associated with me in the production—loss of work at this season of the year would for them be little short of disaster. A letter from one of John's brother officers telling us how he died decided my line of action. The last words my boy uttered were "Carry on!" I resolved that I also would carry on.

Carry On!

How I managed to get through that ordeal on the Thursday evening, God only knows. I remember very little about it, and what I do remember seems to be part of a terrible dream. They tell me that the house was crowded to suffocation; that the feeling of tenseness both in front and behind was almost unbearable; that I dressed for my part as usual and stood in the wings for a few minutes before the orchestra played the first notes of my opening song—a simple little love lyric called I Love My Jean—that I faltered then and turned away, as from an impossible task, but that Tom caught hold of me, wheeled me round and whispered in my ear: "Remember John's words, Harry; carry on!"

The next few minutes I do most vividly recollect. I braced my shoulders and ran onto the stage. For just a moment the people were silent. Then they burst into a tornado of cheering, standing up in all parts of the house and shouting the most loving and affectionate and encouraging remarks to the poor Jack Point who was trying to do his duty while his heart was breaking. After cheering, they started to cry; there can have been few dry eyes in the Shaftesbury Theater at that moment. All this I remember. What happened afterward is not so clear in my mind. But they say I sang my first song as well and as brightly as ever I sang in my life, even if I did fall helplessly into Tom's arms on coming off the stage.

I must have made a tremendous effort to keep going during the rest of the performance. I am told that I did not miss a cue or a line or a gesture all the way through. But I knew that the final scene would get me on the raw! The big scene in the last act of the revue was my song, The Laddies Who Fought and Won. As Fate would have it, I had written two lines in the refrain of this song picturing what would happen after the war:

When we all gather round the old fireside
And the fond mother kisses her son ——

I knew I would never be able to sing these words. It was unthinkable. The song went all right so far as the verses were concerned, but each time I came to these lines in the chorus I choked. I tried hard, but it was impossible. The music went on, the Scots Guards and the audience sang the lines and I was able to recover myself sufficiently to continue. I have an idea that at the finish of the performance there was another big emotional outburst on the part of the people in front. They tell me so. But after I had led the singing of God Save the King I fainted.

Lightening the Burdens of Others

You may ask why I choose to recall all these details about a night so sad, so full of grief, so charged with personal drama. I do so because I think it is only right and proper if I am to tell the real story of my life in these memoirs. As a rule the public only sees the successful side of the actor, or public man anywhere, who has made good at his profession or in his business. They see only the outward and visible signs of his prosperity, his triumphs; they note only the approving shouts and the worship of the multitude; too often do they envy his riches, his popularity, his life all "spread in pleasant places." They ought to know what I suffered that night and for many, many nights and weeks and months afterward!

Yes, I played in Three Cheers until the piece ended. Nance came up to London. During the days we did a lot of hospital work together. This took our minds off our own troubles, for there's nothing like taking an interest in the sorrows of others for assuaging your own. At least that was our experience. In addition to singing to the wounded in different hospitals all over London, I spoke at many functions on behalf of war charities or on the then highly important topic of conserving food supplies. One of the largest demonstrations held in London during the war took place in Drury Lane Theater. Lord Balfour, of Burleigh, a much-loved and patriotic Scottish nobleman, and I were the two chief speakers, and I remember how pleased I was to be told by this wonderful veteran that my work for the wounded and in the soldiers' camps all round London was much appreciated by the government.

When the revue at the Shaftesbury Theater came to an end I made up my mind to enlist. Older men than I had done so. But I didn't want home service—if I joined up I wanted a guaranty that I would be sent to the Front. I broached the subject to more than one prominent man in the government and in the War Office. There would be no difficulty, I was told, about enlisting, and there would be even less in getting me a commission. But whenever I said that I wanted to go out and fight the enemy who had killed my boy, they simply laughed and told me I was far too old for the trenches.

"Then," I replied, "if you won't let me fight in the trenches let me go out and sing to the boys in the trenches." This idea was not pooh-poohed as the other had been. There certainly was something in it the big men admitted. But for a long time I heard no more about my highly original suggestion. I had only to say the word and I could easily have done what many other prominent artists had been doing—constantly visiting the bases in France and Belgium and there entertaining the thousands of men and women engaged in base work or the wounded lying in the hospitals.

(Continued on Page 101)

On Parade

Faces that are FIT

Make no mistake. As you swing through the day you're *On Parade.* And, rightly or not, the face you show for inspection, quickly ranks you.

That's why it pays to *Keep your Face Fit.*

To put your best face forward . . . to keep your face fit . . . it's wisest to turn at shaving time to Williams . . . to Williams and 88 years of specialized study of what is best for beard and skin.

With Williams lather . . . . thick, supremely mild . . . . you'll get a shave that's quick and grateful.

Then, with a tingling splash of Aqua Velva, you'll protect the newly shaven skin . . . . condition it for the day. Aqua Velva *carries on* from where Williams Shaving Cream *leaves off.*

Try this Williams formula to-morrow. Try it for a month or so. See how fine your face feels and looks. Observe the new tone your skin will have . . . . a tone of buoyant *Face Fitness.*

Williams Shaving Cream—Pure. Uncolored. Super mild. It saturates and softens every hair. Thoroughly prepares the skin. Gently cleanses every pore. Makes shaving quick and comfortable.

Williams Aqua Velva — Made expressly for after-shaving, it wakes the skin and livens it. Protects from dust, germs, wind and weather. Helps to prevent chapping and to heal tiny nicks and cuts. Keeps the skin flexible and well conditioned by conserving its natural moisture. Helps to keep it *young.*

"Oh, yes, . . . sometimes they change . . . . but they all come back to Williams."

"Just notice the fine skins of men who use Williams!"

You *can't* lose *this* cap!

Williams

SHAVING CREAM -- AQUA VELVA

Trial sizes of both Shaving Cream and Aqua Velva for 4 cents in stamps to cover postage and packing. They will last 5 to 10 days.

Address, Dept. P28 - The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Ct., U. S. A.
or The J. B. Williams Co., (Canada) Ltd., Montreal.

BULOVA Watches

ELINOR
14 kt. solid white gold; set with 6 sapphires ... $50.00

ROBERTA
17 jewel movement ... $37.50

RAMON
15 jewel movement ... $33.75

PATRICIA
15 jewel movement ... $24.75

PRESIDENT
17 jewel; radium dial; curved to fit the wrist ... $50.00

SENATOR
15 jewel; radium dial ... $35.00

TREASURER
17 jewel; radium dial ... $29.75

SPARTAN
15 jewel; radium dial ... $31.75

BUCKINGHAM
A new strap watch of unusual design; curved to fit the wrist; 17 jewel.... $50.00

YOUR assurance of a dependable timepiece!

You select a watch from your jeweler's tray and place it upon your wrist. "I like it! It is beautiful! What is its price?" + + + + +

You do not buy a watch every day. When you do, you must make sure of so many things! It must be beautiful; you must be proud of its appearance. Above all things, it must be faithful to its trust, to tell time *on* time throughout the years. + + + + +

And yet there is only one assurance of such dependability in a watch, and that is to know what the same watch is doing for others. +

Right now as you read this message, hundreds of thousands of men and women are wearing Bulova Watches: society women, meeting important engagements; business executives to whom moments are of priceless value; aviators whose courageous flights must be timed to the second. In every walk of life, Bulova Watches are guardians of time. + + + + +

The name "Bulova" on the dial is always your assurance of a beautiful timepiece, perfectly attuned to its responsibility. Bulova Watches, from $25 to $2500, vary in price only as they vary in design —each a dependable timepiece!

BULOVA WATCH COMPANY
+ + BULOVA TOWER + +
Fifth Avenue, New York
In Canada: Federal Building
Toronto, Ont.

AT THE BETTER JEWELERS · · EVERYWHERE

(Continued from Page 98)

But I wanted to do something bigger. I was all lit up now with this idea of singing to the boys who were actually in the fighting line. I wanted to get right among them, to see for myself what they were doing, how they were doing it, to cheer them up and encourage them. And perhaps, I secretly told myself, I might be able to visit my own little hallowed spot of ground where John was sleeping.

For a long time I heard no more of this wonderful scheme of mine. I knew that it had been put up to those in supreme authority, but as the weeks went past and I heard nothing I gloomily decided that it had been turned down. Nance and I went up to Scotland for a wee holiday among the hills. We were both very ill and exhausted. We spent our time between Laudervale and Glen Branter, but both places were too full of associations with John for us to be anything else but thoroughly miserable. At every point and at every turn we were reminded of the boy who was lying dead in France. There were his photographs, his guns, his fishing rods, his horse, his billiard cue, his books, his music! And right over the road from Glen Branter was Invernoaden House all ready to receive him and his bonnie bride. I tell you, we cried ourselves to sleep every night.

Song Midst the Ruins

Then one day, at the end of May, came a letter from the War Office giving me my orders. My request had been agreed to. I was to visit the front with full permission to entertain the Scottish troops wherever they were. I was to be taken specially to those sectors of the British front where the Argyll and Sutherlands, the Black Watch, the Camerons, the Gordons, the Seaforths, and the Highland Light Infantry were operating.

These names always make the blood of a Scot run faster for the hearing, even in the piping times of peace, but in the war years they were magic words to me and to "ilka son o' the heather." I knew how our Highland glens had been cleared to the last young man, how every town and village in Scotland had been drained to supply these famous regiments with the necessary man power. Can you wonder if I felt like going across the Channel and hugging every kilted laddie to my heart?

Two intimate personal friends of my own had been selected to accompany me—James Hogge, a Member of Parliament for one of the divisions of Edinburgh, whose work on behalf of the widows and orphans of fallen soldiers and sailors had won the admiration of the country, and the Reverend George Adam, at that time a prominent official in the Munitions Ministry, who had come home from his church in Montreal to lend a hand in the struggle. Better companions could not have been desired. Jamie Hogge and Geordie Adam and I have been through lots of "ploys" together, but none half so interesting or memorable as our trip to the war zone in 1917. On the boat which took us across the Channel we were christened the Reverend Harry Lauder, M. P.'s Party, and this cognomen stuck to us all the time.

I carried with me a small portable piano and tens of thousands of packets of cigarettes. My intention was to accompany my own songs where I could not pick up a volunteer accompanist, but I was not called upon to strike a note on the instrument, because there were always more volunteers than I could find employment for. The fags, I thought, would last me a week, giving a packet to every Tommy I found short of a smoke, but they were all distributed within a very few hours of our setting foot in France. Had I taken a full shipload the result would have been the same.

Our party was put under the absolute command of a smart young staff officer, Captain Godfrey, and he seldom left us night or day during our tour. I gave my first concert in the Casino at Boulogne, then being used as a base hospital. All the wounded men able to crawl or be helped into one of the largest wards attended the show, and I have never sung to a more enthusiastic audience. My heart was near my mouth all the time I was singing, but there wasn't a dull face among that maimed and stricken assembly of heroes.

Next day we went up the line and our adventures started in earnest. We were seldom far away from the firing line. We worked eastward to Albert and Arras and down as far as Peronne, having many opportunities of seeing every phase of the soldiers' lives from the base right up to the front-line trenches. We visited the infantry, the artillery and the transport, and wherever it was a feasible proposition I set up my portable piano and sang to officers and men in the open air, in rest camps, in dugouts, in old châteaux, ruined farms, tumble-down barns—anywhere. There was never any difficulty in getting an audience; the news of my presence traveled like wildfire and all the chaps who could get off duty came posthaste to hear Harry Lauder. I knew dozens and dozens of the men in the 9th, 15th and 51st Divisions. Old schoolmates in Arbroath and old miners from Hamilton and other towns in the West Country came forward and greeted me; at each halt it was like a reunion of good friends and acquaintances.

Sometimes I gave as many as half a dozen concerts in a day. The audiences varied from a hundred or two up to several thousands. At Arras, for instance, which was one of the great British centers in France, there must have been at least five thousand men assembled in the twilight of a soft June evening. That was a scene I shall never forget. The ruins all around; soldiers densely packed in front of me, behind, and to left and right; aeroplanes circling overhead to keep off prowling Jerries; my voice ringing out in the verses of my songs and being drowned in the lusty and spontaneous singing of the choruses. Occasionally a shell would come whizzing overhead just to let us know that there was a war on and that death was lurking near.

Impromptu Comedy

I remember finishing that concert in almost pitch darkness. I must have sung a dozen or fifteen songs to the boys, but they were still anxious for more. There were calls for some of the old favorites I hadn't included, but above the shouts came a great voice which boomed, "I'm frae Aberfeldy, Harry! Sing us the Wee Hoose 'Mang the Heather!" Such a request could not be ignored. I sang the old lyric with its simple refrain:

"There's a wee hoose 'mang the heather,
There's a wee hoose o'er the sea,
There's a lassie in that wee hoose
Waiting patiently for me.
She's the picture o' perfection,
I would'na tell a lee;
If ye saw her ye would love her
Just the same as me."

And I'm thinking that many of the kilties who sang the haunting chorus with me at Arras that night never again saw the wee hoose or the lassie they had in mind, and that the lassie herself is still dreaming of a braw laddie's grave oversea.

When we were at Arras we were told that several companies of one of the Highland regiments were holding a railway cut on the line between that town and Lens, out of which latter place the Germans had just been driven.

"Would it be possible for me to go out and sing to them?" they sent a messenger in to ask.

Certainly, I replied, and as Captain Godfrey was willing that we should take any risk that was going, we set off without more ado. We reached the railway cut all right and soon had all the soldiers gathered round us. The place was literally honeycombed with shell holes and dugouts—a pretty dreadful spot it seemed to me. But a cheerier crowd of Scotties you couldn't imagine. They gave me a peculiarly boisterous welcome. Our concert had not been started more than a few minutes when a shell came plump into the cutting and exploded with a shattering roar. I suddenly stopped short in the song I was singing; I felt queer in the pit of the stomach. After a little while I started again. But another shell followed, hitting a railway bridge perhaps two hundred yards, or less, from where we were standing.

"They've spotted us," said the officer in charge.

Sure enough a perfect rain of shells began to fall all round us. All thoughts of further singing left my mind and I turned and ran for the nearest dugout, into which I scrambled in a most undignified fashion. I was in my kilt and was wearing a tin helmet. The latter tilted off my head as I legged it for safety, and Hogge and Adam afterward told me that I was a most comical spectacle tearing down the cut as hard as I could go with the tin helmet dangling down the side of my face. Hogge certainly reached the dugout some minutes after I did, but the Reverend George was there when I arrived, so I do not see that he was in a position to say how I looked!

Between the Acts

A German aeroplane had evidently observed the concentration of the men for the concert and had signaled the position to one of the enemy batteries. For fully half an hour the strafe was kept up, and I must here testify to the remarkably accurate hitting of the Germans composing that particular battery. There were no casualties on our side, although several of the shells fell very near our dugout.

"How did I feel under shell fire?" you may ask. To be perfectly candid—horrible! I seemed to have no middle register. I knew I had legs and a head, but there was nothing in between. My main thought was not of death or injury but rather what would happen if a shell struck the dugout and we were all buried beneath tons of earth and wood and iron. The soldiers in the dugout with us were as cheery as crickets, laughing and joking and smoking. A group of them started to play cards.

"Harry," said a brawny, hairy-legged sergeant from Dundee, "dinna fash yersel'. If yer name's on a shell or a bullet, you'll get it, an' if it's no, yer as safe here as a bug in a rug."

But to say that this bit of soldier philosophy in any way steadied my nerves would be to tell a deliberate untruth. However, the din died down by and by and we sallied forth and concluded the concert without further interruption. The original audience was greatly added to by the presence of a large number of English and Irish and South African Tommies who had been bathing in the River Scarpe, on the other side of the railway cut, and to whom the news of our presence had been carried. They did not wait to dress, but came running up as they were born and lined up to hear my songs. I have had many weird audiences in my life in far-flung parts of the world, but that was the only occasion I ever sang to hundreds of stark-naked men. When I took my departure they used their shirts and other items of clothing to wave me a hearty farewell.

Before leaving France, after a most interesting and fortifying experience with our soldier lads, I was able, as I had hoped, to visit John's grave. My companions went with me as far as the entrance to the little cemetery at Ovillers, on the Albert-Peronne Road. There, like the thoughtful and kindly men they are, they left me and I fought out my battle alone.

Editor's Note—This is the sixth of a series of articles by Sir Harry Lauder. The next will appear in the issue for February 25.

What's wrong with this picture?

A WELL-SHARPENED pencil is as much a mark of refinement as well-shaped nails. Invest one dollar in a Boston Pencil Sharpener and never again own a pencil that shames you. No work, no shavings on the floor, no soiled hands, no cut fingers. A few quick turns of the handle do the trick. Your pencil is smooth, even, sharp, clear to the point.

Boston Model L, the best sharpener a dollar ever bought, is handsome in its coat of green enamel. Its roller cutters are of case-hardened steel, almost impossible to wear out. Other models adjustable for fat and lean pencils are priced at $1.50, $3, and—$5 for the one with ball bearings. All Boston Pencil Sharpeners are rust-proof.

$1.00

In the West these prices are slightly higher. Obtainable from any store selling stationery.

C. HOWARD HUNT PEN CO.
Camden, N. J.

BOSTON
PENCIL SHARPENERS

PREVENT IT!

Many of the leading manufacturers of today protect their products of iron or steel from the ravages of rust and corrosion—with Udylite. The manufacturer who does not give the consumer the benefit of such protection is as guilty of negligence as though he sent his products out improperly finished or assembled.

It is often a seemingly unimportant part that rusts or corrodes—destroying the appearance and utility of the entire product.

Udylite, a positive rust proofing process, serves a two-fold purpose. The silver-like finish adds beauty to the utility of iron or steel products which its cadmium coating protects from rust and corrosion.

Over three hundred leading manufacturers in many different lines of production are applying the Udylite Process to their products. The use of a process which cuts down selling resistance and gives infinitely longer life and greater beauty to the product is good salesmanship.

Ask our engineers to consult with you about the possibilities of applying the Udylite Process to your products.

Udylite
RUST PROOFS
UDYLITE PROCESS CO.
3220 BELLEVUE AVE.
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Getting On in the World

Specialized Knowledge a Big Factor in Business Success

THE other day I was talking to a man well under forty—one of the youngest men, probably, who has attained to the presidency of a large company of national reputation. The last time I saw him he was the general sales manager of the company, and we chatted about his change in station. He reminded me, then, of how he came to join the company in the first place.

As a young man he had entered the advertising-agency business, and early in his career as an advertising man he had called on the company that he now heads. At that time the firm had not long been selling a line of electrical appliances for household use. Previously they had kept their factories busy manufacturing heavy industrial machinery which was bought, rather than sold, by other factories, power houses, and so on. The firm did a little advertising in trade papers for the heavy machinery, but no one had been able to convince them that advertising to the consuming public would help the sales of their household-appliance division.

This youthful advertising man tried his hand at convincing them, but failed. He did not fail once. He failed several times. The sales manager in charge of the household-appliance division kept him stalled off for two or three years. Meanwhile, because of the reputation of the concern in the industrial field, and because of the quality of the merchandise, the sales of these appliances showed a slow but steady increase.

Finally, one day, after listening to all sorts of excuses and alibis, which were becoming stale by frequent repetition, the advertising man was told the real reason for the firm's reluctance to conduct a consumer-advertising campaign for this division of the business. The reason was simply that the merchandise was not profitable enough. In the appliance field the company had to meet strong competition, and the prices at which they were forced to sell resulted in a net profit of a very few cents on each appliance sold. To spend several thousand dollars to increase the sale of goods that were practically unprofitable, and which were manufactured principally for the purpose of keeping the factory running full time all the year round, looked like absolute folly. But the advertising man was not satisfied. He began to ask questions, and after some hesitation was given exact figures as to the manufacturing cost of the various appliances produced, and the profit on each item. The advisability of an advertising campaign for these particular lines seemed more remote than ever, but still the young fellow refused to admit defeat.

Know More Than Your Prospect

He set about getting figures from competing concerns as to their manufacturing costs and profits. It was not an easy job, but after several months of investigation he got together the data he had unearthed and went back to the electrical concern. This time he did not go to the sales manager. He went to the president.

"For nearly four years," he said, "I have been trying to find out why you do not advertise your household appliances. A few months ago the sales manager of that division took me into his confidence and told me your manufacturing costs and your profit. Your profit in that division is practically nonexistent. My understanding is that you have merely used this line of appliances to fill in and keep the wheels turning in slack periods. You haven't concerned yourself much with producing at the lowest possible cost, and consequently you haven't believed it advisable to go after big sales volume aggressively. Now I have figures here to show you that your manufacturing cost is altogether too high—ridiculously high. Here is what it is costing your competitors to produce articles similar in quality to your own and sold at about the same prices. Because your main concern has been with the machinery line which brought your firm into business you have been neglecting a division that might easily be made more profitable than the older established end."

The president of the company glanced at the figures, and then called in his production superintendent, who confirmed the advertising man's verdict that automatic machinery and certain changes in the production system would materially reduce the manufacturing cost of the household appliances.

"The result was," said my friend, "that I not only got an advertising contract but I got the sales manager's job a few months later. And the principle that helped me to sell that contract is the principle I have been dinning into the ears of our salesmen ever since: Know more than the prospect does! It isn't possible, of course, for every salesman to know more about each individual prospect's business than the prospect knows himself, but it is possible for every salesman to acquire some sort of specialized knowledge that will put him in a position to advise and help his customers."

The Edge on the Other Fellow

When urged to tell something more about the working of this principle—Know more than the prospect does—the busy president of this big electrical concern harked back to his advertising-agency days.

"I discovered the principle in the first place," he said, "by analyzing the unusual success of an advertising salesman for one of the big magazines. Although big, it was by no means the biggest, and yet this fellow got an awful lot of business from our agency. I was young then, and the way this fellow used to come in and take contracts away from our office fired me with curiosity. His canvass for his paper was good, but not better than a few of the other topnotchers. He had a pleasing personality, but not more so than some of the other salesmen who called on us.

"What, then, was his secret? It was simply that whenever he came into the place he had some bit of news or information that our fellows hadn't heard of. He traveled around a great deal, of course, and in addition he kept his eyes and ears open when other salesmen talked to him. An active memory and a faculty for merchandising information in the right ear at the right time completed his unusual equipment. He would tip us off to prospective changes that were about to take place at a competitive agency, or to the possibility of a switch in the handling of the advertising account of some large manufacturer, which might mean a new client for us. He always had a lot of inside information as to new kinds of service agencies were offering advertisers, or as to any special deals certain publications were offering—a practice much more common then than now. In short, he knew more about a lot of things than our executives did, and the result was that they were inclined to give him more time and attention and sympathy than most of the other salesmen who visited us.

"Not long ago I heard of an outstanding case of the use of this knowing-more principle by an oil salesman up in Canada. He was working for an oil company, and suddenly, one year, he jumped from an obscure place to rank with the best salesmen in volume of sales. Impressed by his record, the sales manager wrote him well ahead of the annual sales convention and asked him what had happened. The reply resulted in this salesman being asked to address the convention on the secret of his big increase in sales. It was simply the story of how and where the company procured the crude petroleum which formed the base of their automobile oils. So interesting was the salesman's talk, and so impressive the results he had gained by telling dealers the same story, that all the company's salesmen were urged to introduce the same material into their canvasses, and also an entirely new advertising campaign was planned in which the romantic story of oil development in Peru was made the principal feature.

"It is interesting to remark," my friend continued, "that many of the other oil salesmen were not anything like as successful with the raw-materials information as the first salesman had been. They hadn't the knack of making it dramatic and romantic. They found that it bored their hearers and dropped it from their sales talks; which doesn't at all vitiate the soundness of the principle on which the first salesman had been working. In other words, it is not only necessary to know more than the prospect, it is also necessary to present what one knows in an interesting and acceptable form."

Ready-Made Telegrams

"One more example of my pet principle and I'm through," exclaimed the subject of my interview. "I was reading only the other day of a new policy inaugurated by a telegraph company which has added $2,000,000 a year to their revenues. This policy was based on the experiments of a telegraph clerk in the company's employ, a man who knew more than most of the people who came to him to send messages, and knew how to merchandise his knowledge. He was continually being approached by people who were looking for assistance in writing telegrams of congratulation and condolence, and after a while—being impressed by the similarity of these requests—he wrote out a number of stock messages suitable for certain occasions—births, weddings, funerals, and so on—and slipped these under the glass of his counter. He had a knowledge of the use of condensed English, and offered it freely to his customers. That was the beginning of a policy which has now been adopted nationally by the telegraph company and has resulted in the revenue I have mentioned. Today a person with little gift for language can choose a sample message to suit a great many different occasions.

"That's all I can tell you right now, but if you care to dig further into the history of a lot of successful businesses you'll find the principle operating in almost every case where aggressive selling has been a success factor. Look at the cotton manufacturers, for instance. They are only just beginning to regain some of the ground they lost to the silk manufacturers because the silk men knew more about designs and patterns than they did—but, there, I'm off again. Know more than the other fellow, and know how to merchandise your knowledge, that's all."

—RICHARD SURREY.

57 flavor

There are many women who still may have their own gardens and grow their own tomatoes, who like to make their own tomato soup.

And probably not one who doesn't add, for the final touch, a big cupful of rich, heavy cream. For it *does* take cream to give the flavor and real richness . . . That's why *we* use cream—rich cream in making *Heinz Cream of Tomato Soup*. It does make a vast difference.

Then for the tomatoes, we develop our own seed and start the plants, you know. And the tomatoes are ripened on the vines—picked red, ripe and juicy—and used while they still have all their wonderful garden freshness.

Then we ourselves go to the Orient to secure the finest spices—each selected to give just the right zip and tang. . . .

You can only achieve the fine flavor of any product when you pay detailed attention to the selection of the materials. And it is *this* that has helped so much to make the Heinz name mean Flavor.

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY, PITTSBURGH, PA.

flavor

In the children's little supper bowls before the nursery fire. At the formal dinner with the long, candle-lit tables. As a happy beginning for your supper this very night. Whenever a gloriously good hot soup is wanted, Heinz Cream of Tomato Soup *is the soup.* There's all the richness and goodness and flavor of garden-fresh tomatoes and sweet, smooth cream in every joyous spoonful.

HEINZ CREAM OF TOMATO SOUP

You can keep young, thick hair!

Sturdy, thick-growing hair

yours, with this daily care

"Young-looking!"—so often a man's age is guessed by a glance at his hair!

You can keep your hair thick, vigorous, young—check thinning or falling hair—with a daily treatment as simple as brushing your teeth:

EVERY MORNING wet your hair and scalp thoroughly with Pinaud's Eau de Quinine. Then, with your fingers pressed down firmly, move the scalp vigorously in every direction, working the tonic into every inch of the scalp. Move the scalp, not the fingers! Brush the hair while still moist. It will lie smoothly just the way you want it.

The very first Pinaud treatment stimulates even the most sluggish scalp, so that starved hair roots begin to grow faster and stronger.

Soon, within a few days, dandruff disappears.

Dandruff-free—richly nourished—your hair gains and keeps the sturdy thickness of youth!

Use Pinaud's every day. By this simple daily care you can save your hair!

Buy Pinaud's Eau de Quinine today at any drug or department store. Look for the signature of Ed. Pinaud in red on the bottle. Pinaud, Paris, New York.

PINAUD'S

Eau de *Quinine*

Copr., 1928, Pinaud, Inc.

THE GOVERNOR'S GROCERY BILL

(Continued from Page 15)

"Well, we didn't expect to get rich at it. That wasn't the idea."

"No, but six thousand a year, with a house thrown in and no office expenses, didn't sound so bad. We've done with less, Geoff."

"There are a lot of demands."

"Tea, lemons, ice cream, donations—dinners for everybody who is too important to buy his own—don't tell me! What I can't get is how the rest of them managed."

"Who?"

"The previous first ladies and gents of this state."

"I suppose some of them had money—the governors or their wives. Besides, nobody ever tried to get along on this salary before."

"I suppose not."

"Not for years anyway. They either had money or knew how to get it. It isn't any trick."

They were thoughtful for a moment and the young man's face was rather grim.

"But we've got to manage," said Geoffrey. "That's the answer. And believe me, young girl, there are those who are watching us night and day and praying that we slip."

"Beasts—what could they pray to? The Lord wouldn't bother with them."

"They've got a very special god of their own. Not a pretty one—a malignant one with his eye out for me."

"The thing is," said Martha, "that the very people who put you in make it so much harder. You'd think they'd know that six thousand dollars is only six thousand dollars and not golden rubber. That tea for the Good Government League cost about thirty dollars and I certainly did make Nelly go easy on butter. But it didn't seem to occur to the ladies that it cost anything. They all think that because you get a house free you're rich. And just when you plan to live on Hamburger for a week, some ambassador or somebody comes along with his mouth all fixed for caviar and you have to give him a dinner."

"That reminds me. Baird's going to be here next month."

"Harvey Baird?"

"Even so."

"That means something."

"Room and board," said the governor succinctly. "He's a great man."

"What's he coming out here for?"

"I guess he's drifting around sizing up the country before he decides whether he wants to take it on as President, if he gets the chance two years from now."

"I wish that next time you run for office," suggested Martha, "you'd gallop along after the presidency. It seems to me that I've heard that the President's wife gets a special endowment."

"Anything you like. But ——"

"Yes, I know I'm off the point. You were asking me if I could get along with less money this month. And the answer is no, but I will."

"You're a dodo," said the governor admiringly, and looked a shade less worried. "I do hate to cramp you ——"

"Don't be silly. I ran for this office, too, didn't I?"

"I'll say you did—faster than anybody else."

"All right then; don't be apologetic. We let ourselves in for any grief that's coming—because it's our favorite state and we were tired of seeing it run by crooks. You can give me a hundred dollars less this month, Geoff. I'll manage."

"I'll make it up to you next month, dearest."

"Don't make any rash promises. You'll probably have to endow a hospital with next month's salary. But I can use it any time. I'll have to hold out part of the grocery bill, and I should clear that up, really. But we've been trading at Clark's for years and so did my family before me. They know I come of honest bill-paying stock."

The governor was not listening very hard. There seemed to have quietly closed in upon his mind a host of other considerations. He kissed his wife devoutly and was on his way, saying something about a meeting.

There were always meetings. They squeezed themselves into every fragment of probable leisure. Martha tried not to resent them. It was only once in a while, like tonight, when that marvelous German film was being shown at the Lyceum for the last time, that the meetings seemed hung around her neck. She had wanted to see that picture rather badly, but there had been no chance. Quite a few things had been put in the discard since Geoffrey had been elected. The dancing club, for instance, because it was apt to be regarded as both frivolous and snobbish for the chief executive and his wife to frequent such affairs. Martha thought of the noisy, intimate, brilliant party at the Wyscombe Club tomorrow night and the gay dinners that would precede the dance. There would be no speeches there, no object or purpose except amusement. Of course the governor's wife couldn't be going around to things like that, but none the less she sighed faintly.

Tomorrow night she and Geoffrey were going to the real-estate brokers' banquet. They would be in the center of the line at the head table and Geoffrey would make a speech about the special usefulness of real-estate dealers to the state. There would be more salad, with more Thousand Island dressing—slippery pink paste sliding off a quarter of a head of lettuce that had long since lost its crispness. There would be hard, high lights blazing over everything, and now and then someone would say, "You look so young to be a governor's wife!" and be faintly fatuous. Young—she didn't feel young at those banquets. She felt her very legs growing stiff with age and discretion.

She called herself a sulky little beast and went over to the radio in the corner of the study where she and the governor had been talking. She was alone in the house. Nelly was out tonight, and the high-school girl who looked after Peter in the afternoons had put him to bed and gone home. Martha turned the dial. A grave voice began to admonish her: "In this country of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln ——" She twirled him quickly out of hearing—another politician. Here it was, slurring, seductive, lingering, rhythmic—the melody that she wanted. Martha looked around. The shades were down. She began to dance alone, to join the unseen, unheard crowd of people who were dancing across the continent to the music of the best jazz orchestra in the United States. Around the desk, into the darkened hall, bewitched by the music, she made the quiet pompous rooms gracious and happy for a moment.

The telephone stopped her. She lifted the receiver, a little out of breath.

"Hello ——"

"Is this Governor Patton's residence?"

"Yes."

"Would it be possible to speak with him?"

"He's not at home tonight. Will you leave a message? This is Mrs. Patton."

There was a second's pause, during which Martha was conscious of the radio's noisy blare of jazz. It suddenly sounded maudlin. Why hadn't she turned it off?

"No, I believe there's no message. You say the governor is not there?" asked the man's voice again insistently.

"He is at a meeting."

"Thank you. No, there's no message."

He had hung up without leaving his name. Martha turned the radio to silence and disconnected it. She no longer felt like dancing. That voice on the telephone had reminded her of the governor's position, of the unfitness of his wife dancing madly to a radio tune by herself. There was no reason why she shouldn't, but still ——

She went upstairs and looked at Peter, who was much too young to care whether his father was plumber or governor. He was fast asleep.

"Pete," said his mother softly, "I guess you'd better not be a governor. At least not until you're old. It's really pretty hard work."

There was one good thing about banquets—they saved the price of a dinner at home. Governors and their wives were always honorary guests at banquets. Figuring up her accounts the next day, Martha counted that blessing. The grocery bill, which had just come in, was even worse than she had thought. Of course it wasn't all groceries. It included meats, for Clark's big establishment dealt in those also, and Martha bought nearly everything they ate at that store. The account had been trailing along for two months now and the total was staggering. She picked up the pile of daily bills and checked the whole itemized account. It was accurate. Well, Mr. Clark knew her credit was good. He had sold thousands of dollars of groceries to her family in the days when the Everetts did a great deal of entertaining. That was before Mr. Everett got the habit of losing money instead of making it and Josie couldn't bear it and went East and found herself a rich husband. Martha had stayed at home. In the first place, she was younger, and then somebody had to stay, and the final reason was that she liked her city and her state and always felt a little lonely and temporary anywhere else. She and Geoffrey were both like that.

Martha folded the offending bill and was about to put the envelope which had contained it into the wastebasket when she saw a yellow slip still inside it. She pulled it out to see what was being advertised. Clark's often had good bargains.

Rush Brothers announce the purchase of the establishment formerly known as CLARK'S GROCERY AND MARKET. We solicit the continuance of your patronage and assure you of the same service and high quality of goods as has been formerly offered by this house.

Martha looked at it dubiously. It gave her a little pang to see Clark's going out of business. His delivery truck had in a way become part of life. Rush Brothers was that firm on Water Street—the big concern that had several stores about town and had become rich on the cash-and-carry system. Their windows were always full of vegetables and fruit that didn't look quite fresh. Martha concluded that she would have to trade at Fillmore's on the West Side in the future. Then it occurred to her that this might not be an opportune time to make any change in patronage. Two hundred and ninety dollars' worth of creditor ought not to be aggrieved. It might also be possible that this new management would not be so accommodating as the old one had been about credit.

They were disturbing thoughts. Martha went over the rest of her obligations. Electric light—what a lot it cost to illuminate the governor's mansion! There were so many sockets where a light was apt to be left burning, no matter how careful one tried to be. Gas, water, milk—surely Pete hadn't drunk that much milk. She would have to talk to Nelly. There was also a bill from the man who cut the lawn. Martha had told Geoffrey that she would pay him. But judging from the number of hours he was charging for, he must have cut the grass with manicure scissors, said Martha to herself.

Of course, she thought, most of the people in the world are struggling with bills today. It is the universal problem, no matter if the poets do ignore it. It's the skin of life when you take off its clothes and pretenses. Martha cupped her pretty chin in her hand

(Continued on Page 106)

Italian Marble "Lifetime" Desk Fountain-pen Set, $35

Identify the Lifetime pen by this white dot

Oval Crystal Glass "Lifetime" Desk Fountain-pen Set, $16.50

Jet Glass "Lifetime" Desk Fountain-pen Set, $15

Sheaffer gave the world its writing instruments of real beauty

Pioneers in elegance! Sheaffer's Lifetime° desk fountain-pen set has brought to the work-places of the world a new efficiency. It is a convenience that is now greatly needed in every office and home. Always ready for instant service, responding to the lightest touch, a handsome ornament, this first pioneer quickly became a desk necessity.

At better dealers everywhere

Onyx or Italian Marble "Lifetime" Desk Fountain-pen Set, $11

Blue Label Leads 15 cents

SHEAFFER'S

PENS · PENCILS · SKRIP

W. A. SHEAFFER PEN COMPANY · FORT MADISON, IOWA, U. S. A.
New York · · Chicago · · San Francisco
W. A. Sheaffer Pen Co. of Canada, Ltd., · Toronto, Ont.—60-62 Front St., W.
Wellington, N. Z. · Sydney, Australia · London—199 Regent St.

° Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

FIFTEEN YEARS BUILDING CALCULATING MACHINES—NOTHING ELSE

There's a difference between a "COMPLETE" FIGURING MACHINE and any other kind

A Complete Figuring Machine—Electric or Hand Models

-The "Marchant Test" will show you 16 reasons why Marchant efficiency is 25% to 40% higher.

WE SOMETIMES find people who do not need a *complete* figuring machine. They don't need the Marchant.

But—here's the point—if a complete machine is what you do need, the "Marchant Test" provides a standard of measurement that will enable you to determine just what to expect in complete figuring machine construction and performance. Furthermore, it may demonstrate, as it usually does, that a complete figuring machine is more economical than any other kind.

The "Marchant Test" (shown here) represents the 16 principal features we demanded of our engineers as being essential to a complete figuring machine and one that would—as the Marchant has—result in an increased operating efficiency of from 25% to 40%.

We demanded a machine not only to add, subtract, multiply and divide, but one that would do these faster, more quietly, with less effort, and with an absolute check for accuracy before the operator at all times.

Let our nearest representative demonstrate the "Marchant Test" for you. It will point the way to savings that will pay for the machine you buy. Phone or drop him a line, or mail the coupon direct to us for the booklet entitled, "Sixteen Improvements in Calculating Machine Performance."

USE THE MARCHANT TEST

1st—*In buying a new Calculating Machine.*

2nd—*To determine whether you should change the machine you now have.*

DEMAND THESE ADVANTAGES FOR YOUR MACHINE!

1. Anyone can run it.
2. Visible dials for all factors and results.
3. "True Figure" register dials.
4. Horizontal straight line reading.
5. Dials spaced for easy reading.
6. Automatic electric dial clearance.
7. Noiseless sliding carriage.
8. Automatic position indicator.
9. Quiet start and stop motor.
10. Automatic multiplication—right hand control.
11. Direct subtraction.
12. Automatic repeat addition.
13. Build-up division.
14. Automatic stop control for all operations.
15. Maximum "carry-over" capacity.
16. Minimum desk space.

Executives concerned with confidential figures and quick estimating will be interested in the "Little Marchant," 5 x 11 inches. It beats a slide rule. Write for Leaflet B.

Before you decide—see the Marchant!

Sales and Service

New York, Boston
Philadelphia
Atlanta
Nashville, Buffalo
Cincinnati
Cleveland, Chicago
Indianapolis
Detroit, Pittsburg
Minneapolis
Kansas City, St. Louis
New Orleans, El Paso

MARCHANT
CALCULATING MACHINE COMPANY
Factory and Executive Office
Oakland, California

Sales and Service

Denver, Los Angeles
San Francisco
Portland, Seattle
and in 75 other cities in the United States and Foreign Countries
For Canada, United Typewriter Co. Ltd., Toronto, Montreal and 18 other Canadian Cities

Mail this Coupon

MARCHANT CALCULATING MACHINE COMPANY,
Oakland, California.

I wish to see the booklet, "Sixteen Improvements in Calculating Machine Performance."

*Name*_____ *Firm*_____ *Address*_____

(Continued from Page 104)

and set to wondering how other people managed and if something couldn't be done to make the burden of living a little less heavy all around. That was how Martha happened to be a governor's wife at twenty-five—because she had a sense of responsibility for the lives of people she did not know.

Geoffrey could never have done it alone. It was because Martha had never shut him in, never monopolized him, never lost her own sense of belonging to a world as well as to a person or a family, that they had gone so far. From the first it had been impossible for them to live as their friends did—without an impersonal interest.

She wore her new black-velvet dinner dress to the real-estate brokers' banquet that night. It was new to her and to the other guests, though not to Josie Long, who had originally bought it for herself and then given it to her sister, saying that it was bunchy and didn't suit her figure and that she hoped Martha could use it. Martha could, but she had refused to take it as a gift and had paid Josie twenty-five dollars for it, for on her it was clear gain. It didn't seem to bunch at all, but hung in soft, delicate folds. It looked like a very expensive dress, as indeed it had been, and as Martha stood beside her husband, greeting the wives of the real-estate brokers from all over the state, with her head held high and the pearl beads around her neck proving the loveliness of her skin, she looked like a princess. It was easy to see what she had meant to the Sunday supplements and rotogravure sheets, and why her youth and beauty had such publicity value. Perhaps it was dangerous too. Two ladies standing together across the room from Martha regarded her sourly.

"I don't see how she does it," said one of them, "I'm sure."

"You mean the dress?"

"A hundred and fifty dollars, if it cost a cent. I priced some of those advance models yesterday. And after all, the governor's salary is only six thousand and neither of them has a thing but what he makes."

"Some people seem to manage to get what they want."

"I suppose we all could if we wanted to. I don't know. I think a governor's wife should have dignity. Look at the way she has those men laughing."

That was true enough. There were few men who didn't laugh when Martha wanted them to be amused—and she did now. She was exhilarated for the moment by her position. That sometimes happened. She felt the heads turned to watch her, the admiration, the importance of being herself. She was very proud of Geoffrey, so quiet, so competent and cordial in his manner. It was even possible to face more Thousand Island dressing with equanimity, and the dancing club was forgotten. Beside her plate lay a corsage bouquet of roses and lilies of the valley—a compliment from the association which she was honoring with her presence. Martha lifted it to her face as if she loved it.

"They're beautiful!" she exclaimed to the president of the association, who sat beside her.

The gray-haired gentleman beamed upon her—a little too broadly for the pleasure of his wife, who was watching from her place across the table. She was a lady between fifty and sixty whose teeth were no longer indigenous, and she did not trust women who made men happy. That had never been her method.

There were speeches—flowery ones, humorous ones, stock ones. They poured in and out of Martha's ears as she sat there, trying to look bright and interested and feeling her legs begin to ache. But when Geoffrey spoke they stopped aching. He had a way of being simple and fundamental that she loved.

"I think that your business, gentlemen, should be a pleasant one," said the governor, "including as it does the location of industry and enterprise, the finding of homes, the opening up of new territory. On you falls the distribution and the redistribution of property, and through that you must make your livings and your fortunes. But every time you help to solve the perpetual problem of adjusting income to environment so that people are better and happier than they have been before, you have done more than earn a living for yourselves."

They liked him. They clapped for him with enthusiasm when his half hour's address was done. All kinds of men were gathered about those tables, and many of them were hard and skillful traders, out for themselves. But for a few minutes at least the governor had raised them in their own estimation. "He makes a good talk," they would say to one another later, without quite analyzing why it had pleased them so much.

It was in the break-up of the crowd afterward that Martha heard a bit of gossip that stuck in her mind. Harry Joyce, who was one of Geoffrey's warm adherents, was talking to Buckley of the Evening Telegram. Buckley was also friendly to the governor. They had both been speaking to Martha, and the conversation between them carried on from that, still in her hearing.

"What's this Voters' Reform League up to, Buckley?"

Martha had wondered about that too. She had seen a notice of a meeting and had meant to ask Geoffrey, so she listened for the answer.

"I'm not sure," said Buckley. "Its big job is to prove black is white and white is black, I guess."

"Who's putting up for it?"

"Pretty nearly everybody who's sore at being out of office. Savory is the big money, I suppose—Gillet—this man Rush who's trying to butt in ——"

Martha knew the name of Savory only too well. He was the power who had led the fight against Geoffrey. The last two governors had belonged to him, body and anything that was left of their souls. Gillet was another familiar and unpleasant name with like connotations.

"That fellow Rush has got a lot of money," said Joyce. "He's the one who bought out Clark's, isn't he?"

"I guess he got the wholesalers to squeeze Clark until he was glad to let go. The old man was tired anyhow and didn't want to fight."

A lady—a very effusive lady—claimed Martha's attention just then.

"I couldn't believe it," she said coyly. "I said that you couldn't be the governor's wife. Why, I said, she looks just like a young girl!"

Martha tried to be complimented. But she was very quiet going home, and the governor noticed it.

"Worn out by real estate?" he asked.

"No. It was fun. You made a good speech, Geoff."

"I guess it was more or less blah."

"You know better. You always try so hard to think for them. The wicked thing is that when you give up so much and work all the time the whole world doesn't appreciate it."

"What's on your mind, darling? Want the moon?"

"Oh, nothing," said Martha.

She forgot it for the next few days, after she had told herself not to be an idiot and that household bills and political adherences were on such different planes that they never could have any connection. It was the formal note from the Rush, *née* Clark, establishment which brought the matter up again. It was a typed note, excessively polite, calling attention to her account and stating that a new system of credits and bookkeeping made it necessary for the firm to collect all overdue accounts by the twentieth of the current month. A gay dodger, advertising a cheap brand of canned tomatoes, was inclosed.

The governor's wife felt angry and shamed as she read that letter. She and Geoffrey had always paid their bills, always

(Continued on Page 109)

MAKING PORT !

THE slowness of making port by ship! . . . Creeping into harbor . . . sirens bellowing, whistles of cross-traffic shrieking, shapes looming suddenly . . . the clamor of panting tugs . . . and then, rising about you, a confusion of city chasms, with the metallic uproar of a metropolis beating down like hammers on your head. . . .

But have you ever made port in one of the great planes that sail serenely over Europe and along the airways of the United States?

A checkered panorama of blue and green unrolls beneath you, the sea dotted with toy boats, the land streaked with processions of tiny crawling automobiles and trains with horizontal plumes of smoke. Placid villages of colored blocks take form against the molded background of hills. A broad symmetrical field all at once expands on your vision. You circle smoothly above it. It rises evenly to meet you. Your ship feels the earth on balloon tires . . . taxies to its station . . . stops! Uniformed attendants await you. A bus is there to take you to your hotel. A truck receives the mail.

You have made port!

Whether you are traveling from London to Madrid . . . from Paris to Moscow . . . from Portland to Los Angeles . . . from Detroit to Cleveland . . . the experience is similar. For the ease and swiftness of aviation is establishing new routes of travel and new types of commercial ports.

In the course of a hundred and fifty years cities like Liverpool, New York, Shanghai and Bombay rose to dominating importance because they are ocean ports and terminal outlets for rich inland regions. . . . Fifteen years ago the Ford Airport, Kelly Field, Wright Field, Tempelhof, Croydon and Le Bourget were farmland and automobile courses. *Today they are known as* WORLD PORTS.

Now that men are looking to the skyways for swifter, more flexible transportation, the time is near when commercial and industrial needs of the country will cease to be dependent upon teeming concentration points. It may mean decentralization of great metropolises. It may mean a greater expansion, due to the speed and wider range of this new safe form of transportation. But it will certainly mean a new importance to inland towns *—for it will give them free and open access to all corners of the earth!*

There are planes now in operation capable of carrying thirty passengers. Lindbergh flew from San Diego to Paris with only two stops for fuel. Costes flew across Africa and across the Atlantic Ocean to South America with only one stop. The Air Mail sweeps in a steady procession across this continent in thirty hours from Coast to Coast. *Ford all-metal monoplanes have completed unheralded flights that total one million miles of safe, swift carrying.* The entire world has suddenly awakened to a startled interest in commercial aviation.

With these portents to consider, business men everywhere are studying the economic significance of an epoch that is being born!

Close to a thousand inland towns and cities, scattered throughout the country, have hopefully constructed air-fields — many of them excelling in equipment and efficiency the air-fields of coastal cities. . . . *For the fenceless ocean of the air knows no confining shores. And those who have vision to see may look up to far lands mirrored in the sky.*

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

Fifteen years of development ....but an overnight popularity

WHEREVER you go you hear people praising the General Electric Refrigerator. Almost overnight it has taken a prominent place in the thoughts of homemakers.

One hears of its remarkable simplicity! That it hasn't a single belt, fan or drain-pipe! That it hasn't a bit of machinery under the cabinet—or in the basement! That it never needs oiling. There are many, many comments on the quietness with which it operates. There is enthusiasm expressed for the extreme roominess and the splendid strength of its gleaming cabinets.

Overnight, it seems . . . . but for more than fifteen years the vast laboratories of General Electric have been busy with the development of this truly revolutionary refrigerator. Several thousand refrigerators, of nineteen different types, were made, field-tested and improved before this model was finally evolved. It was a long and expensive process—but nowhere in the field of electric refrigeration have engineers and scientists done their work so well.

Write us today for descriptive booklet S-2.

GENERAL ELECTRIC Refrigerator

ELECTRIC REFRIGERATION DEPARTMENT · OF GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY · HANNA BUILDING · CLEVELAND, OHIO

(Continued from Page 106)

lived on what he made, even during that bad year when Geoffrey was practicing for himself before he was district attorney. She hated that suave reproof "overdue." They weren't that kind of people. But she did not know how to answer back. Even the bills of a governor could only be paid by money, and Martha did not have much money left in her drawing account. She decided to speak about it to Geoffrey and did not. He looked too deep in problems that night, and she noticed several new gray hairs that made her feel protective and tender.

"Some of these birds," he told his wife, "stand ready to bankrupt the state if they can discredit me. They'd stop at nothing."

"But there's nothing they can do."

"Maybe not," said the governor. "Anyway, they haven't got anything on me yet."

Possibly that was the moment when Martha should have mentioned the grocery bill. But she let it pass. Geoffrey was too tired and she must manage somehow without bothering him with personal and domestic problems. She decided that the letter from Rush's was only a form one. Doubtless they had sent out hundreds of them. Again she talked to Nelly about economy, and Nelly, going comfortably about the big kitchen, let the words roll off her mind. There were many days when Martha would have discharged Nelly offhand, but she didn't quite know what she would do without her. Nelly was cheap and a good cook and devoted to Peter, and it seemed as if a governor's wife should surely have one servant. So she stayed on and Martha still ordered groceries at Rush's, because it did not seem a tactful time to stop. The quality of the goods which were delivered annoyed her. Things were often not fresh, and Martha was the kind of housekeeper who knew when they were not, but she did not protest.

The twentieth of the month passed into history. Martha planned to clean up the Rush bill in full on the first of November, as soon as the governor placed her housekeeping allowance in the bank. She had held all the bills down with a firm hand, and if Geoffrey gave her the hundred he had kept out last month, she would be straight with the world again. To be sure, there were expenses lurking in the immediate future. There was coal to be bought and the governor must have a new winter overcoat, but Martha had plans made for managing all those things. She had covered several sheets of paper with figures and had finally made them add up her way.

Several things happened around the twenty-eighth and twenty-ninth of that October. It was on the twenty-eighth that the red coat arrived. Josie had bought it in Paris last year and had to give it up because Stuyvesant Long's mother had just died. It was wine-colored and deeply furred and, as Josie wrote, much too extreme to survive even six months of moderate mourning and far too good-looking not to know something of the world. Martha tried it on with delight.

A coat for herself was one of the things she had decided to go without, even though her last winter's one was almost shabby. This Paris one seemed to have been made for her. It made her feel like Park Avenue as she held the wide sable borders together. That Josie could not wear it was really very sad. But since she could not under the circumstances, Martha felt no scruples in accepting it. She wore it for the first time that night to a violin concert of which she was officially a patroness, and as she entered the theater box everyone stared, and there were doubtless badly mixed emotions in the audience. In the lobby after the concert she and Geoffrey met the Jim Esterlys.

"Where did you get it?" exclaimed Kate in her careless, high soprano. Kate was one of the people whom Martha might have seen more often if she had been going to dances instead of public banquets. But they had been friends since they were debutantes.

"My secret. But it has a Paris label," said Martha, cheerfully swaggering. "It's a rich, rich coat!"

"I just adore it. Do you get all that for being a governor's wife? If you do, Jim's got to run for governor. I'm mad about that coat."

"I'll sell it to you if I get poor."

"Well, I'll buy it any time and pray that you do get poor. All the coats I've seen look simply mangy beside that one."

"I'm going out to shoot a wild animal so the girl can have the hide," said Jim Esterly, grinning. "Nothing satisfies her."

"Going hunting?" asked the governor.

"Yep. Tomorrow. Your majesty couldn't get off, I suppose."

"No, I guess not."

"It's too bad," said Martha, "that he can't. We haven't had any ducks or anything. And we love game more than tongue can tell."

"I'll bring you something," Esterly promised because she was so pretty. "Just put in your order."

"All right," said Martha. "Chinese pheasant and a couple of wild geese."

"Trying to kid me, aren't you?"

"Geoff promised me a wild goose once, but he never got it."

"You can't get them. They fly too high. I bought one for Kate once. It was out of a barnyard, but it had all the feathers on and she thought I was a mighty hunter."

"I did not!"

The governor pressed his wife's arm and she turned just in time to bow to Mr. and Mrs. Rodman, who were going out with their best limousine manner. Mrs. Rodman's expert eyes appraised the red coat also.

"Good night," called Jim Esterly. "I'll get those geese for you, Martha, or die in the attempt."

For just a second Martha wished he wouldn't talk quite so loud. There were so many people around who probably knew who she was, and the Esterlys were a little too vivid for popular taste. They looked as rich and undisciplined as only people who have inherited a great deal of money can.

The next day Martha forgot the coat. She forgot everything from grocery bills to being a governor's wife. The only important thing in the world for the moment was whether Sam Patton, who was the governor's younger brother, was going to live or not. Sam Patton was as important in state-university circles as the governor was in political ones, and he had been carried off a football field so badly hurt that they wired at once for his mother and the governor. Martha did not go to the university town. She stayed at home with her baby and waited for fate and skill to come to their decision. She was very fond of her husband's brother and she knew what Sam's death would mean to his mother and to Geoffrey.

For thirty-six hours the threatening cloud hovered and then slowly lifted. Geoffrey telephoned his wife that Sam was going to get well, though it would take a long time. He added that he would take the night train home and go straight to the capitol, for everything had been left at loose ends. Martha came back to reality and the second of November became a normal day. She wondered if Geoffrey would put her allowance in the bank. Another bill from the Rush establishment was already on her desk. Its imposing figures in the last column were flanked by a curt statement that the account was long overdue and that a prompt remittance by return mail would be expected.

She had to ask him, in spite of his haggard face, which showed the strain of those two sleepless, straining nights in the hospital with Sam.

"Did you put some money in the bank for me, Geoff?"

"Yes, dearest. Not much—a hundred and seventy-five. Will that do?"

"But, Geoffrey ——"

"Could you manage, darling, by spreading it very thin? I know how hard it is, but you see I had to give mother a hundred. She'd borrowed her fare. And she'll have to stay with Sam for some time. She was the world's bravest woman when she thought he was dying."

"It must have been ghastly."

"It was. But Sam's going to get by all right. The university hospital isn't going to let him pay anything. What do you know about that? It was the first thing that seemed to get on Sam's mind—what it was going to cost. He's so used to paying his way that he can't bear to be laid up. I told him we'd stand back of him."

"Of course," said Martha, responding nobly to that "we," and thinking desperately of the impression that a hundred and seventy-five dollars could make on bills which would total five hundred—"of course. We must."

"Things will ease up," Geoffrey added comfortingly. "By the way, I heard from Harvey Baird."

"Is he coming?"

"Yes. Isn't it great? He's apparently really interested in what we're trying to do out here. He wrote a very cordial personal letter."

"He'd be a useful friend, wouldn't he?"

"Rather."

"We must give him a good time."

"He wants to look about, that's all. He's coming Thursday of next week—leaving Friday. We'd better have a little dinner for him on Thursday night. I'd like to have the lieutenant governor and Whitehead and Graves. Maybe Sieberling too."

"Stag?"

"I should say not. I want him to meet you. We'll throw the other wives in."

"Thursday," repeated Martha, deep in thought—"that will be the eleventh."

She tried to be very cool and reasonable. The next day she sent the Rush establishment seventy-five dollars. It was a small part of their total of three hundred and ten, but Nelly must be paid and there were a good many lesser accounts. Seventy-five dollars would take the edge off their dissatisfaction and show her good faith, thought Martha. After she had sent the check she was so sure of it that the letter from them on the eighth astonished her. It came from the department of credit which handled the Rush business in all their stores apparently, and it stated coldly what her balance was and asked again for payment, "as we do not care to carry this account longer." Martha wasn't sure what that last meant. Nobody had ever written her anything like that before. Perhaps this was the way Mr. Rush had grown rich—by hammering at his debtors.

It was on the eleventh, after she had given a very large grocery and meat order in preparation for the Baird dinner, that the girl on the other end of the line hesitated and said, "Just a moment, please. Will you please call River 4000?"

"What is that number?"

"Our credit department, modom," said the anonymous voice, using all the wrong vowels.

"Oh, yes," said Martha coolly, "I will."

But she did not. She hung up quickly and left the telephone as if it were distasteful. Was there more to this than appeared on the surface? Were they watching that bill with more than common attention? Geoffrey must be told about it at once. But perhaps she was only hysterical. This might be nothing more than the way people were always treated when they were dealing with firms who regarded them only as names.

"The groceries haven't come, Mrs. Patton," lamented Nelly as Martha came into the kitchen. "I want to get the squabs ready, too, as soon as they get here."

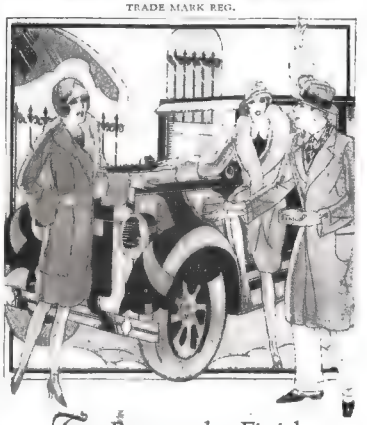
Martha looked through the ice box. Eleven for dinner—eleven for dinner—no meat, no groceries, and it was getting later every minute. She heard the doorbell ring and Nelly slowly went to answer it.

"Gentleman to see you, Mrs. Patton," she reported.

"What is his name?"

(Continued on Page 111)

...Why...
Motorists Wise
SIMONIZ
TRADE MARK REG.



To Protect the Finish

They know every car needs the protection of SIMONIZ. It is not an experiment. Actual tests prove that SIMONIZ absolutely protects the finish in all weather. It saves the finish from wear and tear that soon dulls the lustre and ruins the beauty.

To Keep Colors From Fading

They know SIMONIZ is unequalled to maintain the colors and keep them from bleaching and fading. In addition, SIMONIZ adds a luxurious depth of lustre and brilliancy of color to the finish that is individual, distinctive and easily recognized.

To Restore the Lustre

They know that when a car is dulled and worn looking, SIMONIZ KLEENER is by far the best way to quickly and easily clean and remove all stains and blemishes, thereby restoring the lustre and beauty.

To Make the Finish Last Longer

They know that SIMONIZ gives lasting protection to the finish and colors and actually makes the finish last longer. It is hard to tell the age of Simonized cars. They always look so well kept . . . everyone believes they are new cars.

Anyone Can SIMONIZ a Car

SIMONIZ and SIMONIZ KLEENER are easily applied with a cloth. They are wonderful vegetable compounds that do not injure any finish. You will marvel at the wonderful results you can obtain by using them on your car. You will be surprised how bright and shiny they will keep your car looking, and how long they will make the finish last.

Insist on SIMONIZ
Everyone Likes to Drive a New Looking Car

THE SIMONIZ CO.
2116 Indiana Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
New York London Paris Melbourne

Only 60c *Each in U. S. A.*

Apply with a Soft Cloth

Spur Tie

Reg. June 13, '27; Jan. 29, '24; Aug. 26, '24; Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

All tied for you

50¢ - 75¢ - $1.00

RAMON NOVARRO
and
NORMA SHEARER
in a scene from "The Student Prince," the rollicking, romantic Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer motion picture masterpiece. Long live romance!

The Bow Ideal

You'll never know how well you look in a bow tie until you wear a Spur Tie. The reason is, there's just one way to tie a smart bow tie. And Spur Tie is tied that way for you. That's why Spur Tie *is* bow tie style.

For business and sport wear—a gorgeous assortment of new silk patterns fashioned exclusively for this leading style. For formal occasions—neat blacks or whites tied with the correct touch for evening wear. Styles for men. Styles for boys.

All on display at haberdashery counters everywhere.

HEWES & POTTER, Inc., 65 Bedford Street
Boston, Mass.
Pacific Coast Stock: 120 Battery Street
San Francisco, Cal.
Made in Canada by TOOKE BROS., Ltd., Montreal

One of the newest Spur Tie patterns, pictured actual size. Always neat, always trim because the patented H-Shaped Innerform in the wings keeps it from rolling, curling or wrinkling.

Insist on seeing this red label. It is tucked in the knot in the back of every genuine Spur Tie.

Private-life pictures of famous film stars

"Off the Lot" is a new book filled with intimate photos and private-life stories of your film favorites. What they do, how they live, what they say—all revealed. Address Hewes & Potter, Inc., 65 Bedford St., Boston, Mass., and enclose dime to cover cost of wrapping and mailing.

SPUR GARTERS, SPUR SUSPENDERS, SPUR BELTS—QUALITY HIGH AND SMART AS SPUR TIE

(Continued from Page 109)

But Nelly, as usual, had not asked. Martha went reluctantly to the living room. No doubt it was more trouble. Then she stopped and her face lit with delight.

"I got them for you," said Jim Esterly, "and, believe me, these didn't come out of any barnyard. Ten pounds each." The wild geese dangled from his triumphant upheld hand. "Two of them. Look! There's a present fit for a queen—or a governor's wife!"

Martha liked Harvey Baird. She had a feeling that nothing would surprise him—except perhaps those astonishing wild geese. Nelly had cooked them beautifully, and for that had been forgiven all her sins. No groceries had been delivered and the rest of the dinner had been improvised from the ice box and cupboard. They were very empty now, but Martha did not care. She had passed one crisis and there couldn't be another one until morning. In the meantime she could listen to Harvey Baird and Geoffrey and the other men, talking, in that quiet, unpretentious way, of important things.

"The great trouble is," said Baird, "that most public officials are underpaid. When you look at it clearly, what kind of legislatures can you expect? Unless a man sees something for himself on the side, he can't afford to go into the House if he doesn't happen to be rich. And rich men haven't the interest or the ambition, and besides, it's harder to elect rich men to office. Automatically the salary of a state legislator cuts off a whole lot of men who would be useful to the state from going in for it. It means that the men who do run either have to pick up a little graft or that somebody is paying their bills and giving them orders, in a very large proportion of cases. Three months of a man's time for a thousand dollars doesn't tempt the kind of man we ought to have. It costs too much to live."

"The governor's not much better off," Geoffrey answered. "They give you six thousand a year and add ten thousand dollars' worth of obligations. They house you, but you could do better if you could live your own way."

Baird looked about him.

"Can you make it?"

"I've got to," said the governor. "I told them I would. They'll try to get me, of course."

Martha shivered.

"It's being watched with a great deal of interest, this administration of yours," said Baird. "It's given a great many of us a good deal of hope. And I don't believe they can get you if you make them fight in the open."

"His election has been stimulating to the whole state," said Sieberling. "We've been under a cloud out here long enough."

Listening to them, Martha was sure of only one thing. She and Geoffrey must get along on that six thousand.

When Harvey Baird, leaving the next day, said to her, "Your husband is one of the country's assets, Mrs. Patton," she repeated the vow.

She opened an account the same day at Fillmore's Grocery on the West Side. They were very courteous about it, asked no questions and were evidently pleased to have her custom. Martha figured very carefully that even after looking after the coal bill and cramping her usual allowance so that Geoff's mother might have another check, she could pay off that Rush bill in three months. Three checks of seventy-five dollars each would do it. If people would only leave her alone now and not ask for money.

Two weeks went by. There was another letter from the Rush store, this time beginning more curtly than ever and speaking of "collection." Martha tore it up in little pieces. They can't do anything, she thought, and called them up to say that she would take care of the bill very shortly. The credit department was coldly glad to hear it.

She wondered more than once if she were getting morbidly self-conscious. For it seemed to her that there was a decided falling off in the admiration and approval that she had been given at first. Sometimes it seemed as if people were talking about her, as if they whispered to one another. Once in a while she caught an acid gleam in some lady's eyes. Mrs. Rodman seemed to have stiffened in manner more than a little and her friendliness was bloodless and thin. But whatever it was, true or imagined, Martha could put her finger on nothing until someone sent her the marked paragraphs.

Of course it was anonymous—sender and all. Such things always were. They were printed in a rather scurrilous journal which did not count, except for the fact that everyone read it. It had no standing in the open, but a great deal of underground influence. The paragraphs were malignant. They were separated from one another in an editorial column devoted to squibs, but each one was marked:

We cannot help but sympathize with the attitude of local merchants who are aggrieved at the failure of some of those who hold important positions and are paid with the taxpayers' money to pay their bills for necessaries and yet spend money lavishly for clothes and luxuries bought in New York or European capitals.

That was the first one. The second one dealt with another point:

In any state house presided over by flaming youth it is no doubt natural that anyone who telephones on matters of governmental importance may find that the governor is not at home, officially or otherwise, and that the blare of jazz dance music is what he hears over the telephone.

Martha puzzled, then laughed, her cheeks blazing.

"The fools!"

She was about to put the paper down when she saw that other inked corner:

Those unfortunate clerks who have had their salaries attached for nonpayment of debts should not feel too downhearted. They may find themselves in high official company shortly.

Martha hardly knew how she got through the rest of the day. There was a meeting which she had to attend, and she felt enemies lurking in it, critical eyes on her. She knew what it was all about now—what they were saying. And yet one couldn't blame them in a way. They didn't know that they were Josie's old clothes—these things she wore. What could one do about it? And how could she pay that bill? Why weren't people fair? Why didn't they try to help instead of hinder?

She put on the coat almost guiltily when the meeting was over, and went down from the hotel ballroom to the main floor where someone's car was waiting for her. Kate Esterly, also on her way down—but from an exhibit of clothes and not a club meeting—hailed her.

"Hello, Martha darling. You look like a million dollars."

"Please, don't."

"Well, you do. I adore that coat. I'm going to New York next week and I can't find a thing to wear. And I haven't any time to shop when I do get there, because we're sailing. I wish I had your coat."

"Want to buy it?" asked Martha abruptly.

"You don't mean it."

"I never meant anything more. And I'll give you a good bargain. It cost Josie six hundred and fifty dollars and it's gorgeous sable."

"Don't tell me. I know."

"I'll sell it for less than half," said Martha—"two hundred and twenty-five dollars. And if you come home now you can have it—for cash."

"You're being funny, or trying to be, aren't you?"

"Come home and try it on."

Kate tried it on and was enraptured. It was, as she had hoped, becoming to her also.

"Sable's like that," said Martha, and stroked it affectionately for the last time.

"It's worth more than that," said Kate, protesting faintly.

"Not to me. It's worth just that."

Kate wrote the check. She wanted to take the coat home with her. After she had left, Martha put on her old coat, which had never before looked so shabby, and went back to the city on the street car. There was a bill she wanted to pay in person before she slept, and to do so, it was necessary to cash Kate's check at one of the big department stores. It gave her a certain pleasure to pay that grocery bill in coin of the realm, as impersonally as if she were buying a stamp. When her errand was accomplished she went home, but the street cars were crowded and the governor was there before her, waiting, looking disturbed. He kissed her with tenderness that was even greater than usual.

"So you saw it," said Martha at once.

"What do you mean?"

"You didn't kiss me like that for nothing. You're trying to take care of me. You saw the same newspaper that I did."

"I guess so. And you bet I'm going to take care of you—if I have to kill a few people."

Martha turned to him.

"Have I done you harm, Geoff? Do you think I have? Just because I dance to the radio when you're out and wear pretty clothes?"

"I supposed it was something like that. Harm! You've kept me alive. You've kept me going. There wouldn't be any me if there weren't you," answered the governor, muffling her face against his coat in a manner quite ungubernatorial, "and I don't intend to let those dirty crooks hit at me through you. I'm going to teach that gang to hold their tongues."

Martha brushed her eyes with the back of her hand, like an angry little girl.

"Don't be silly," she said. "I was elected to this office and I can take a little punishment, if I like. Don't be medieval."

Geoffrey grinned, then grew sober.

"There isn't anything to this debt business, is there? I know you've been running a little short, but that's my fault, not yours. We aren't really involved, are we?"

"Not now."

"But what was it all about?"

"It was Rush, who bought out Clark and made my life merry with duns."

"Probably 'twas a put-up job, if they pressed you. Why didn't you tell me?"

"But you didn't have the money."

"Maybe not. But I'd have found some. I could have borrowed it."

She shook her head. "We mustn't. There's got to be another way out, that's all; and I think I've found it. I know what's wrong with us. We've been trying to do the impossible, Geoff. From now on I'm going to live just six thousand dollars a year worth. If that's what the state pays you, that's all the state can expect us to spend, even if notable visitors eat Frankfurters and chew soda crackers with their tea. And I'll wear no more of Josie's clothes for a while—though I adore them."

"But I still don't understand about the grocery bill. How did you pay it?"

"That was my end of the show. Kate bought some of my clothes, that was all—something I couldn't use. Please, Geoffrey, just forget it. The bill's paid and the state's leading juvenile has an idea."

The first lady of the state was brushing down the front stairs. She had to, for they were dusty, and Nelly was making cake and couldn't be persuaded to leave it. Besides, Martha wanted to, because she expected callers. Her dress was one of her usual morning ones—old and clean and faded. The doorbell rang and she abandoned the brush on the stairs.

"Never mind, Nelly! I'll answer it!" she called.

There were several ladies without. Mrs. Rodman was there; Mrs. Hines, and Mrs. Jacobs, the impressive head of the Century Club. Behind them came a young newspaper woman with eager observant eyes, who seemed to be in their party.

IT'S THE *PUTTEES* THAT GIVE HIM SWANK!

HIGHLY polished, snug fitting, shapely. Williams Leather Puttees have the smart cut and high quality that aviators, army officers and movie directors demand.

You'll like them, too, for their swanky appearance, and also because they protect trousers and keep legs warm and dry in the most severe weather.

Snap on a pair for your out-door activities. Take but a moment to slip on or off.

In Mahogany or Black $3.50 per pair.

If your dealer doesn't sell Williams Leather Puttees, send us his name.

Dealers: Write for our proposition.

THE WILLIAMS MFG. CO.
59 Front St., Portsmouth, Ohio

WILLIAMS
LEATHER PUTTEES

First on your garden list this year

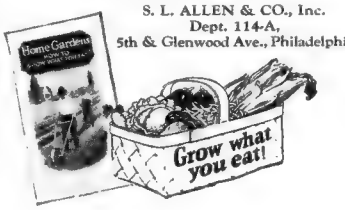
Planet Jr.

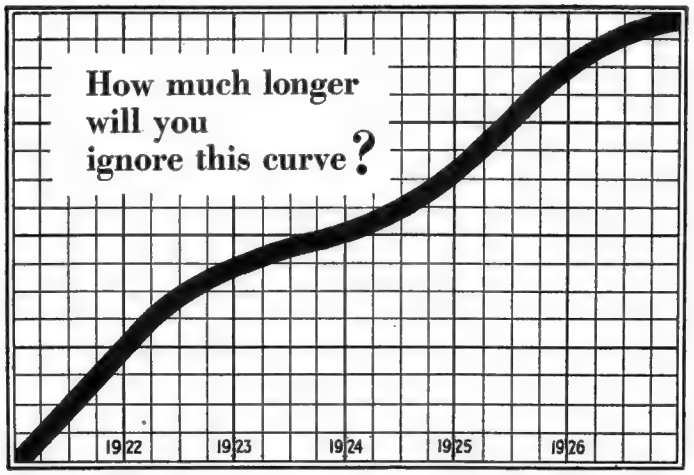
Before you order your seeds, send for the Planet Jr. catalog and garden booklet. You'll be amazed at how much more work you can do, how much better work, how much more ground you can cover with a Planet Jr. Seeder and Wheel Hoe to help.

No matter how small or large your garden, it will pay you to have a Planet Jr. How much more fun you get out of your garden hours with Planet Jr.!

Ask your dealer for the free Planet Jr. catalog and garden booklet. Or write us.

S. L. ALLEN & CO., Inc.
Dept. 114-A,
5th & Glenwood Ave., Philadelphia





REALIZE that the American people have struck a change of pace. This curve pictures the rapid rise in the popular use of dictating machines during the past few years.

Edison has given the world a new office facility. Firms all about you have provided their executives with Ediphones for business action in writing because they are just as necessary as telephones—and much easier to use. The gains were too big to be ignored.

Say it to the Ediphone!

Find out for yourself that your executives are losing a month in a year when they do not lift the receiver of an Ediphone — any time — and express the thoughts on the tips of their tongues. Find out what it wastes to write letters twice, in a notebook and in type.

Write on your business letterhead for information—or telephone "The Ediphone," your city, for quick action.

THOMAS A. EDISON, INC.
WORLD-WIDE SERVICE
LABORATORY & GENERAL OFFICES
ORANGE, N. J.
LONDON OFFICE, *164 Wardour St., London, W. 1.*

WONDERS OF THE EDIPHONE
No. 1
Corrections in dictation are more easily made than with shorthand!
Listen instantly to your last dictated words—then dictate the changes. A simple stroke of your pencil tells your stenographer exactly when to listen before she types.

Ediphone
Edison's New Dictating Machine

"Come in," said Martha. "You catch me right in the middle of the morning's work, but I'm sure you'll excuse the way I look. I've been wiping down the stairs. You know how it is with one maid who's not too competent."

They entered and she showed them into the big drawing-room. The only one upon whom there was no air of constraint was Martha. She was thinking of what Harvey Baird had said about keeping the fight in the open.

"We came," said Mrs. Rodman, "to talk over this matter of the annual Christmas party for the orphans. In the past the governor's mansion has often been opened for it, and we wondered how you would feel."

"That's a very nice custom, I think."

"It's always a simple party, but such a joyous one," said Mrs. Jacobs. "It's the one thing that the Century Club does, outside of its legislative interests."

"I'd love to have the children here," answered the governor's wife, looking brightly at them all.

"Will the twenty-third of December conflict with any other engagements?"

"No, indeed," said Martha. "I have very few personal engagements. I'll keep that day for you."

"It just means a tree and some little refreshments. The Century Club gives the presents to the children. You must let us know if we can do anything."

"Oh, I'm sure you can," Martha told them. "Of course I'm glad to have the children here, but I don't believe I can manage the refreshments. You see the governor's wife hasn't much money and she is so easily misunderstood."

She paused, for their embarrassment, and took up her story again in that pleasant confidential manner at which no one could take offense.

"I'd be awfully glad to supply popcorn balls for all the children. I make really very good ones. But I wish the club would take care of the expense of the tree and the other food. You can imagine how hard it is to run this house on six thousand a year. Of course my beloved sister, who has no end of clothes, gives me all mine practically, but even then! She sent me a perfectly sweet coat this winter—a red one with sable—some of you may have seen it—and I sold it to one of my rich friends the other day. We've had so much expense this month with my husband's brother's illness—well, you know how things go sometimes in families. I wanted the money more than the coat." And again she smiled in that completely disconcerting way. "I told the governor that we'd simply have to cut down for a while on even little parties and official dinners. Of course in previous administrations our governors had private fortunes or——" She paused delicately.

"We know," said Mrs. Hines, and nodded wisely. "We understand."

But Mrs. Rodman did not like to have Mrs. Hines understand before she did. She at once understood more completely.

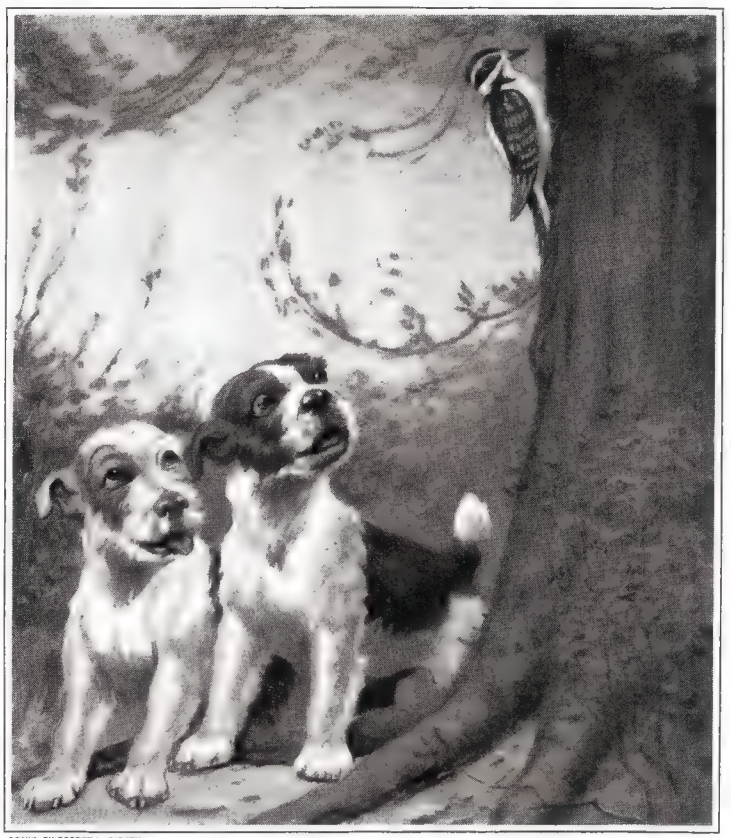
"Exactly," she said. "Don't say anything more, Mrs. Patton. I know. A great house like this is hard to run on a governor's salary. I've often thought it is hardly adequate. We all think it's wonderful the way you manage. Now I'll take all the responsibility for this party. We'll only have it here on condition that our committees supply everything."

"You're so considerate!" exclaimed Martha.

They departed genially, with all arrangements under way. Martha thought with satisfaction of their indefatigable tongues, their genius for gossip, for spreading a story or a new idea. The newspaper girl lingered for just a moment, frank admiration in her eyes.

"I'm going to make a great story out of those popcorn balls," she said significantly. "I think you're wonderful. It must be terribly difficult to be the governor's wife, from the financial angle alone."

"Oh, from that angle," said Martha, "life isn't too easy for the majority of people, is it? Governors and their wives just have to get along on what they have, like anybody else. I suppose that most of the people in the world are only about three jumps ahead of their grocery bills."



DRAWN BY ROBERT L. DICKEY

"Say, Bill, Now Ain't That an Easy Way of Gettin' a Livin'?"
"I Suppose So. You're One o' Those Guys That Always Think the Other Fellow's Job is the Easiest"

..It cost

...$2975 less to use

the right paper in the right place

AN EXECUTIVE of a big oil corporation had decided that one grade of paper should be used for *all* the company's office forms. (This plan is often hazardous. It frequently means that the paper used is better than necessary for some records and not good enough for others.)

The executive meant well. He finished putting his O. K. on a batch of paper orders one morning and sent for the Purchasing Agent. . . . "See here," said he, "why do we use so many kinds of paper for our forms? Wouldn't it be more efficient to have one grade right through? Here—this is a good-looking sheet . . . feels good, too . . . nice crackle . . . let's standardize on this for everything." And the P. A., welcoming the simplification of detail, said "Yes" and went out.

The annual purchases of the paper selected amounted to $15,000.

When the Paper Users' Standardization Bureau made an analysis of this firm's paper needs, it approached the problem differently. It found that one-fourth of the business records were permanent—expected to stand up through fifty or sixty years of reference. The paper which was being used did not have the stamina needed for this kind of handling, and a higher grade of rag bond, selling at 43¼ cents, was recommended to give the necessary strength and long life.

Another 50% of the forms rated high as semi-permanent records. They might be in active use or subject to reference in the files for anywhere from 5 to 30 years. A 28-cent rag-content paper was necessary to give the service required.

The remaining quarter were only temporary records—statements, acknowledgments, bulletins and the like—but they came into contact with the firm's customers, and had to be printed on a rag quality bond. A 21-cent part-rag bond was found entirely adequate for the purpose. The total cost on the new basis figured as follows:

5 tons 43¼-cent Rag Quality Paper -	$4,325.00
10 tons 28-cent Rag Quality Paper -	5,600.00
5 tons 21-cent Rag Quality Paper -	2,100.00
	$12,025.00

Not only have this company's paper costs been reduced by $2,975—practically 20%—but each form is now printed on a paper exactly suited to the work it is asked to perform.

Letterheads and business record papers are too important to be bought on a hit-or-miss basis. It is to determine with scientific accuracy the kind of paper required for each specific purpose that the Paper Users' Standardization Bureau has been established. Already more than one hundred of the largest financial and industrial concerns in the country have availed themselves of its service.

In every case the changes recommended have resulted in greater efficiency through the use of the right paper for the purpose.

In most cases they have resulted in appreciable savings.

★ ***This confidential service is yours on request***

You can have the broad experience and unusual laboratory facilities of the Paper Users' Standardization Bureau applied directly to your own firm's business papers.

The complete service covers the standardization of paper for all letterheads, forms, ledger sheets and card files which you employ. It includes a thorough analysis of your individual paper problems and provides you with a comprehensive report which establishes quality standards, fixes price limitations and simplifies buying procedure.

Because of the scope of this service it can be rendered only to a limited number of corporations this year.

It is made without charge or obligation of any sort.

American Writing Paper Company, Inc., Holyoke, Massachusetts.

EAGLE A PAPERS

THE RIGHT PAPER FOR THE PURPOSE

Eagle-A Bond Papers

Coupon. Agawam. Persian. Contract. Airpost. Chevron. Acceptance. Norman. Telephone.

Eagle-A Ledger Papers

Brunswick Linen Ledger. Account Linen Ledger. Extension Ledger. Gloria Ledger.

Other Eagle-A Business Papers

include Covers, Books, Offsets, Bristols, Mimeograph and Manifold Papers.

LOOK FOR THE EAGLE-A MARK IN THE PAPER YOU USE

CREO-DIPT
Stained Shingles

CREO-DIPT HOME OF MISS ABBIE C. ABSHIRE, KANSAS CITY, ARCH'T MISS A. ELIZABETH EVANS, WITH R. L. FALKENBERG & CO., KANSAS CITY, MO.

LIFE-TIME BEAUTY
built into each Creo-Dipt

NO other roof or side-wall can weather with quite the soft loveliness of Creo-Dipt Stained Shingles.

That is because genuine Creo-Dipts are *weather-proofed in advance—stained and protected by an exclusive Creo-Dipt process.*

At the Creo-Dipt plants, selected cedar shingles are thrust into vats of hot stain. Patented Creo-Dipt beaters wash this stain back and forth—until protecting creosotive oils and color are forced into each wood pore.

Creo-Dipt side-walls and roof save fuel, by giving at least two-thickness insulation at all points. On old homes most owners find that Creo-Dipts, laid right over present siding or stucco, reduce fuel-bills 15% to 25%.

Leading lumber dealers everywhere have *genuine* Creo-Dipts in stock—ready to lay—in a wide choice of colors. Ask your architect or builder. Or, mail the coupon for photographs and color chart. When you buy, look for the name *Creo-Dipt* on each bundle.

Creo-Dipt Company, Inc., 1302 Oliver St., North Tonawanda, N. Y. In Canada: Creo-Dipt Company, Ltd., 1610 Royal Bank Bldg., Toronto. Sales offices in principal cities.

MAKE YOUR PRESENT HOME NEW
Lay Creo-Dipts right over old siding or stucco. Reduce fuel-bills 15% to 25%; save paint because Creo-Dipts are ready-stained and weatherproofed.

Creo-Dipt Company, Inc., 1302 Oliver St., N. Tonawanda, N. Y.

Enclosed find 25 cents for twenty-eight large-size photographs of new Creo-Dipt homes by leading architects, old homes rebeautified, booklet of color suggestions, and name of local Creo-Dipt dealer, who will recommend a reliable carpenter-contractor.

Check ☐ Covering old side-walls ☐ Building new ☐ Re-roofing

Name.....

Address.....

© C-D Co., Inc., 1928

THE WONDERS OF SCIENCE

(Continued from Page 4)

sale. And as long as I am the only man on the county board that has been intelligent enough to think of this, there is no reason why I should not get the benefit of it. And as long as I am the man that controls the board, it is to your interest to keep on the good side of me. I can promise you that any arrangement we make will be kept secret, so that you won't be bothered by other people asking for the same sort of price cut. You don't even have to give me a check for the money. All you got to do is to slip me a thousand dollars in ten-dollar bills sometime before the meeting and I will see that the board signs up for three tractors at the full price of fourteen thousand dollars."

Mr. Terwilliger stopped talking and looked at me very intently. As I am a good judge of men, and as my mind is very quick in sizing up character, I was beginning to see that Mr. Terwilliger was not what I would call entirely honest. In fact, I had a distinct feeling that the dark and sinister specter of corruption was hovering over the fair state of Nebraska.

My first impulse was to inform Mr. Terwilliger that he was a dirty skunk. But it occurred to me that he was so large and powerful that it would be unwise for me to be quite so free in my language. Accordingly I modified my remarks.

"I understand your views in this matter exactly, Mr. Terwilliger," I said. "And as I am very anxious to sell you these tractors, I would be most happy to oblige you. Unfortunately, however, I have no authority to cut the regular price on the tractors or to give a rebate such as you suggest."

"That certainly is too bad," said Mr. Terwilliger. "I wanted to get your make of machine, because I think it is the best; but you admitted yourself this afternoon that the Steel Elephant is also a good machine."

"When I said it was a good machine," I replied, "I meant it only in a figurative sense. You must have understood that. In comparison with a broken-down wheelbarrow or a cuckoo clock that has been through a fire, the Steel Elephant may be a good machine, but not in comparison with an Earthworm tractor."

"That may be so and it may not," said Mr. Terwilliger. "But you can be sure of one thing anyway: If you won't play ball with me, I will have to go and talk to that other guy. I understand he has a room in this same hotel on the floor above."

Having said these words, Mr. Terwilliger got up and started for the door.

At this point I will pause to point out that I was now placed in a very difficult situation. At first there didn't seem to be any way of doing business with Mr. Terwilliger without paying him the thousand berries, and this was something I did not want to do—first, because it would be a dishonest proceeding; secondly, because I would hate to see the Farmers Friend Tractor Company skinned out of the money; and thirdly, because I would hate even worse to see this big bum walk off with so much swag.

On the other hand, it didn't seem right to turn down his offer completely, because that would mean that he would probably get his thousand out of the Steel Elephant man; besides which I would lose the sale and the taxpayers of Willow County would be defrauded into buying Steel Elephant tractors, than which—as we all know—there is no more pathetic a bunch of junk to be found anywhere in this bright and glorious land. I considered denouncing Mr. Terwilliger to the other commissioners or to the public prosecutor, but I realized that it would be useless. It would be his word against mine, and I could prove nothing.

"Wait a minute, Mr. Terwilliger," I said. "As I told you, it is true that I have no authority to put through this deal. But it happens that Mr. Gilbert Henderson, the sales manager of our company, will be in Omaha tomorrow. I will get him here sometime before the meeting, and I am sure if you put the proposition up to him as reasonably as you have to me, he will be able to do something about it."

Note: It will be understood, of course, that my statement regarding Mr. Gilbert Henderson was pure hooey and was made only in order to give me more time to think up some course of action.

Mr. Terwilliger, while considering my proposition, looked at me most suspiciously. But finally, as he could get nothing better out of me, he decided to do as I suggested.

"Very well," he said, "I will stop here day after tomorrow morning—that will be the morning before the meeting. You can tell your Mr. Henderson to bring along the money in ten-dollar bills. If he hands it over to me fair and square I can promise you that the board, at the meeting in the afternoon, will sign an order for the three tractors which you have recommended."

"Very good, Mr. Terwilliger," I said. "I have no doubt but that matters can be arranged." We shook hands and he left.

A few minutes later I went downstairs and ate a hearty supper. It has always been one of my good points that, no matter how worried I may be, I can always eat. After supper I engaged in a casual conversation with the hotel manager; and very skillfully, and without seeming inquisitive, I led the conversation around to Mr. George Terwilliger. The manager was most talkative; and I was surprised and shocked to learn that Mr. Terwilliger, although a farmer, is a very rich man. It seems the old bird has a part interest in the local bank; and instead of being weighted down by a mortgage on his own place, it appears that he holds mortgages on various pieces of property all over the county. It also appears that the three children are entirely mythical and were introduced into the story by Mr. Terwilliger for purely sentimental reasons. The hotel manager further stated that Mr. Terwilliger had only recently been elected to the board of road commissioners. I was very much interested to hear this last statement, because it cleared up a problem which had been troubling me all through supper. Until I heard this explanation, it had seemed incredible that, with a man like Mr. Terwilliger in office, there could be as much as fifteen thousand dollars left in the Willow County treasury.

After pumping the hotel manager dry of all information possible, I came up to my room, where I have ever since been occupied in writing this report and meditating on what course of action I should pursue. This faculty of mine for carrying on two different lines of thought at the same time shows that my mind is very similar to the minds of Julius Cæsar and Napoleon. As you know, these great men—like myself—could dictate letters at the same time that they were planning out the next day's activities.

It is now ten o'clock, and although this report is finished, I regret to state that I have not yet arrived at any solution whatever for the exceedingly complex problem which is before me. Accordingly, I will mail this report and continue working my brain. You may rest assured that if any solution to this difficult situation can be found it will be discovered by

Yours truly,
ALEXANDER BOTTS.

FARMERS FRIEND TRACTOR COMPANY
SALESMAN'S DAILY REPORT

DATE: MARCH 8, 1921.

WRITTEN FROM: YE OLDE WILLOW INNE, WILLOW BEND, NEBRASKA.

WRITTEN BY: ALEXANDER BOTTS, SALESMAN.

It gives me great pleasure to report that I have put in a day of intense and extraordinary activity. I have laid plans for an elaborate strategic campaign. I have enlisted the aid of science in my struggle against the forces of evil and corruption in Willow County, Nebraska. And by the practical application of the laws of acoustics, electricity and mechanics I hope to bring my activities in this region to a successful conclusion.

It was only a few moments after I had mailed my yesterday's report that there came to me the inspiration for the plan which I am now putting into effect. I at once informed the hotel proprietor that I was going on a short trip, but didn't wish to give up my room, as I would be back next day. I further informed him that I wanted him to reserve the room next to mine for a friend who would return with me.

I then took the eleven-o'clock eastbound train, reached Omaha at midnight and spent the rest of the night at the Gifford Hotel. In the morning I called on my old friend Willis Jones, who runs a little second-rate radio and phonograph shop on Farnam Street. I have known Willis ever since the days when we were boys together in school. He is an insignificant little runt; and as he lacks the commercial ability with which I am so richly endowed, he has not been very successful in business. However, in his own line, Willis is a real genius. He has read thousands of books, and he knows practically all there is to be known about electricity. Besides this, he is very skillful with his hands, and when it comes to stringing wire and putting together the most complicated sort of a radio hook-up he cannot be beat.

After explaining to Willis the exact situation out at Willow Bend, I asked him if he could fix up an apparatus which I had in mind for the purpose of putting a crimp in the plans of Mr. George Terwilliger. Willis replied that he could easily produce such an apparatus and he would be very glad to help me out. Willis has always felt very grateful to me, because on several occasions I have been able to assist him by means of small loans at times when, owing to his lack of business ability, he had got himself into financial difficulties.

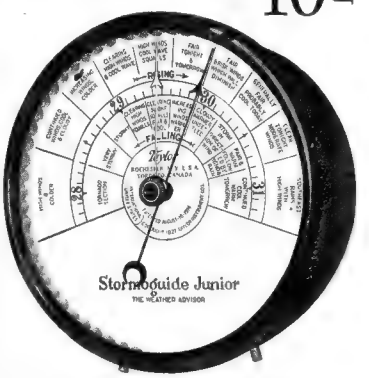
I have described Mr. Willis Jones and his abilities at great length in order to bring out one of the reasons why I am of such great value to the Farmers Friend Tractor Company. I am hired as a salesman, and I am, of course, a good one. But I am far more than that. I am a man of very wide interests, and I have thousands of valuable friends all over the country. Thus, when I run across a problem—such as the present one at Willow Bend—which cannot be solved by mere sales ability, I am able to call in the help of a friend who is an expert in some other line. In this case I am proud to state that the marvelous scientific brain of Willis Jones will soon solve the dilemma in which I have been placed by Mr. Terwilliger's nefarious proposition.

Willis and I and a young fellow who works for him spent practically the whole day in Omaha, chasing up supplies and assembling the various units of the apparatus which we have decided to use. At five o'clock in the afternoon the three of us took the train out of Omaha, and a little after six we arrived at Ye Olde Willow Inne with two trunks and four suitcases. I engaged an extra room for Willis' young assistant and had the trunks and suitcases carried up to the room next mine, which I had already engaged for Willis. As I think I have explained before, the hotel is well built, the walls are thick, and it is possible to make considerable noise without exciting anyone's curiosity. After supper we locked the doors, removed the apparatus from the trunks and suitcases and installed it in such a way as to do the most good.

The bed in my room was next to the wall which separated the two rooms. Beneath the bed Willis placed a contraption which I

(Continued on Page 117)

A Real Weather Forecaster Now Available at $10.00



A Taylor Instrument Companies Product

Taylor
STORMOGUIDE JR.
The Simplified Barometer

This instrument gives you detailed forecasts of the coming weather, not simply the misleading words "Rain, Change or Fair" as they appear on ordinary barometers. "Fair with brisk winds which will diminish", "Fair and warmer, followed by wind and rain" are samples of Stormoguide Juniors predictions which give you up-to-the-minute information on the weather possibilities 12 to 24 hours in the future.

There is but one Stormoguide, exclusively manufactured by the Taylor Instrument Companies. The dial is a patented feature and can be obtained only on Stormoguides.

Look At Its Dial Face. See How Detailed Its Forecasts Are. As Easy To Read As Your Thermometer.

When engagements are planned consult your Stormoguide Junior. You can't prevent bad weather, but you can know what's coming and prepare against it.

This Stormoguide is made with the same precision as the other 8,000 types and styles of temperature and meteorological instruments made by this company, which, because of their dependability, are used in every important laboratory in the country.

Many reliable dealers carry Stormoguide Juniors in stock. If remote from a dealer, send coupon below with $10.00 and Stormoguide Junior will be sent immediately, safe delivery guaranteed.
Description: Stormoguide Jr., 4½-inch white dial, mahogany finish, bakelite case, glass crystal, good grade aneroid movement, supporting legs; adjustable for altitudes 0 to 2500 feet.

Price $10.00

Taylor
TEMPRITE
WINDOW THERMOMETER
8½ inches long. Vitreous white enamel back, permanently fired, black figures and graduations, red permacolor filled tube with magnifying lens front. Easy reading, durable, reliable.

Price $1.00

at your dealer's, or use coupon below to order direct.

Taylor Instrument Companies
ROCHESTER, N. Y., U. S. A.
CANADIAN PLANT TYCOS BUILDING TORONTO
MANUFACTURING DISTRIBUTORS IN GREAT BRITAIN SHORT & MASON, LTD., LONDON

Taylor Instrument Companies
Dept. S2, Rochester, N. Y.

	Check which
Here is **$10.00.** Send me one Taylor Stormoguide Jr., safe delivery guaranteed.	☐
Here is **$1.00.** Send me one Taylor Temprite Window Thermometer, safe delivery guaranteed.	☐
Here is **$11.00.** Send them both	☐

Name .....
Address .....
City ..... State .....

TEETH *must help* to save themselves

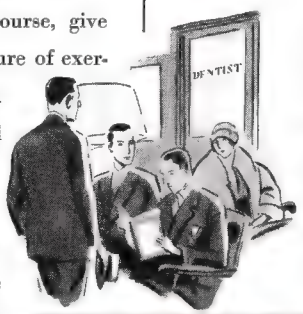
SIX MONTHS AGO a gentleman in Chicago rose to address a meeting of dental experts. The next morning one of his remarks was quoted on newspaper front pages all over the country. It was news—startling and slightly terrifying news . . . "In all America," said the gentleman from Chicago, "there are probably only twenty sets of perfect natural teeth."

ONE hundred and eighteen million persons in America—and twenty perfect sets of teeth among them! . . . Is it lack of care? Surely not—with toothbrushes and dentifrices selling by carloads, and tens of thousands of dentists keeping always as busy as bees! . . . No, we Americans, as a whole, are making noble efforts to save our teeth. But why, why, *why*—inquire the hard-worked dentists in chorus—can't people learn that teeth must help to save themselves?

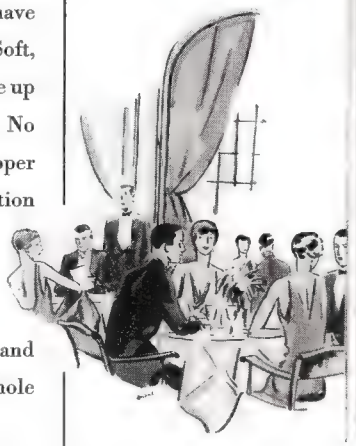
Teeth were made to work. They can't be healthy unless they do work. And America's teeth have precious little work to do! Soft, mushy, over-refined foods make up the greater part of our diet. No chewing—no exercise—no proper circulation—no real stimulation of muscles and membranes and tissues. So a whole nation—generation after generation—goes to the dentist oftener and oftener! . . . There's the whole story in a nutshell.

Look at the Africans and the Eskimos and the ancient Egyptians, if you don't believe it! All blessed with superb teeth, so long as they remained primitive peoples. All subject to dental ills a-plenty, once civilization had accustomed them to its soft and deficient foods.

Now you can, of course, give your teeth some measure of exercise without actual chewing. You can spend a half-hour or so every day "vigorously massaging the gums". You can "bite down hard, again and again, upon some firm and resisting substance". . .



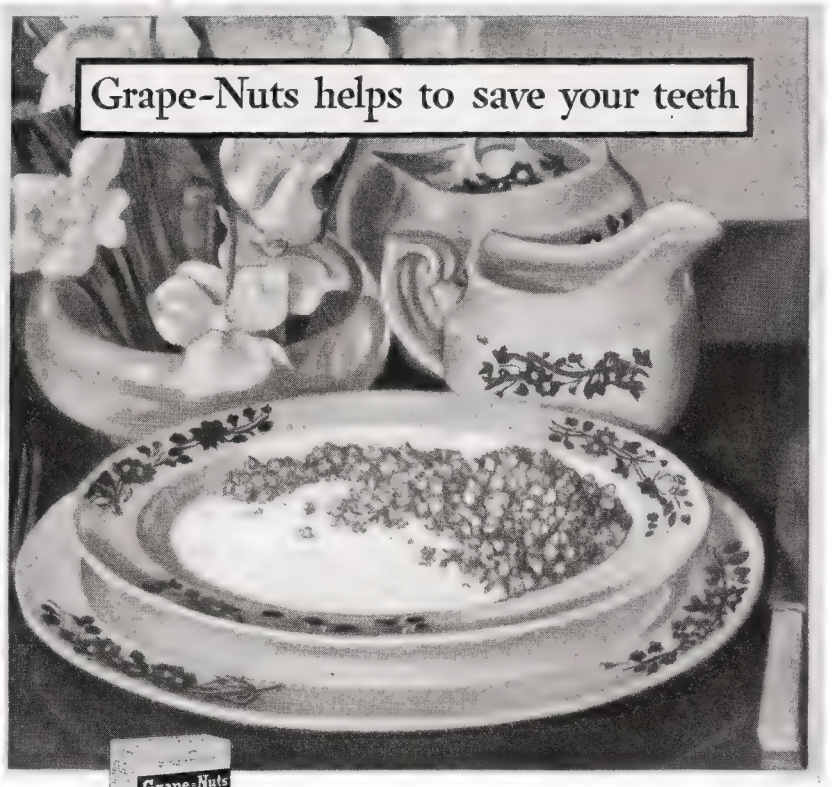
But *why*—the distracted dentists inquire again—why in the name of common-sense don't you do as Nature intended you to, and simply add to your diet foods that must be thoroughly chewed? It's far and away the easiest method, and the only completely efficacious one!

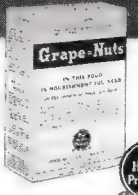


Prominent among foods that dentists strongly recommend to their patients, is Grape-Nuts. The delicious nut-like flavor and tempting crispness of these golden kernels persuade you to chew. *Really* chew—giving to teeth and gums exercise they must have for health and beauty.

What's more, Grape-Nuts plays an important part in tooth *building* also. The health-giving golden grains from which it is made—wheat and malted barley—are prepared by a special process. Because of this, Grape-Nuts retains valuable elements often deficient in modern foods. It supplies phosphorus for teeth and bones; dextrins, maltose and other carbohydrates, for heat and energy; iron for the blood; proteins for muscle and body-building; and the essential vitamin-B, a builder of appetite. Eaten with milk or cream, Grape-Nuts is an admirably balanced ration, very easy to digest.

Try this famous food tomorrow morning. You will enjoy it thoroughly. You will benefit by its nourishing qualities and its crispness. It is a most important food for children, too. It is ready to serve, and you can get it at any grocer's. If you would like to accept the offer below, simply fill in and mail the coupon.





Two servings of Grape-Nuts and an authoritative booklet—free!

©1928 P. Co., Inc.

Grape-Nuts is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Instant Postum, Postum Cereal, Post Toasties, Post's Bran Flakes and Post's Bran Chocolate.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

POSTUM COMPANY, Inc., Battle Creek, Mich. G-S.E.P.-2-28
Please send me, free, two trial packages of Grape-Nuts, together with the booklet "Civilized Teeth and How to Prevent Them."

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

In Canada, address CANADIAN POSTUM COMPANY, Ltd. 812 Metropolitan Bldg., Toronto 2, Ontario

(Continued from Page 115)

think he called a microphone. From this he ran a couple of wires into his own room through a hole which he bored with a brace and bit. In his own room he had an apparatus which looked to me a good deal like a radio set, but which he said was for the purpose of amplifying the somewhat faint sounds which would be picked up by the microphone, or whatever it was. This amplifying machinery was in turn connected to a phonograph with cylindrical records—something like the machines they use to dictate into in some offices where the stenographers don't know shorthand, or perhaps are so lacking in charm that the boss feels no great urge to dictate to them personally.

I admit that I do not exactly understand how all Willis' apparatus works, and my description of it is probably not overscientific. Besides the stuff I have mentioned, there seemed to be a number of batteries and a lot of other junk that I didn't know what it is for. But I have every confidence in Mr. Willis Jones. And, in addition, we have done some testing.

At exactly ten P. M., just after the installation had been completed, I sat in the middle of my room and related in a low voice one of my very best Jewish-Irish jokes. And two minutes later, in Willis' room, we played the record on the phonograph, and it sounded so clear and so natural and the inimitable humor was reproduced so exactly that we all three of us practically died laughing.

After this conclusive test, Willis and his assistant went to bed, and I have been writing this report.

Tomorrow morning, when Mr. George Terwilliger sticks his ugly face in my door, I am going to introduce Willis as Mr. Gilbert Henderson, sales manager of the Farmers Friend Tractor Company. As Mr. Terwilliger explains his dastardly scheme, Willis' assistant will be running the machinery in the next room and recording the whole business. After this we will put on a little entertainment by playing the records for Mr. Terwilliger. When he hears how good his voice sounds on this splendid instrument, and when he realizes that we would not object to putting on the same entertainment for the other commissioners or for a judge and jury, we feel that we will have him eating out of our hand.

It is not my intention to be hard on the man. I will merely suggest to him that he put through the order for three Earthworm tractors and also pay Mr. Willis Jones for the time and material he has used in putting on the entertainment. If he does this, we will take no further action against him. If not, he can use his imagination as to what is likely to follow.

I will now go to bed with a happy mind and with the feeling that all is well. In conclusion I wish to call your attention once more to the superior way in which I am handling this proposition. In the past, in affairs of this kind, it has been the practice of police and detectives to install an apparatus which merely transmits the sound of the conversation from the room in which the dirty dealing is going on to some other room where a stenographer takes it down in shorthand. This method furnishes nothing but a copy of the words that are spoken, and it is always possible that a jury might think the stenographer was crooked.

But I have gone much further than this. Through my friendship for Mr. Willis Jones I have been able to employ the most up-to-date methods and the last word in the wonders of science. Tomorrow morning we will have—not a copy of the words of Mr. George Terwilliger but the words themselves, as clear, as convincing and as lifelike as if the big bum was repeating them himself. It is, indeed, an inspiring thought.

Yours,
ALEXANDER BOTTS.

FARMERS FRIEND TRACTOR COMPANY

SALESMAN'S DAILY REPORT

DATE: MARCH 9, 1921.

WRITTEN FROM: WILLOW BEND, NEBRASKA.

WRITTEN BY: ALEXANDER BOTTS, SALESMAN.

Well, we have tried our great scientific experiment on Mr. George Terwilliger. And as the results were, in some particulars, slightly different from what I had anticipated, I feel that it is my duty to give a complete and full account of everything that happened.

It was ten o'clock this morning when a knock sounded upon the door of my room in Ye Olde Willow Inne. I at once opened the door and admitted Mr. George Terwilliger. After welcoming him with as much cordiality as I could possibly show to any such filthy swine, I introduced him to Willis Jones.

"Mr. Terwilliger," I said, "I want to make you acquainted with Mr. Gilbert Henderson, the sales manager of the Farmers Friend Tractor Company. Mr. Henderson, I wish to make you acquainted with Mr. George Terwilliger, the principal member of the board of road commissioners of Willow County."

Willis, in spite of the fact that he is such an insignificant looking little runt and has no commercial ability, spoke up very brisk and businesslike and gave a very good imitation of an important business executive.

"I am very glad, indeed, to meet you," said the alleged Mr. Gilbert Henderson. "At Mr. Botts' suggestion, I have brought along a thousand dollars in ten-dollar bills, and I understand that you have a proposition to make regarding a deal which you think will be of great benefit to both of us."

"Well, as far as that goes," said Mr. George Terwilliger in his ugly, nasal voice, "I have already explained everything to Mr. Botts here. I suppose he has told you the whole story, so I do not see that there is any use in my going over it again."

"Yes, there is," said the supposed Mr. Gilbert Henderson. "I am a hard-headed, skeptical business man, and I cannot afford to pay out a whole thousand dollars unless I am convinced that I will get something in return for it. But, of course, if you do not want to discuss the matter, we will just call it off and I will put the money back in the bank."

"No need to do that," said Mr. Terwilliger. "My proposition is very simple." And in a low but very clear voice he proceeded to tell the pretended Mr. Gilbert Henderson the same story which he had told me the day before, and which I related in my yesterday's report. The proposition that he made was exactly the same, and his talk was embellished with the same picturesque details, even including the three darling children. During the whole recital I remained seated in a corner of the room by the window, gloating inwardly as I pictured in my mind the scene in the next room, where Willis' assistant had been stationed to run the little phonograph and record the nefarious words which were issuing from the ugly face of this unworthy commissioner.

When Mr. Terwilliger had finished, the false Mr. Gilbert Henderson stated that he was well satisfied, and would step into the other room to get the money. According to our plan he was supposed to come back at once with the phonograph and records and put on the little entertainment. But this is not what happened.

When the bogus Mr. Henderson returned after a couple of minutes, he arrived empty-handed.

"I now have the money in my pocket, Mr. Terwilliger," he stated, "but there are one or two points in your proposal that are not quite clear to me. I hate to bother you too much, but I must insist on getting everything straight, and I would appreciate it very much if you would go over the first part of your remarks once more."

Mr. Terwilliger looked a bit suspicious and impatient, but he finally started his whole series of explanations over again, and the counterfeit Mr. Gilbert Henderson asked so many stupid questions that he had to repeat not only the first part of his yarn but all the rest of it as well, including the same three darling children.

All this time I remained seated in the corner, pretending to look out of the window, and I will admit that I was a good bit disturbed in my mind. I could not understand why the so-called Mr. Gilbert Henderson was making Mr. Terwilliger go through his story twice, and, as I am very quick at sizing up a situation, I had a vague feeling that something was wrong. However, I had great faith in Willis' judgment—in spite of the fact that he is such a poor business man—so, making no sign, I waited to see what would happen.

When the story had been completed for the second time, the make-believe Mr. Gilbert Henderson said "Excuse me" and slipped out of the room. As soon as he had disappeared Mr. Terwilliger turned to me.

"That guy keeps popping in and out of here like a rabbit," he said. "It makes me nervous. Where has he gone now?"

"I don't know," I said, rising to the emergency; "perhaps he has gone to get a drink. He will probably be right back."

And sure enough, a moment or so later he came staggering into the room carrying the small phonograph instrument and a box of records. After setting the phonograph on the table and slipping one of the records into place, he turned to me.

"We are ready to go any time you say."

"What is the big idea?" asked Mr. Terwilliger. "What is this thing?"

At this point I arose and took charge of the proceedings in my usual decisive and efficient manner.

"Mr. Terwilliger," I said pleasantly, "the apparatus which you see before you is one of the greatest wonders of science. It has been brought here by this gentleman beside me. He is not, as you have supposed, Mr. Gilbert Henderson, sales manager of the Farmers Friend Tractor Company. On the contrary, he is Mr. Willis Jones, one of the greatest electrical wizards in this or any land. During the whole of our little conference this morning this marvelous machine

Cracked walls easily fixed

IT'S so easy to make cracked walls or ceilings as good as new with Rutland Patching Plaster. You just mix with a little water and fill the crack or hole. Anyone can do it! No muss or bother.

Rutland Patching Plaster makes a perfect patch that's as lasting as the wall itself. It will not crack, crumble, shrink or fall out.

Paint, wall paper and hardware stores sell Rutland Patching Plaster. If your dealer hasn't it, we will mail a package direct and you can pay the postman 30c plus postage. Rutland Fire Clay Co., Dept. B-40, Rutland, Vermont. *Also makers of Rutland Roof Coating.*

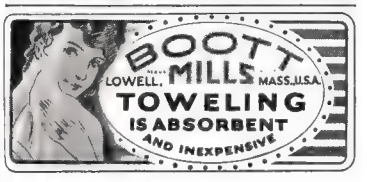
What's a CAPON and Why.

CAPON-GOLD, a book that explains why capons are the most profitable part of the poultry business. Tells everything you will ever want to know about Capons. 50 pictures from life that show each step in the operation. List of Capon Dealers' Addresses. Tells how to prevent "Slips," where to get the best and cheapest Capon Tools. Capons are immense eating. Big profits realized. Get wise. This book tells how. Copyrighted new and revised edition. Regular 50c copy, prepaid to your address, a short time only, for a Dime in coin or stamps. **Geo. Beuoy, No. 3, Cedar Vale, Kans.**

ACCOUNTING

The uncrowded, highly paid profession of Accountancy offers marvelous opportunities to ambitious men and women. Send for our 80-page book, "How to Learn Accounting," and the first easy lesson. Both will be sent *free.*

INTERNATIONAL ACCOUNTANTS SOCIETY, Inc.
A Division of the
Alexander Hamilton Institute
Dept. 18, 3411 South Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.



Seven Million Families
Are Now Drinking Thompson's

'DOUBLE MALTED'

HOT MALTED MILK

(PLAIN OR CHOCOLATE FLAVOR)

at home

Put this new word down in your dictionary, "DOUBLE MALTED." The children first gave it popularity. They began "playing soda fountain" in millions of kitchens. Now the whole family enjoys rich, creamy Malted Milk at home. The first "real professional" Malted Milk, *made at home*, is here! The "DOUBLE MALTED" process makes it possible.

Makes Milk Drinking a Game

If the family knew why mother serves Thompson's so often they would be surprised. They only know how good it tastes and how delicious. Here's the whole story. Thompson's changes plain milk into a Malted Milk drink. It makes ordinary milk more nourishing. And children who wouldn't touch milk, drink three glasses a day prepared this way.

The Secret of Thompson's

Thompson's is so fine in quality that it will dissolve in hot or cold milk without lumping. That comes from the "DOUBLE MALTED" process. The vitamins are not destroyed and the malt tonic property is retained. Quickly digested, Thompson's helps digest other foods. That is why it picks up your health and energy when taken for breakfast or during the day. Taken at night it's a snug nightcap, inducing restful sleep.

Chocolate or Plain—Hot or Cold

30 Glasses in Every Pound

Prepared any way, it has the same creamy, smooth "DOUBLE MALTED" flavor. It is so inexpensive and so easily made. To make a hot Malted Milk, most people prefer plain Malted Milk. To make a cold drink, just put two spoonfuls of the Chocolate Malted Milk into a shaker or mason jar, add cold milk and shake. Children make it for themselves.

Ask for Thompson's, plain or chocolate flavored, at any grocer's or druggist's, and have a Malted Milk party at home tonight.

Or, send the coupon.

At the Soda Fountain

Your soda fountain man deserves special credit for paying a bit more for Thompson's "DOUBLE MALTED" Malted Milk so as to serve you with an extra quality malted milk drink. Look for the Thompson's serving jar at the soda fountain.

Thompson's "DOUBLE MALTED" Malted Milk

FREE 25¢ VALUE SHAKER WITH EACH ONE POUND CAN

Thompson's Malted Food Co.
Dept. 440, Waukesha, Wis.

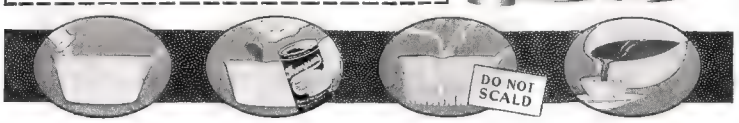
Gentlemen:—

☐ Send me a full pound of Thompson's Sweet Chocolate Flavored "DOUBLE MALTED" Malted Milk and a 25c value aluminum shaker FREE. I enclose 60c.

☐ Send me a trial sample and an aluminum shaker. I enclose 25c.

Name . . . . . .

Address . . . . . .



IF IT'S THOMPSON'S IT'S "DOUBLE MALTED"

has been running in the next room. It has recorded every word that has been spoken, and in a moment we are going to run off the records which we have made so that you can judge for yourself how good they are.

"If you will turn back your mind you will remember that day before yesterday, at the meeting of the road commissioners, I made a talk which proved conclusively that it is to the best interests of Willow County to purchase one ten-ton and two five-ton Earthworm tractors. You will soon see that my possession of these little phonograph records creates a situation which will make the purchase of these tractors by the county very much to your own personal interest as well. If these tractors are ordered, and if you are kind enough to reimburse Mr. Willis Jones for his expenses in putting on this show, we give you our word that no publicity will be given to these records. But if the tractors are not ordered, or if you fail to pay Mr. Jones' reasonable charges, or if you try any funny business whatsoever, it is probable that we will be playing these records very soon for the amusement of a judge and jury. . . . Willis," I concluded, "start the show!"

During this speech Mr. Terwilliger had remained seated in his chair, with his mouth open and with an expression of stupid and helpless amazement all over his ugly face.

He maintained the same attitude while Willis played off all the records—four in number—and they certainly were swell. Every tone, every inflection and every twang of Mr. Terwilliger's unpleasant voice was as clear and distinct as if he were talking himself. And there was no mistaking that voice; there is only one like it in the whole world.

I felt a warm glow of satisfaction as I considered the effect it must be producing on Mr. Terwilliger. For he could not help realizing we had all the evidence needed to convict him of soliciting a bribe. The four records gave his whole proposition from beginning to end, including, of course, the three darling children I had come to know so well.

It was not until the last record was finished that Mr. Terwilliger spoke.

"Is that all of them?" he asked.

"That is all," said Willis Jones.

"And," I added cheerfully, "it seems to me it's enough."

"Yes," agreed Mr. Terwilliger, "it's enough."

And then he proceeded to pull off what I can only describe as a very dirty trick indeed. In fact, his actions were so completely dishonorable and unexpected that we had no chance of counteracting them. In the twinkling of an eye, and without any warning whatsoever, he sprang to his feet, grabbed his chair, whirled it once around his head, and brought it down with a terrific crash on top of the phonograph. Willis and I both sprang forward to stop him from completely destroying this valuable apparatus.

As I have previously explained, Mr. Terwilliger is a very large and powerful man, while I am of slender build, and poor Willis is a mere shrimp. The big brute gave Willis a shove that sent him completely across the room to the door and scared him so much that he immediately opened the door and escaped into the hall. Mr. Terwilliger then gave me a poke in the nose that caused me to stagger backward and sit down rather abruptly in the corner of the room. For some moments I was so dizzy that I didn't know exactly what was going on, but I was dimly aware of a long succession of sounds as of something being broken, split, cracked and busted to pieces. When my senses finally cleared and I opened my eyes, I saw the huge and brutal form of Mr. Terwilliger standing in the center of the room beside a pathetic mass of wreckage which had once been a phonograph. Mr. Terwilliger was busily stamping on a quantity of granular material which I rightly surmised was all that remained of the four splendid records. After two or three minutes of this exercise he turned to me.

"I guess that will pretty well knock the gizzard out of your little entertainment," he remarked.

"Not at all, Mr. Terwilliger, not at all," came a cheerful voice from the doorway. I looked up and saw that little Willis Jones had just come back in the room. "I am glad to report," he continued, smiling, "that I have sent my assistant to a safe hiding place with the other set of records."

"What?" said Mr. Terwilliger. "Is there another set?"

"Certainly," said Willis. "What did you think we made you tell your story twice for?"

"That's a fact," said Mr. Terwilliger stupidly; "I did tell it twice."

"Sure you did," said Willis; "and we recorded it twice. Naturally, we would not have brought one set in here where you could get your claws on it unless we had another set to fall back on."

"Where are those other records?" demanded Mr. Terwilliger threateningly.

"Just calm yourself," said Willis. "They are safely outside this hotel. It is useless for you to try any more rough stuff, because you will never get your hands on them. They are going to be kept in the safe of the Farmers Friend Tractor Company. As long as you behave yourself, nobody here will ever know that they exist; but if you try to pull any dirty work we are liable to do almost anything with them."

"Yes, Mr. Terwilliger," I said, suddenly rising up to take command of the situation, "you are licked, and you are sensible enough to know it. You are now at liberty to take your leave, and I trust that at the meeting this afternoon you will act wisely and sensibly."

"And how do I know that you won't spring those records anyway, no matter what I do?"

"You don't," I said very cheerfully. "All you know is that if you behave yourself from now on you have a good chance to get off without being hurt. If you don't behave yourself, however, you can be absolutely sure that our records will make a loud and very disagreeable noise in this county. You are at liberty to choose any course of action you wish."

I have repeated the exact words which I used, so that you can see the masterly way in which I brought this dangerous character to terms. And it gives me great pleasure to report that, after listening to my powerful and convincing language, Mr. Terwilliger was wise enough to choose a course of action favorable to the best interests of Willow County in general and to himself in particular. He took us down to the bank and paid Willis two hundred dollars, which completely reimbursed him for the loss of the phonograph and paid him handsomely for the time he put in. At the meeting this afternoon, the commissioners—upon the advice of Mr. Terwilliger—signed orders for one ten-ton and two five-ton Earthworm tractors. These orders I am inclosing with this report. And thus, against almost insuperable obstacles, another brilliant piece of salesmanship has been accomplished by

Yours truly,

ALEXANDER BOTTS.

P. S. After the meeting I told Willis that I was indeed proud of myself for having selected such an excellent assistant.

"When you made old Terwilliger tell his story the second time," I said, "I had no idea you were making a second set of records."

"As a matter of fact," said Willis, "that fool assistant of mine went to sleep the first time, so I had to get the story repeated to make any record at all."

"Then how," I asked, "did you get the second set?"

Willis' reply shows that I am even better than I had supposed; for in getting him to help me I had secured not only a real scientist but also a master strategist and a smooth talker.

"There never was any second set," said Willis.

The Stevens is the largest hotel in the world

Disturbing Noises controlled by J-M Asbestos

The clash of pots, the clatter of dishes will never disturb the guests of the Stevens Hotel. Johns-Manville Acoustical treatment has been used in the kitchens and dishwashing rooms. This control of sound is another of Johns-Manville's ingenious uses of ASBESTOS. By this method echoes and unpleasant resonance are eliminated from auditoriums of every variety, from radio broadcasting studios or business offices. Noisy work may be made less noisy and the sounds restricted. Hospital corridors and operating rooms lose their echoing hollowness, yet remain sanitary under Johns-Manville Acoustical treatment. The cost is insignificant.

56 *Miles of Johns-Manville pipe insulation in the Stevens Hotel*

The Stevens Hotel in Chicago faces the cold blasts that sweep over Lake Michigan. Yet every room in the Stevens, the world's largest hotel, is warm. There are 31 miles of steam pipes leading to the radiators in the Stevens. On these pipes are 31 miles of Johns-Manville Improved Asbestocel. Without such insulation it would be virtually impossible to heat so great a building, and the cost of attempting it would be enormous.

There are 25 miles of other Johns-Manville pipe insulations in the building. The various hot and cold insulations in the Stevens insure its operation at the lowest cost, yet guarantee the comfort of its guests.

The economies obtained by the use of Johns-Manville Asbestocel in many great buildings are equally important to every family. Never buy or rent a house without first making certain that its heater pipes are insulated with Johns-Manville Asbestocel. Without it an important percentage of your coal is wasted.

Johns-Manville—Master of Asbestos

To control power, to conserve heat or cold is the function of many Johns-Manville products. From the refractory cements which withstand the terrific temperatures of electric furnaces to the simple table pad for the morning coffee pot, Johns-Manville Asbestos insulations cover the whole range of heat control. For every purpose there is the proper insulation developed by years of experience, tested by uses under every condition.

In machinery and motor cars, Johns-Manville controls power through friction blocks and asbestos brake lining.

Thus the sure protection given by the 56 miles of insulation in the Stevens Hotel is but a sample of the scores of uses through which Johns-Manville Asbestos products serve industry, railroads and homes—serve in fact the whole nation.

Johns-Manville

ASBESTOS MINERS AND MANUFACTURERS

A Unique Patented Packing. Johns-Manville Sea Ring Packing is unique. No other packing is or can be like it. Any good packing will control steam, air, water, brine and the like for a few months. Johns-Manville Sea Ring Packing lasts for years. Besides this it reduces friction to an amount that causes power savings of from 20 to 25 percent throughout its life.

Asbestos Built-Up Roofs. Johns-Manville Asbestos Built-up Roofs are the result of years of study. Famous hotels, theatres and factories use this long-lasting fireproof roofing. It has stood years of use without repair in all parts of the country. Johns-Manville Built-up Asbestos Roofs are given Class A rating by the Underwriters and secure lowest insurance rates.

FILL IN, TEAR OUT, MAIL

JOHNS-MANVILLE CORP., Dept. I-55
New York Chicago Cleveland San Francisco
For Canada: Johns-Manville Co., Ltd., Toronto
(Mail coupon to branch nearest you)

Please send me information about the economies of your products in my business which is

.....

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

The Strongest Frame

Actual Size

Showing how double thickness in all Auburn Straight Eight frame sides and channels, plus new shimmy-proof motor mountings, large gussets and cross-members, give Auburn, we believe, the strongest automobile frame in the world. This strength is the greatest guarantee of automobile silence and rigidity.

115 HORSEPOWER STRAIGHT EIGHT

AUBURN

POWERED BY LYCOMING

AUBURN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, AUBURN, INDIANA

THE GLORY OF KINGS

Continued from Page 30

have to pass off a lemon on our customers. We don't have to stick them, just because we're stuck ourselves. I haven't done anything yet. I didn't want to do anything without your assent. But, Dave, it won't take me a week to find out the facts, and if this is as good as you say, there's no hurry about it. If it's as good as you say, the longer we wait the better off we'll be. Why not hold it all up for a few days till we can find out, Dave?"

Dave got up and crossed to the window and stood there looking down into the street, his back toward Bugbee.

And Bugbee, behind him, urged, "Wait a week, Dave. Can't you?"

Dave swung toward him. "All right," he agreed, surrendering thus far. "I'll do that. There isn't any hurry. Except that our credit will be tied up as long as we have to carry this stuff. So the sooner we start selling, the better. But I guess Temple & Company can stand it. Go ahead and satisfy yourself, Irv. I'll give you till a week from today. By that time I expect you'll be as enthusiastic about it as I am."

He returned to his desk and pressed the button which summoned Miss Manter. "I'll speak to her about the circulars," he explained, and Irving moved as though he were about to say something, then held his tongue and rose and started toward the door.

"I'll get right to work on it," he promised. "And, Dave, I'm mighty glad you're doing this. I may be wrong and you may be right, but it's better not to take a chance."

Dave, willing to provoke the other, said cheerfully, "If the stuff is no good, we'd better unload it, Irv."

And Irving looked at him reproachfully and replied: "I guess you don't mean that, Dave. That's not the way Temple & Company operates."

Bugbee went out as Miss Manter came in, and Dave sat down at his desk while she waited for his directions. He looked up at her after a moment, and he smiled.

"Irv's been raking me over the coals," he confessed, "about those drainage bonds."

"Has he?" she commented.

"The idea seems to be," Dave told her, "that it's a mistake to do anything promptly. Irving thinks we ought to wait a while. So we'll hold up those circulars. You remember I gave you the proof last week."

"Yes," she agreed. "I have it."

He looked at her attentively. "You have it?" he repeated. "Didn't you send it to the printer?"

She shook her head. "No."

"Why not?" he asked.

She said frankly, "Because it did not seem to me the sort of thing Temple & Company wants to do."

He said explosively, "Darn it, I'm Temple & Company! It's what I want to do!"

She shook her head. "You don't know whether you want to do it or not," she told him.

"I told you I'd take the responsibility," he retorted.

"And I told you you didn't know the meaning of the word," she reminded him; and she continued, with a certain warmth, "Your idea is that if you go ahead and sell these bonds and they're worthless, you'll simply say, 'I'm sorry. I was to blame.' And that will be the end of it. But that won't be the end of it, Mr. Temple. There'll be a good many people who have paid money for them, not because they wanted the bonds, but because you told them they would make a profit. It won't help them any to have you say it's your fault, that you're to blame. Responsibility is something more than confessing guilt. It's accepting the obligations which responsibility imposes."

He said grimly, "You've been talking to Bugbee!"

"So have you," she reminded him.

"I'm not parroting his sermons," he retorted.

"Then why not send out the circulars?" she asked defiantly.

He grinned. "All right," he agreed. "Have it your own way. His idea is to trot down there and see if the land is really there. He wants to investigate." He added ruefully, "I told him I had investigated, but Irving's a great hand for doing everything himself. He doesn't trust anyone unless they can bring three or four witnesses."

She hesitated, looking at him thoughtfully. "Your idea of investigating," she suggested, "has been to write to some people whose names Mr. Linnekin gave you. Isn't that the case?"

"Well, he knows the people down there," he reminded her.

She said, "You're curiously credulous sometimes, it seems to me." And when he did not at once reply, she added quickly, "I suppose it's the confidence of youth. You're so young! But I don't think I ever saw anyone, even a child, so sure of himself and of his own judgment." And she continued, curiously thoughtful, "And I don't think I ever saw anyone who makes such absurd mistakes. Not only in this either!"

Dave flushed angrily. "Go on," he challenged. "Be specific! As long as you've gone so far. What mistakes?"

She hesitated, and her eyes clouded with doubt. "Your father will blame me," she said to herself. "But I can't help it. You're such an idiot!"

"That's a general term," he reminded her. "It usually means anyone who disagrees with our own opinions."

She looked at him then, decision in her tone. "Do you remember the day you got back from Colorado," she asked, "and came in here and talked to your father?"

"Yes," he said, his attention quickening.

"You remember he had two envelopes on his desk?"

"I didn't notice particularly."

"You never notice anything," she agreed wearily. "That's the trouble with you. But they were here. Do you know what was in them?"

"I didn't even see them," he returned. "Why? What of it? What has that to do with it?"

"I'm going to give them to you," she told him. "I'll get them now. I want you to read what's in them. Perhaps it will show you that you don't always know exactly what you're talking about. That you can't believe everything people tell you."

She turned abruptly to the door and disappeared before Dave could reply, and he waited in a curious disturbance till she returned. When she did so, the envelopes were in her hand, and he recognized something familiar in their outlines, and said so.

"I do remember seeing them, now," he confessed. "I remember he told you to take them back and put them in the files."

She nodded, looking at him almost wistfully. "He thought it might be better not to let you read what's in them," she explained. "I think he was pleased with something he saw in you. I think he thought he discovered something hopeful."

She added unhappily, "Even Mr. Temple makes mistakes sometimes. There." And laid the envelopes down before him and turned with a suggestion of flight and hurried from the room.

XV

DAVE did not at once open the envelopes. He was thinking back, searching for something in his memory. Miss Manter had said, "You can't believe everything people tell you." She meant, of course, that there were facts connected with that ancient tale about Burdon Temple with which Dave was unacquainted; facts, presumably, which negatived its shameful implications.

Dave, tacitly accepting this as the case, felt no immediate curiosity to know what the envelopes contained. He was puzzled rather by his father's attitude; and he sought to recall what had passed between them on that day of his return from Colorado. He remembered Burdon Temple's inscrutable demeanor and the appraisal in his eyes, and he remembered, too, his own hurt and bewilderment when he found that his father meant to offer no denial.

He had not more than half believed the story until the other's very silence seemed to confess its truth; until his father's abject and astonishing surrender gave it confirmation. And since then he had almost forgotten the old tale in the fascination of his new responsibilities.

Now his conjectures returned in a flood. If the story were false, where did the answer lie? And if Burdon Temple could have denied it, why had he not done so? It was rather in the hope of finding an answer to the second question than to the first that Dave at last picked up the topmost envelope and opened it, scanning the papers it contained.

They were for the most part, he saw at once, formal legal documents, duly authenticated; but one which immediately caught his eye appeared to be in strange company. Instead of foolscap, it was written on what must have been the flyleaf of a book, torn out for this use and yellowed now with age; and upon it, in a rude and uncertain hand, half a dozen lines were scrawled. At the top the word VERDICT had been printed in staggering capitals; and below Dave read:

That said Lou Roakes come to his death trying to wind a windlass with a pistol for a handle like a fool.

And it was his own foolishness.

Below, half a dozen names were set. Dave deciphered the signature of Jim Sookford and that of Jasper Jellison. The others he did not recognize.

There was a grim humor about this verdict which amused the young man. It represented, he judged, the finding of an inquest arranged on the spot.

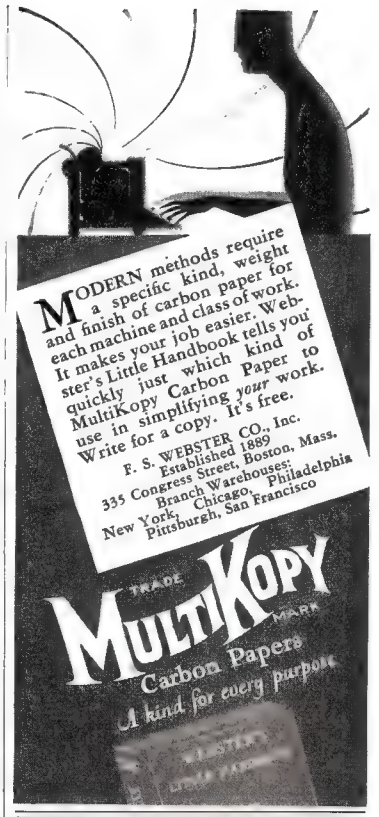
"The folks in Black Hat must have liked father," he concluded. "They didn't even mention him!"

But the verdict was, after all, no more than a glossing over of the facts, and he continued his perusal of the other papers in this envelope. It appeared from them that after the organization of the county in which Black Hat was located, some years subsequent to the actual tragedy, Burdon Temple had been indicted for the murder of Lou Roakes. The formal charge was manslaughter; and his father, Dave discovered, had been brought to trial and acquitted.

Thus far the record was complete; but Dave, when he had scanned these papers, returned them to the envelope with a faint sense of disappointment. His father, he decided, must have arranged the indictment and acquittal in order to clear the record. But there was nothing either in the sardonic verdict of the coroner's jury or in the prearranged court proceedings which lifted from Burdon Temple's head whatever moral obloquy might be involved. They relieved him of legal guilt, but not of any ethical liability he had incurred.

Dave opened the second envelope with a livelier curiosity; and for an hour or more thereafter he was occupied in a slow perusal of the statements and affidavits there contained. No one of them presented any complete or connected story, but from them all he derived at last something like a comprehensive narrative.

There was a statement from Mrs. Roakes, in the form of an interrogatory. She had answered questions put to her by an attorney named Craxford, a Denver man who Dave knew sometimes served his father even now; and it was obvious that while she answered unwillingly, the attorney had,


MODERN methods require a specific kind, weight and finish of carbon paper for each machine and class of work. It makes your job easier. Webster's Little Handbook tells you quickly just which kind of MultiKopy Carbon Paper to use in simplifying your work. Write for a copy. It's free.
F. S. WEBSTER CO., Inc.
Established 1889
335 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.
Branch Warehouses:
New York, Chicago, Philadelphia
Pittsburgh, San Francisco
TRADE MULTIKOPY MARK
Carbon Papers
A kind for every purpose

"Don't Invite Him"

Somehow he couldn't look well-groomed. His clean finger nails of the morning were a total loss by noon. But not after he began to use Gem, the handy pocket manicure that keeps nails neat *all day*. Quickly cleans, trims, files, anywhere. Sold everywhere.

The H. C. COOK CO., 2 Beaver St. Ansonia, Conn.

Gem NAIL Clippers Gemux 35¢

EUROPE ALL EXPENSES $300 UP

The leading 1928 Student Tours. Chartered CUNARD tourist cabin. Organized entertainment. Congenial associations. Write for Booklet S.

Students Travel Club

★ ★ ★ 551 FIFTH AVE · NEW YORK

Campers!

SLEEP comfortably outdoors under any condition. New 32-page handbook, "How to Sleep Comfortably Out of Doors," by Ed. Cave, camping authority, explains, illustrates construction every known outdoor bed---bough, auto, camp beds. A score of ideas that will double the pleasure of your next trip. *Send 10 cents today*

HODGMAN RUBBER COMPANY, 521 Tripp Street, Framingham, Mass.

LAW STUDY AT HOME. Become a lawyer. Be independent. Earn $5,000 to $10,000 annually. We guide you step by step—furnish all text material, including fourteen-volume Law Library. Degree of LL.B. conferred. Low cost, easy terms. Get our valuable 108-page "Law Guide" and "Evidence" books free. Send for them NOW. LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 271-L, Chicago. The World's Largest Business Training Institution.

Cash! Cash! Cash!

If you would like to earn lots of extra cash in your spare time, as hundreds of other folks do, just write *Box 1624 c/o The Saturday Evening Post, 403 Independence Square, Philadelphia*, and you will receive a most interesting proposition.

BIG BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY

$400 KEI-LAC MACHINE EARNED $5040 IN ONE YEAR; $240 machine earned $1440; $160 machine earned $2160. One man placed 300. Responsible company offers exclusive advertising proposition. Unlimited possibilities. Protected territory. Investment required. Experience unnecessary. NATIONAL KEI-LAC CO., 557 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

PATENTS BEST RESULTS BOOKLET FREE HIGHEST REFERENCES PROMPTNESS ASSURED

Watson E. Coleman, *Patent Lawyer*, 724–9th St., Washington, D.C.

PATENT-SENSE, free book for inventors seeking largest deserved profits. Established 1869. Write LACEY & LACEY, 774 F St., Washington, D. C.

SONGSTERS Sacred Anthems, Nat. Airs, Old-time Melodies, Late Popular Hits and Service Clubs' Songs. Greatest collection of songs ever published. Every Service Club, Grange, Fraternal Organization, League or Society should have enough copies of Songster so all can sing. Sample Copy, 10c. $5.00 per 100. Schenck Printery, Hornell, New York

Good Buildings Deserve Good Hardware

CORBIN

New England Colonial Hardware

by CORBIN

HAMMER and anvil, iron and fire, skill and experience combine to produce this delightful old hardware for the modern New England Colonial home. And what would such a home be without the charm of black iron against white woodwork?

Fortunately, Corbin makes Colonial hardware to equip the entire house fully. Five designs of hinge straps alone. Locks—quaint in looks, staunch in strength. Old-time latches and hinges. Knockers, handles, bolts—all are here in Good Hardware—Corbin.

New England Colonial is but one Corbin design. There are many, many others—one ideally suited to the architectural period of your home—all complete in every item.

For interesting and complete information on New England Colonial hardware by Corbin, send for supplement K521. A line to P. & F. Corbin, Dept. S-2, New Britain, Conn., will bring a copy to you.

P. & F. CORBIN
SINCE 1849
NEW BRITAIN, CONNECTICUT
The American Hardware Corporation Successor
New York Chicago Philadelphia

nevertheless, been able to persuade her or trap her into damaging admissions.

There was an affidavit from Jim Sookford, and another from Jasper Jellison, and another from a man whose name Dave had not heard—one Rider Dale. Dale had lived, it appeared, in a tent camp beside the stream below Lou Roakes' cabin. And there were half a dozen others, concerned not so much with the drama itself as with the character of the actors.

The story told in these papers, and told beyond any possibility of doubt, was, so far as his father and Mrs. Roakes were concerned, the ancient narrative of Potiphar's wife. Mrs. Roakes had played that nameless rôle; and there was enough to demonstrate beyond any question her malicious venom against Burdon Temple, sufficient to prompt her to any slanderous assertion. For the rest, it appeared that Lou Roakes had been a dissolute and worthless character, and that the young man, Burd Temple, had won and deserved the respect of the mountain community.

The death of Lou Roakes was described by Jasper Jellison, and reiterated with no essential difference by Rider Dale. Told in formal phrase, the tale ran thus:

And I do also—this was Jellison's statement—assert and affirm and swear that I was working on my claim on the hillside above the shaft of said Roakes at about half-past ten o'clock in the morning. Burd Temple was working in the shaft of said Roakes, and I had talked with him half an hour before. He would go down into the shaft and fill a bucket and then climb out again on a ladder made of a lodgepole pine; and haul the bucket up and empty it, and then he would lower it and go down again.

And I further assert and affirm and swear that on one occasion when he was down in the shaft, I observed said Roakes coming up from the cabin, and I could see the cabin from my claim, and also the shaft. I saw Roakes come out of a shed back of his cabin, where Burd Temple lived, and come up the slope. And when he came in sight of the shaft he slowed down and got behind a rock and watched till Temple went down in the shaft, and then he came up and stopped about ten feet from the windlass. He was moving around like he was drunk. I didn't pay any attention after that, till I heard a shot, and then I looked down there and Temple was just getting out of the shaft on his hands and knees, and Roakes was about ten feet away with a pistol in his hand. And he had shot once. Temple did not have a gun. Temple gave a jump at him and knocked the gun up and they started to wrestle around, and I started running toward them. Roakes had the gun in his hand, and before I got to them it went off and he went down and the gun fell out of his hand when he fell over. And Temple picked it up and stood there looking at it and looking at Roakes. And then Mrs. Roakes came running up, and Jim Sookford.

And I do further assert and affirm and swear that Rider Dale was sitting on a rock, talking to me, and we both saw the same thing.

When Dave had finished his long study of the contents of these two envelopes he put them carefully away again within their containers. He meant to ring for Miss Manter and request her to return them to their place in the files, but he forgot to do so.

The old story absorbed his attention for a while, but by and by his thoughts shifted to puzzle over the more and more bewildering mystery which lay behind his father's behavior. Why should his father, thus armed at every point against any shadow of blame for what had happened so long ago, nevertheless by his silence seem to confess his guilt, to surrender himself into Dave's hands?

And Dave, searching his memory, trying to recall every detail of that interview with Burdon Temple, discovered in his father's bearing at the time, in the questions which the other asked, and in the expression in his eyes, many things which at the moment he had failed to remark.

His father, he remembered, had never in so many words admitted even a part of the truth of what Dave had been told; had appeared to be interested rather in Dave's reaction to the tale than in the tale itself. The young man remembered a phrase the other had used.

"Assume for a moment," Burdon Temple had suggested, "that I do agree. What do you intend to do?" That was the keynote, Dave recalled, of the other's attitude; that curiosity as to Dave's own projected movements. Always his questions were directed not toward what Dave had learned but toward what Dave meant to do; and Dave's memory, running through the course of that conversation between them, came at last to his father's ultimate surrender.

There had been, he remembered, something like triumph in the other's manner and in his tones. He had said almost eagerly:

"I'd have been glad to do that any time. . . . I've tried to lead you to it. I've been hoping your shoulders would one day bear the load."

And Dave remembered another phrase which his father had used, in handing back to Miss Manter these two envelopes in which his defenses were preserved.

"Put these away," he had told her, "where they belong. The man I expected didn't come, so I shan't need them now."

The man he expected, his father had said, did not come; and Dave, remembering, began dimly to understand what manner of man it was whom his father had feared to see.

After a long time he pressed the button at the end of his desk, and when Miss Manter came in, he saw that there was something fearful in her eyes, as though she regretted what she had done. He looked at her reassuringly, and he said after a moment, touching the two envelopes:

"Will you please put these away again?"

When she had picked them up, he asked, "Do you know when my father plans to return?"

"Not exactly," she confessed.

He nodded, said half to himself, "I hope it will not be too long!"

XVI

DURING the ensuing two or three weeks the girl on the switchboard, and the salesmen, and the office boy, and the others on his staff discovered a change in Dave. It was not that he did anything in particular; it was rather the things he did not do. He was used to wear a certain jocularity of manner, was accustomed to adopt in the simplest interchange, a familiarity which had about it something mirthful. Upon his father's departure this manner had given way to a dignity in which irreverent folk perceived something ludicrous, and he had assumed for a while, especially when he was delivering instructions or commands, a crisp and energetic manner. It was as though he wished to wear the very aspect and demeanor of the traditional executive, resolute, decisive, clothed in all authority.

But there began now to be a change in him. He was, for one thing, quieter; spoke, when he spoke at all, in level tones; smiled instead of laughed, and went about his business without ostentation. Yet there was nothing crushed or submissive in his manner; it was rather as though the young man had found comfort and peace and contentment.

Miss Manter, who watched him more jealously than the others, and with a keener interest as she tried to read what was passing in his mind, was divided between hopes and fears.

Outside the office, though the change in him was not so conspicuous, it nevertheless attracted the attention of an acquaintance here and there.

Willie Linnekin noticed it. Upon his return to town he saw Dave at luncheon at the club, and approached Dave's table and sat down opposite him.

"Well, Dave," he said heartily, "how goes it?"

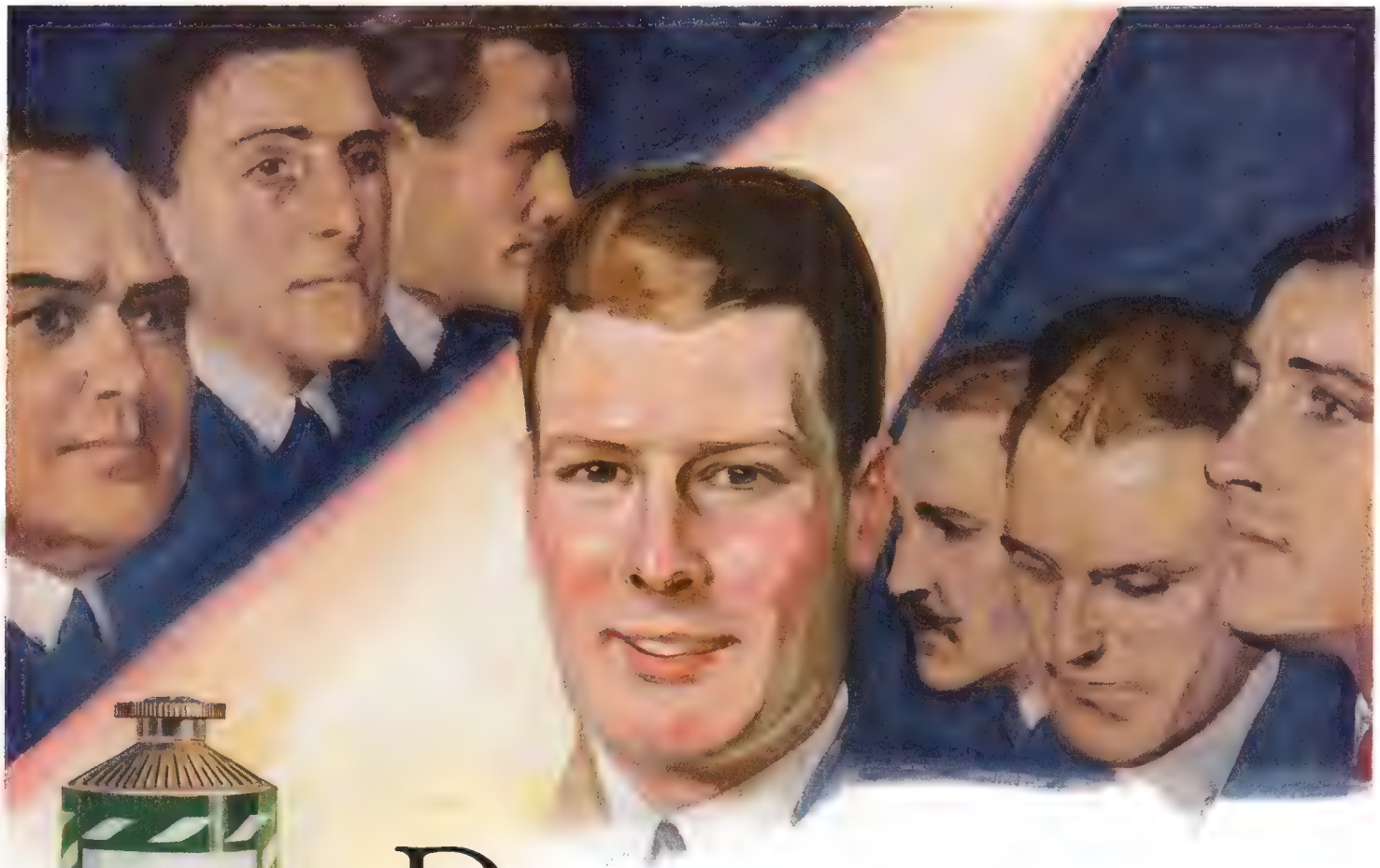
"Very well," Dave replied.

The waiter came to Willie's elbow, and Linnekin gave the other his order, turned back to Dave again. "Business booming?" he inquired.

"Normal," Dave told him.

"How's Temple & Company getting along under the new management?"

(Continued on Page 124)



Dermutation does it!

There's a brisk, alert freshness about some men's appearance that's immediately noticeable, that seems to last throughout the day. You can pick them out of a crowd, anytime. What a difference Mennen does make! You'll notice it immediately, once you take up Mennen—in quicker pick-up in your shaving speed, in greater shaving ease, in that clean-cut, well-groomed look and in strikingly superior after-shave smoothness and comfort.

It's *dermutation* that does it—dermutation, that special Mennen beard-softening property which softens the beard, relaxes the tiny skin peaks at the base of each hair, smoothing and leveling the skin so that the razor glides smoothly and easily without nicking, scraping or cutting off these minute mounds. No more rawness. No more soreness. No more after-shave smart. *Dermutation* starts the instant the cream and water touch the face, increasing its good effects as you whip up the rich, soothing bank of firm, snowy Mennen lather. No need for rubbing with your fingers. *Dermutation* takes the fuss and muss out of shaving. No free caustic to "burn", either. And Mennen lathers freely in water hot or cold, hard or soft—summer or winter, town or country. Five soothing, tonic emollients in the cream tone up and soothe the skin while softening the beard. Leaves your face fresh and fit for hours ahead.

Made Both Without and With Menthol

There's a tonic touch in a dash of menthol in your lather. Those who relish its bracing tingle can have their Mennen mentholized. Ask for the tube with the red ball.

After the shave is over—Mennen Skin Balm is a man's face lotion, made for men, that comes in a handy tube. Has a fresh "kick" to it, too. Great for chapped, roughened skin, non-greasy and quick-drying.

Mennen Talcum for Men tones down shiny skins. Neutral tint—no chalky pallor. The talcum men prefer —also made in stick form.

The MENNEN *Company,* Newark, N. J., and Toronto, Ont.

MENNEN

The Improved

SHAVING CREAM

Why

drag— drag— drag—

when your furniture will roll so easily on Bassick's

SHOVING—tugging—dragging. That's bad for furniture. Bad for floors. Bad for rugs and carpets, too. Why not stop it? Why not put on Bassick's and gently roll your furniture, instead of dragging it? Silently—easily—Bassick Casters swivel and roll over rugs, carpets—and polished floors. No scratching. No marring. No noise. Nearly all hardware stores sell Bassick's. If your dealer hasn't them, we'll supply you direct. Send dealer's name and enclose remittance to cover your order. Be sure to *give size wanted.* See description below for sizes.

Three Bassick Diamond Velvet Casters that meet nearly every need

Feltoid Wheel *For use on hardwood and polished floors.*

Fibre Wheel *For use on carpets, rugs, linoleum and composition floors.*

Steel Wheel *For use on carpets, rugs and rough floors.*

For Heavy-Weight Furniture
Size FFB $2.00 set Size FRB $1.30 set Size FSB $0.80 set

For Medium-Weight Furniture
Size DFB $1.60 set Size DRB $1.00 set Size DSB $0.65 set

For Light-Weight Furniture
Size BFB $1.30 set Size BRB $0.75 set Size BSB $0.55 set

Bassick
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
Casters

How easily it rolls on Bassicks

The Bassick Co.
Bridgeport, Conn.

1. Send me copy of "The Neglected Inch" to help me select the right casters for my furniture. Check Here ☐

2. Send me.....sets of Bassick Casters, Size..... for which I enclose $.. ....

NAME..... ... .

STREET & CITY.....

DEALER'S NAME..... SEP-1

(Continued from Page 122)

Linnekin insisted, and Dave surprisingly said:

"We expect father back before very long now."

There was nothing of accusation in his manner, nor in his words; yet Linnekin, for no particular reason, was vaguely uneasy, came abruptly to the matter foremost in his mind.

"How are those bonds going?" he asked. "People grabbing them up?"

Dave hesitated for a second. "You understand," he suggested, "that I don't do much actual selling nowadays."

Linnekin whistled softly. "Big-executive stuff and all that," he commented derisively. "Is that the idea?"

Dave called for his check. "Not at all," he replied. "You're quite mistaken, Willie." And he signed the check and rose and turned away, leaving the other baffled and disturbed.

Linnekin said afterward to someone, "Dave's putting on a lot of dog, isn't he?" The matter made him faintly uneasy for a day or two, till he laughed it aside. "After all," he told himself reassuringly, "he asked for it. Nothing else would do him. He can't come back on me."

Irving Bugbee had gone south to look into the matter of Linnekin's bonds at closer range, and Dave expected word from him for some days before it arrived. He discovered, somewhat to his own surprise, that he was not in any great doubt as to what Irving would report. Dave began to perceive more and more clearly that his action in committing Temple & Company had been rash and unconsidered. He was inured to the shock of Bugbee's telegram before it came.

The message was in code. Miss Manter deciphered it and brought the result to lay on Dave's desk. Bugbee had wired:

Land worthless without development. Proposition highly speculative. Returning at once with full details.

Dave read it through and sat for a moment with the slip of paper in his hands, his eyes turned toward the window. Miss Manter stood beside him, watching him with something almost solicitous in her attention; but when he looked up at her she smoothed her countenance of all expression.

He said thoughtfully, "Irv says he was right all the time." And smiled a little.

She nodded. "I'm afraid so," she agreed.

"It begins to look," he suggested, "as though I'd let Temple & Company in for something." She made no comment, and he added frankly, "Well, I'm glad you and Irv kept me from passing it on."

She wanted to speak, but could find no words for what she wished to say; asked instead in formal phrase, "Is there any reply?"

He shook his head and looked toward the window again, and she waited a moment more, watching his averted head, her eyes full of troubled concern, before she turned at last away.

Later that day she ventured to speak of the matter more directly. "Mr. Temple," she urged. "You mustn't be too distressed about those bonds!"

He looked at her with a quizzical smile. "Do I appear distressed?" he inquired.

She said in uncertain reassurance, "There'll be some way to straighten it out, and your father will be back soon now."

He nodded. "That is true," he assented, met her eyes squarely. "But you know," he said, "I've a feeling that this is up to me."

She hesitated at that, suddenly afraid of herself, said at last swiftly, "Oh, I'm sure it won't be as bad as it seems." And before he could speak, she turned and moved away.

At lunch the next day—Bugbee had of course not yet returned and they had from him no other word than his summary wire—Dave saw Linnekin again; but Linnekin this time did not approach his table, and Dave observed this fact and was by it faintly and ironically amused. Dave, before he left the dining room, drew near the other, stopped beside his chair.

"Good day, Willie," he said, and Linnekin looked up with affected surprise and scrambled to his feet.

"Why, hello, Dave! I didn't see you. Were you here when I came in?"

"Yes, at my usual table," Dave assured him.

"I looked," Linnekin protested.

Dave smiled. Linnekin, he saw, was flushed and confused; and Dave said gravely, willing to make Willie uncomfortable, "Do you still think as well of those bonds as you did?"

"Don't your customers like them?" Linnekin parried.

"We haven't begun to distribute them yet," Dave explained.

Linnekin exclaimed, "What? What's that? You're not putting them out?"

"Not yet," Dave reiterated.

"Why, say," Linnekin protested, "you'd better get started. It takes quite a while to absorb a lot of stuff like that."

"They're just as safe as Liberties, aren't they?" Dave reminded him. "So there's no hurry, as far as I can see!"

"Well," Linnekin countered, "a man can even have too many Liberties."

Dave asked gravely: "You mean you think we ought to unload?"

"You bought them to sell, didn't you?" Linnekin insisted.

"Theoretically, yes," Dave agreed.

"You'd better sell them, then."

Dave persisted, "Why, aren't things going well down there?"

But Linnekin seemed suddenly to realize that he was being badgered. He looked at the other with an attentive eye, and he said defensively, "I told you you didn't want anything to do with them."

"Of course," Dave assured him. "You needn't be uneasy, Willie. I've no thought of blaming you."

"It's common sense," Willie told him sullenly. "It's just common sense, when you see you're stuck, to unload."

Dave nodded. "Very common," he agreed; and he added, a finality in his tones, "Good-by, Willie." So turned away, moving casually toward the door.

When Bugbee came back, the report he brought was sufficiently damning. The great bulk of territory in the drainage district covered by the bonds in question, he told Dave, was for four or five months of the year under water.

"Much water?" Dave asked. He was not particularly attentive. Bugbee's information was in no sense a blow to him. He had become by this time reconciled to what he felt the truth would be.

"Plenty," Bugbee assured him. "Anywhere from three inches to three feet. It's all low, swampy."

"A good place to grow rice," Dave remarked, "or cranberries."

Bugbee shook his head. "It's tough, Dave," he said sympathetically. "But that's the story. Three acres out of every five are drowned."

Dave smiled. "I remember," he remarked, "that Willie told me these were underlying bonds."

Bugbee said, with a ferocity curious to see in that sober young man, "I'd like to box his ears for him! I don't know but I will."

Dave shook his head. "We don't need to advertise," he reminded Irving. "And after all, as I told you before, Willie warned me. No, this is up to me, Irv." He asked again, not for confirmation but rather as though he were thinking aloud, "Worthless, you think?"

"The next thing to it," Bugbee agreed, "until the land is drained."

"But after all," Dave pointed out, "these are drainage bonds. That's what the promoters propose to do."

"That's a huge undertaking," Bugbee told him. "It isn't more than a few inches above the level of the Gulf, anywhere in there. It will cost as much as the land is worth to drain it, and take years."

Dave asked curiously, "Any ducks down there?"

"They say there are in the winter," Bugbee assured him.

"Well," said Dave, "we might organize a sporting club!"

He felt that his attitude in the matter was a disappointment to Irving; realized that to Bugbee the affair assumed the proportions of a tragedy. But for the life of him Dave could feel no overpowering emotion one way or the other. His senses had been dulled by the blow. He had passed through the first phase, when his self-reproaches were most bitter, and had reached the point of seeking to discover some way of adjusting himself to the situation which he now foresaw. There was nothing, it seemed to him, to be done until his father should return.

Two or three days after Irving came back they had a radio from Mr. Temple, announcing that he would land in New York on Saturday; and Dave felt something like relief at the imminence of the hour of his accounting.

XVII

MR. AND MRS. TEMPLE arrived late Sunday afternoon, and Dave met them at the station with the limousine. He was there well before the train was due, but he waited with an impassive patience. There was no hurry—no hurry about anything. He had more and more, during the last few days, a feeling that the world was set in order, that his life had begun at last its journey along definite and decided ways. He had no dread of the forthcoming interview with his father, had learned during these days of reflection a clearer understanding of the older man. It seemed to Dave that he and his father were drawing together in spirit as swiftly as they were in flesh.

There was nothing strange or incredible to him in his present frame of mind, but neither did it serve to make incredible the past. The past was done and might be forgotten. As to the future, Dave had no doubts at all.

His mother, he saw when the two for whom he waited alighted from the train, had been improved by her journey. Her color was better and she had gained a little flesh, and there was an unusual vigor in her movements. He observed these things with a dispassionate pleasure, held her tenderly in his arms and kissed her; turned to shake his father gravely by the hand. Not until he tried to speak did he realize that his throat was choked, that his eyes were filled with tears.

His mother exclaimed fondly, "Why, Davy! You're crying! That's not a very nice welcome home!"

And the young man grinned through his tears and nodded, and said huskily, "It's the best kind, if you had sense enough to see it, mother."

As they turned along the platform, Burdon Temple, without speech, laid his hand upon his son's shoulder; and that touch was almost more than Dave could bear. But by the time they reached the car they were all gay together in the delights of this reunion, and on the drive home and afterward during the short evening this calm happiness persisted. Mrs. Temple was tired from her journey and went early to bed, but she insisted that she was not sleepy and commanded Dave and his father to sit with her.

"You ought not to talk, Lelia," Burdon Temple told her chidingly, and she said, smiling up at him:

"I shan't talk, but I can listen to you two. And if you don't sit with me I shall know I'm missing something and be worse for knowing it."

So they stayed with her. Once or twice it occurred to Dave that his father avoided any discussion of business, but the older man, he remembered, was used to protect his wife from any knowledge of the affairs at the office. He was a little more surprised that, when by and by Lelia Temple bade

(Continued on Page 126)

Restful Sleep
Wide-awake Days
for busy people

A new Swiss food-drink . . . a natural way to sound, restful sleep that stores up all-day energy

See What 3 Days Will Do

When you go to bed do your nerves stay up? Leaving you dragged out on the morrow—your mornings logy, your energy drained by afternoon?

Modern science has found a way to overcome this—*without the use of drugs*. For drugs do not give the kind of sleep that refreshes. They always leave you "logy" and befuddled when you awaken.

But this unique Swiss food-beverage—called Ovaltine—gives you sound, restful sleep *in a natural way*. And as you sleep peacefully, the special food properties of Ovaltine restore your tired mind and body. Thus you get the kind of sleep that builds up new vitality and tireless energy.

Morning finds you a new man. Fresh, clear-eyed, buoyant. You have the energy to carry you right through the day and into the evening.

We offer you here a 3-day test so that you can prove what we claim. Note, especially, how good you feel when you awaken in the morning.

Why Ovaltine brings restoring sleep

Authorities agree that *digestive unrest* is the main cause of sleeplessness. Ovaltine overcomes this condition in two ways:

First—It digests very quickly itself. Even in cases of impaired digestion.

Second—It has the unusual power of digesting 4 to 5 times its weight of other foods you eat. Hence, it aids your stomach. Digestion goes on speedily and efficiently. Frayed nerves are soothed. Sound sleep follows.

And as you sleep, the special food properties of Ovaltine also help to restore your tired mind and body. (One cup of Ovaltine has actually more food value than 12 cups of beef extract, 7 cups of cocoa, or 3 eggs.)

That is why, after drinking a cup of hot Ovaltine at night, you awaken in the morning so completely refreshed—abounding with vigor and energy. Note the unsolicited testimonials below.

Hospitals and Doctors recommend it

Ovaltine has been in use in Switzerland for over 30 years. Now in universal use in England and her colonies. During the great war it was served as a standard ration to invalid soldiers.

A few years ago Ovaltine was introduced into this country. Today hundreds of hospitals use it. More than 20,000 doctors recommend it. Not only for sleeplessness, but because of its special dietetic properties, they also recommend it for nerve-strain, malnutrition, underweight and delicate children, nursing mothers and the aged.

Make this 3-day test

Just make a 3-day test of Ovaltine. Note the difference, not only in your sleep, but also in the way you feel in the morning. You tackle your work with greater vigor. You "carry through" for the whole day. You aren't too tired to go out for the evening. There's a new zest to your work; to all your daily activities. It's truly a "pick-up" drink—for any time of the day.

Druggists and grocers sell Ovaltine in 4 sizes for home use. Or get it at the soda fountain. But to let you try it, we will send a 3-day introductory package for 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Just send in coupon with 10c.

Refreshed—when you first awaken

Do you find it an effort to get up in the morning? Ovaltine gives you the kind of sleep that overcomes that "logy" feeling. You wake up clear-eyed, clear-headed. Mr. O'Connor says:

"I used to be tired out after a day's work in my office, too tired even to sleep. Now, thanks to Ovaltine, I sleep soundly and wake up in the morning fresh, clear and full of energy." *E. H. O'Connor, New York City*

Gayer Evenings when vitality is high

Ovaltine gives you deep, restful sleep that seems to store up unlimited energy. You never seem to tire even after a hard day's work. Mr. McCauley writes:

"I took Ovaltine for sleeplessness and found I slept better and felt 50% better. I feel as good after a hard day's work as I do in the morning." *A. Z. McCauley, Henry, Ill.*

Ambitious Days the reward of restful sleep

A cup of hot Ovaltine before retiring usually brings instant, all night sleep . . . . sleep that gives you unlimited energy. "Keeps you on your toes" all day. Mr. Knox states:

"I had not had restful sleep in over five years. Since taking Ovaltine I sleep better and have more ambition to work. It makes sleep come naturally." *George Knox, Burlington, Vt.*

OVALTINE

Builds Body, Brain and Nerves

© 1928, T. W. Co.

The Wander Company, Dept. P-12
180 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine.
(*Print name and address clearly.*)

Name.....

Street.....

City..... *State*.....

(One package to a person)

BEING UNSELFISH

IN time of sorrow the selfish way is to think only of our own great loss, our own sadness, our own broken hearts.

The unselfish way is to be grateful for having been privileged to share such a life as that just closed, and to make sure we fulfill every obligation to that cherished memory.

And when we consider such an occasion from this calmer and more sensible viewpoint, we realize that our greatest obligation is to provide the most absolute and positive protection possible for the precious remains.

It will be a constant comfort through all of the trying hours to come to be able to know that we did not slight this obligation, that we provided the Clark Grave Vault, so generally used today by leading families.

Designed according to an immutable law of Nature, this vault never has failed to protect during all of the quarter of a century it has been in use. This positive, permanent protection is due to its construction of special quality Armco Ingot Iron, or 12 gauge Keystone copper steel, with a plating of pure cadmium on the higher priced vaults (applied by the Udylite process, exclusive on this vault). Being made of metal it is not porous.

Science knows no greater protection than is found in the Clark Grave Vault.

Leading funeral directors recommend this vault and give a 50-year guaranty.

Less than Clark complete protection is no protection at all!

THE CLARK GRAVE VAULT COMPANY
Columbus, Ohio
Western Office and Warehouse, Kansas City, Mo.

CLARK

GRAVE VAULT

This trade-mark is on every genuine Clark Grave Vault. It is a means of identifying the vault instantly. Unless you see this mark, the vault is not a Clark.

(Continued from Page 124)

them leave her, his father still refrained from questions; but he was also relieved by this silence. It was not that he wished to postpone the hour of reckoning, but rather that he preferred it should take place in the formal atmosphere of the office. If they were to discuss the matter here, he was afraid of what his own bearing might be.

Here at home he must always feel so keenly that he was after all in their eyes a child, that there lay between him and his father a great gulf of years and of experience. In the office, meeting outwardly on even terms, that difference would not be so apparent; and it seemed to Dave he could more easily support the rôle he had to play.

He was conscious once or twice that his father looked at him with a question in his eyes, but Dave ignored this unspoken inquiry, and Burdon Temple was content to wait his son's good time.

When they breakfasted in the morning it was at Mrs. Temple's bedside; and a little afterward Dave said:

"I ordered the car for quarter-past nine, father. Will you go downtown?"

His father hesitated. "Would you like me to?" he asked.

"I think they're expecting you," Dave replied; and then added more directly, "Yes."

So at the appointed time Dave and his father rode down together. But in the car they still forbore to speak of what was foremost in the mind of each one of them; and when they came to the office there was some further delay. Dave had not fully realized how strong a hold his father had upon the affection and the esteem of those whom he had associated with himself in Temple & Company. The girl at the switchboard got up to clasp his hand; the office boy, seeking diffidently to hide his pleasure, did likewise. Burdon Temple had to hold something like a reception for a while.

Bugbee, as it happened, had not yet come in, but Miss Manter appeared, and Dave saw her quick appraising glance at his father and at himself and knew the silent question she was asking. When she had greeted Mr. Temple and gave way to one of the salesmen, he answered this unspoken inquiry.

"We haven't talked business at all," he told her gravely, and she looked at him again and for a moment held his eyes, till in the end hers dropped and she turned away.

When Burdon Temple passed on into his office Dave went with him, and the two men were for a moment alone. The older turned directly toward the desk which had served for so many years as the focus of his life, but as he reached it he hesitated and looked toward Dave.

"I was about to sit down," he remarked, smiling faintly. "But I expect this is your desk now."

Dave's humor, for some reason strange even to himself, was lifting. He found a whimsical amusement in many little things this morning, and he said lightly:

"I'll lend it to you! Sit down, father. You won't feel that you've really come home till you do."

"It's been fine to go away for a while," Burdon Temple remarked. "My first vacation in a good many years, Dave. It's pleasant to be able to leave things in your hands."

"It did you and mother both good," Dave agreed. He added, "Shall I get the mail out of the way?"

But Bugbee just then knocked and came in, and Temple rose to greet him with an affection in his tones which Dave had more than once in the past remarked, always heretofore with a jealous twinge. This time he had no such feeling; said when Bugbee looked toward him:

"Good morning, Irv!" And he added, "Well, Temple & Company's back on its feet again now."

Bugbee, he saw, flushed faintly, as though he found in this remark a covert gibe at his expense; and Dave said to reassure him:

"You know, father, I think Irv feels that the wheels stopped turning while you were away."

Bugbee exclaimed, with that blunt frankness which was characteristic, "Well, things don't go as well."

And Dave smiled faintly and nodded. "You see, father," he explained, "Irv and I haven't always agreed." He added in a lower tone, since at his words a sudden quiet filled the room, "I suppose the first thing to do is to tell you what's been going on." He hesitated and then touched the button at the end of the desk. "Miss Manter and Irving and I have discussed things together while you were away," he remarked. "I would like to have her here, so that she and Irving can be sure I state the case correctly."

Temple looked thoughtfully at his son, said then, "I don't feel that you have to refer anything to me, Dave. I left matters in your hands."

Dave nodded. "That was my understanding," he assented; and he added, with a smile at Bugbee, "I've assumed all responsibility."

Miss Manter appeared, and Dave turned to her.

"We were about to go over what has happened while father was away," he explained. "I wanted you to be here."

He saw a glance pass between his father and Miss Manter; and it occurred to him that she might already have informed Burdon Temple of the state of affairs. The thought amused him without arousing in him any of that resentment he must once have felt at such a discovery.

"I think," he directed, "you might get the various papers in connection with those drainage bonds, Miss Manter."

She nodded and turned to leave the room; and in the silence which followed, the older man asked incuriously:

"Something new, Dave?"

"A proposition I dug up while you were away," Dave replied; and when Miss Manter returned he looked through the papers which she handed him, and at length chose three or four of them and passed them across the desk to his father. "You might read those," he suggested.

Temple, in whose bearing there appeared no indication that he found this situation in any way remarkable, did as his son asked. He gave the documents a swift and careful scrutiny; and when he was done with them, he looked across at Dave again.

"An issue of bonds," he summarized, "providing for the drainage and development of a tract of land on the Gulf!"

Dave lighted a cigarette. "I ought to explain," he replied. "I met Willie Linnekin at the club one day. I knew he'd been out of town on some affair, and I asked him what it was. He was not inclined to tell me. He assured me from the beginning that the matter was not calculated to interest Temple & Company. Under pressure, however, he gave me the information I required of him."

He hesitated, continued then:

"I remembered one of your precepts, sir, was to avoid becoming involved in any undertaking without having acquired the most thorough knowledge of its details. The simplest way to do this, it seemed to me, was to go to the persons who knew most about it. Willie gave me the names of a dozen men and I wrote to them." He selected some letters from the papers still remaining in his hands. "There are their replies," he said, and handed them to his father.

The older man took not so long with these letters. He read the first carefully, the second more quickly, and glanced the others through.

"They seem to be very enthusiastic," he commented.

Dave nodded. "Yes," he agreed, "they do. They seemed so to me when I read them."

(Continued on Page 129)

This, too, SHE has done Without her HUSBAND'S Help

An unusual Plan of Household Buying Now Used by the Women of Over Eight Hundred Cities and Towns

Choice foods and dishes at lower cost —that is what two million women get from their leisurely shopping at Piggly Wiggly

HUSBANDS are just beginning to suspect the truth. Meals the whole world marvels at. Yes! Expenses well within the budget. Of course! But until recently men haven't known or cared just how it was done—just what their wives were really achieving.

Now, all of a sudden, women have accomplished something men can understand! They have sponsored a nation-wide movement—a new method of household buying that is sweeping the country! The very method men brag most about in their own business!

Back of it, the amazing skill of modern women in shopping for foodstuffs—their shrewd knowledge of real values. In order to buy as business men long to buy, in order to serve ever better meals at lower cost, they have brought into being an entirely new type of store —Piggly Wiggly.

Here with *no salesmen* at their elbow to urge and persuade, they make their *own* selection—pick out what they please *purely* on merit.

Here the choice foods of five continents, selected by experts, are spread out for them to look over.

Here they are absolutely certain of getting the lowest existing prices.

From the Piggly Wiggly ice box, as from the open shelves, you just take what you please—read the price tags and examine articles at your leisure

On the open shelves of the Piggly Wiggly Store, ready to be examined, with prices plainly marked, women find a wonderful variety of rare foods.

They choose for themselves —uninfluenced by clerks

From the vast number of brands and grades of foods offered for sale today, the able men in charge of Piggly Wiggly have sifted out the few *very best* of each kind.

Here women shop as they've always wished they might. No delays —no clerks to persuade them. No need to hurry. They take any article they please from the shelves, read the price tags, make comparisons—reach their *own* decisions.

A new zest in marketing at Piggly Wiggly! Dozens of ideas for dishes and menus fairly jump at you from the shelves. And all the time you know you're actually *saving* money.

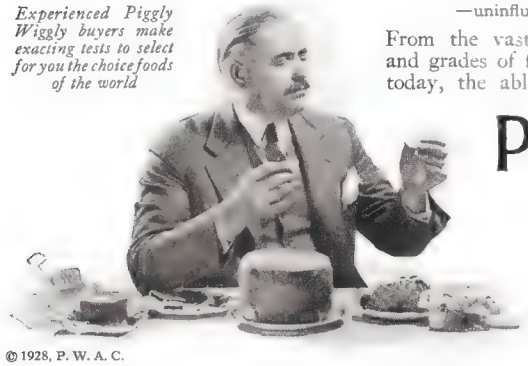
And what a saving it is! Lower expense for food, week in and week out—that is what Piggly Wiggly's modern plan of operation brings you.

A few years ago only a single Piggly Wiggly Store

They've sprung up in a few years—more than 2,600 Piggly Wiggly Stores. To shop as they please—to get the finest foods at the lowest price —that is why two million women are using this new method of buying. That is why 200 more Piggly Wiggly Stores have opened in the last six months.

For meals that are even more delicious—for monthly costs that will make your husband's face light up—do your daily marketing in this new way. Try it out today in the Piggly Wiggly Store in your neighborhood.

Experienced Piggly Wiggly buyers make exacting tests to select for you the choice foods of the world



PIGGLY WIGGLY STORES

The finest kinds of each food selected for you to choose from

An unusual opportunity for responsible men with capital to own and operate a profitable local business with the backing and merchandising co-operation of a national organization—exclusive Piggly Wiggly franchises. Available in cities where stores have not been opened. Address: Piggly Wiggly Corporation, Memphis, Tenn.

An easy way to save money

All prices are shown on swinging tags. Compare values, then make your own choice, uninfluenced by clerks. Just help yourself and save money at the Piggly Wiggly Store

© 1928, P. W. A. C.

A SERVICE NOW OFFERED IN OVER 800 CITIES AND TOWNS

LE BON GOÛT DU FROMAGE "SWITZERLAND," QUI NE PEUT PAS ÊTRE IMITÉ, EST UN DON DU PAYS. PROFITEZ DE CE PRODUIT SI NUTRITIF, FAIT SUIVANT DES MÉTHODES ANCIENNES ET ÉPROUVÉES.

The Flavor that Can't be Copied is the Gift of Switzerland

Enjoy this cheese made by patient, tested, true-country methods

To DISCOVER the origin of the matchless flavor of Switzerland Cheese, you need but consider the Alpine pastures on which countless herds of Swiss cows graze. No other country in the world has such pastures—so rich in juicy grasses and spicy herbs. And the rare flavor that this forage imparts to the milk is brought to you in Switzerland Cheese alone.

Between "Swiss" cheese from other countries and Switzerland there will always be this important difference—a difference in flavor. And if you would have this finer flavor, you must always insist on Switzerland Cheese and look for the numerous imprints of the word "Switzerland" on the rind. Keep this identification in mind—it will safeguard you when you buy.

The finest hotels and renowned restaurants serve Switzerland Cheese. Famous chefs select it to fill important places on their menus, or introduce its flavorful goodness in countless dishes which only can be created through the use of Switzerland Cheese. In homes everywhere, Switzerland Cheese is depended upon to give the unusual and tasteful note to formal dinners, luncheons and buffet suppers.

If you ask Roger Cretaux of the Hotel Roosevelt, New York, for "something different" in salads, he will serve you a taste-alluring vision of endives, romaine, tiny circles of spiced beets—and as a crowning touch, appetizing slices of Switzerland Cheese.

Keep Switzerland Cheese on hand always. Buy it in pound, half-pound, quarter-pound or ten-cent pieces, instead of sliced thin. There is hardly a dish you serve where it is not decidedly appropriate. Sandwiches, salads, desserts, hors-d'œuvres, cold meats are made all the more taste-inviting if Switzerland Cheese is part of the combination.

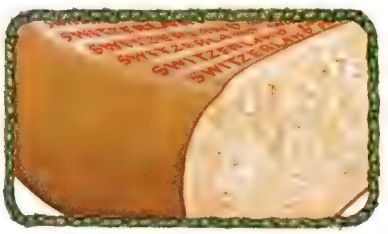
Switzerland Cheese is sold everywhere. You can instantly recognize it by the many imprints of the word "Switzerland" on the rind. If Switzerland Cheese varies in its natural color from a cream to a butter-yellow, it is due to the season of the year in which it is made. The eyes are larger in some cheeses than others. But the rare, true flavor and quality of Switzerland Cheese never vary. Switzerland Cheese Association, Berne, Switzerland. New York Office, 105 Hudson Street.

SWITZERLAND CHEESE

Genuine Swiss Cheese from Switzerland

This Swiss Cheeserie, perched high in an Alpine village, has fluffy lace curtains at the windows.

AT A GLANCE YOU CAN IDENTIFY SWITZERLAND CHEESE.
THE RIND IS STAMPED WITH MANY IMPRINTS OF THE WORD "SWITZERLAND."
NO OTHER CHEESE CAN BE THUS MARKED.



They graze in flower-flecked pastures —they give the milk from which Switzerland Cheese is made.

(Continued from Page 126)

He added, after a momentary silence, "So far as I recall, you now have in your hands all the information which was available to me, except some details as to price and maturities, and so on. Willie, while he warned me off the whole affair, said that there was ample assurance against loss of capital, while there was a chance of a considerable profit."

He hesitated, and Burdon Temple remarked, "On the face of what you've shown me that appears to be the case, Dave."

Dave nodded, and after a moment he said frankly, "I think two or three considerations had their effect on my decision, father. Linnekin insisted that this was not our sort of business, and the terms he used sounded to me like a challenge. It has always been difficult for me to ignore a challenge.

"Also, of course," he continued, "I was anxious to do something on my own initiative while you were away. So I didn't consult Irving"—he looked toward Miss Manter—"or anyone else, until I had committed the house. I agreed to take two hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of the bonds."

For a moment thereafter no one spoke. Bugbee moved uneasily and opened his mouth as though to say something, but closed it again without having uttered a word. Dave looked at him almost invitingly, but Irving held his peace; and Dave looked at Miss Manter, but she sat still in her chair beside the desk, her notebook in her lap, apparent inattention in her posture.

Only when Dave turned toward his father again, he felt her eyes swing to rest on him.

Dave looked at his father, and Burdon Temple said in a moderate tone, "That is a large order, Dave."

"Yes, sir," Dave agreed. "My reasoning"—he smiled faintly—"if it deserves the dignity of that word, my way of looking at it was that if the proposition was a good one, the more we had of those bonds the better off we'd be."

"Yes?" said Burdon Temple, prompting his son, in an interrogative tone.

Dave said steadily, "I want it perfectly clear that I committed the house without consulting either Irving or Miss Manter." He hesitated and looked from one of them to the other before he went on. "But afterward—after I had signed the agreement—I spoke to them about approaching our customers. Their protests were so strenuous that I agreed to wait while Irving investigated somewhat further."

Burdon Temple watched his son, apparently scarce hearing what the young man said, attentive rather to what he saw in Dave's countenance.

"Yes," he said again.

"Irving went down there," Dave concluded, more swiftly now. "The lots are flooded. They're worthless until they are drained; and the cost of drainage would be tremendous. It means waiting years, and no return likely in the meantime. Just a white elephant, that's all."

He paused, with a certain finality in his tones as though there were no more to say; and for a while no one of them spoke. Dave at length handed to his father one further paper.

"There's our copy of the contract," he explained.

Burdon Temple looked at it in an abstracted fashion, murmuring in a confirmatory tone a figure or two. When he was done, he laid it down and waited as though there were more to come.

Dave thus far had been the master of the situation, and the master also of himself, quiet and assured, knowing exactly what he wished to say. But after a moment now a certain uneasiness became manifest in his bearing and he shifted his position.

"I think," he said, "that that is the whole story." He looked toward Bugbee. "Have I stated the case properly, Irving?" he asked, and Irving started to speak, but in the end was content to nod. "Is there anything I have left out, Miss Manter?" Dave inquired, and she hesitated for a moment and then said:

"I think not!" She paused. "So far as you have gone."

Dave smiled. "I wanted you and Irving in here," he told her, "this far. To use your own words, so far as we have gone. The rest is my affair. Thank you very much."

At his tone the girl obediently rose and turned toward the door, and Irving, too, made a movement as though to rise. He uttered some half-formed word of protest, but still got to his feet. Burdon Temple, however, interrupted.

"Wait just a moment, please," he suggested. "Dave, I understood you to say that you assumed full responsibility."

Dave nodded. "Yes," he replied.

"That is to say," the other man continued, "they protested against what you were doing, and you overruled them."

"Yes."

"What did they say to that?" Temple asked.

Dave smiled faintly. "Miss Manter said I didn't know the meaning of responsibility," he confessed.

His father hesitated for a moment. "I judge you have something more to say," he suggested, and Dave said:

"Yes. Yes, I'm not through."

"Then I think they had better wait," Temple told his son. "It is, as you told them, your affair. I am curious, and I think they must be, to know what you mean to do."

Dave felt his cheeks burning and he said rebelliously, "Oh, I don't think so. I've got it all—I don't want them here, father." He looked at the older man almost appealingly, and Temple surveyed his son with a thoughtful eye. In the end he said in a philosophic tone:

"It's a curious human trait to be willing enough to confess a fault, but reluctant to admit an intention or an act somewhat more creditable. After all, Dave, I think they ought to stay."

And without giving Dave time to formulate any further protest he asked, more quickly, "Just what do you propose to do?"

Dave hesitated, then surrendered. "Well, sir," he said, "I have committed Temple & Company. We have to take the bonds." He added, as much to himself as to them, "If there had been misrepresentations, I suppose we could cancel the contract. But there weren't. Willie warned me. The others spoke only of future possibilities. I should have searched out the facts for myself. I did not do so. For that, no one is to blame but me."

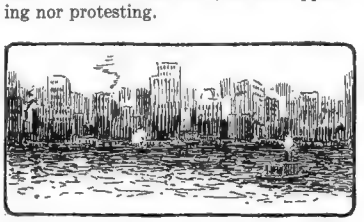
"Have you talked with Linnekin?" Temple asked.

Dave nodded. "I didn't ask his advice," he said defensively. "But he said the thing to do was to unload." He added, "I don't propose to do that."

"In other words," Burdon Temple remarked, not critically, but rather in the tone of one desirous of stating the facts with exactitude—"in other words, you feel that Temple & Company must stand the burden."

"I was in charge," Dave agreed. "For business purposes, I was Temple & Company. It seems to me the house will have to stand it."

The older man nodded. "Very well," he assented. "If that is your judgment. Of course such things are unfortunate, but I think your point of view is the correct one." His tone was level, neither approving nor protesting.



Bugbee was driven into speech. "But, Mr. Temple," he exclaimed, "that means taking an awful licking."

Temple nodded, but Dave interrupted.

"Wait a minute, Irv," he said, and he was flushing suddenly. "It's not quite as bad as it sounds." He turned to his father. "There's one thing more," he said, and looked toward Miss Manter and then away again.

"I suppose," he continued, "the question of the extent of responsibility is always open to argument, but it strikes me that in this case I had at least three responsibilities—one to our customers, one to Temple & Company, and possibly one to myself.

"We've taken care of the customers, thanks to Irving and Miss Manter here; they're not hurt. But also, I've got to take care of Temple & Company."

He looked toward his father again, and when he continued his tone was almost jocular. "The dramatic thing for me to do," he reminded them, "would be to write out a check to Temple & Company for the amount. But that wouldn't do any particular good. I'm afraid my checking account wouldn't stand the strain."

He hesitated; and he had a sudden impression that the others were not breathing; they waited so intently for what he was to say. Their silence somehow amused him, and he chuckled.

"Of course, father," he confessed, "it's just beating the devil about the bush. But you know that trust fund you set up for me. We're going to revoke that. We can do it, with my consent, and turn in those securities in return for these bonds. That will take care of Temple & Company. I'll take these securities off your hands."

After a moment Bugbee made an explosive sound, and then sat very still. Burdon Temple looked at his son with a quiet attention, and Miss Manter, sitting at the end of the desk, smiled to herself and began to make little meaningless scrawls in the notebook on her lap, her pencil moving peacefully.

The silence which held them could not have been of long endurance, yet it seemed to Dave interminable. He could in the end endure it no longer, and he said:

"We can fix that up today! Miss Manter, telephone for Mr. Frothingham. Ask him to come over."

She rose obediently and closed her notebook and crossed toward the door and disappeared.

Temple asked his son curiously, "What do you propose to do with these bonds, Dave?"

Dave smiled. "Well," he said, "I'm fond of gunning. I might start a duck club down there."

His father blew his nose; and Bugbee, very white and still, watched them both, bewildered, not more than half understanding what went forward here.

Then Miss Manter came back and said quietly, "Mr. Frothingham will be right over."

"Thanks," Dave told her.

Burdon Temple rose and stood looking across the desk at his son. Dave did not get to his feet. He was doubtful of his ability to do so. But their eyes held for a while, and then the older man said in a contented tone:

"I believe you'll find those bonds a good investment, Dave."

Dave hesitated; at last responded ruefully, "I'm afraid the trust fund wasn't a very good one for you, father."

But Temple shook his head. "I am well satisfied, Dave," he replied. "It already shows me all the profit I desire."

For a moment their glances locked. Then Dave's eyes turned aside. He looked at Irving, and he was even in this moment amused to mark how stony with bewilderment that sober young man was. And then Dave looked the other way toward where Miss Manter stood.

He saw with a keen and rapturous delight that Miss Manter's eyes were full of tears.

(THE END)

Even the certified raw milk which doctors recommend for babies' health is not immune from loss of food value and contamination if left uncovered! *All* milk should be kept tightly covered at all times.

To be sure that impurities are kept out, even to the last drop, always use the PERFECTION PULL and HINGE CAP, which need never be removed from the bottle or *punctured by instruments in doubtful sanitary condition!* To pour, simply pull the hinged flap part way open—press the flap back into place and the bottle is again securely sealed! The milk is never left exposed, even for a minute!

A Month's Supply FREE!

Look at your milk and cream bottles tomorrow morning. If your dairyman is not one of the thousands who now supply this modern sanitary cap, let us send you a month's supply free. You'll quickly urge him to adopt it, once you've seen how safe and convenient it is. *Mail coupon below.*

PERFECTION

pull and hinge cap

A month's supply FREE

THE SMITH-LEE CO., INC.,
Oneida, New York

Please send me a month's supply of Perfection Pull and Hinge Caps, FREE.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Canadian Manufacturers: THE ARIDOR COMPANY (Canada) Limited, 245 Carlaw Ave., Toronto

Rubbers that are *New* and *Delightfully Different*

OF finer rubber, Lastics hug your shoe glove-like to emphasize every slim style line that makes for the perfectly groomed foot.

Zephyr weight, you forget them and remember only their longer wear and completely satisfying shoe protection.

Because they stretch, one pair of Lastics will fit all your shoes of similar heel height. All dealers stock Lastics who appreciate the small stock made possible by this multi-fitting feature.

• • •

Made by HOOD RUBBER COMPANY
Watertown, Mass.
Distributed by HOOD RUBBER PRODUCTS CO., INC.
Through Branches in All Principal Cities

HOOD

RUBBER FOOTWEAR | CANVAS SHOES | PNEUMATIC TIRES | SOLID TIRES | HEELS - SOLES - TILING

HOOD THE SYMBOL OF WORLD WIDE SERVICE IN QUALITY RUBBER PRODUCTS

IT'S NO USE BEING A FOOL

(Continued from Page 11)

opinions were determined by theirs. Whatever they said or thought or believed, he denied. They were tempestuous and so he was stubborn. They were all heart. He was bound to be all head.

Jimmy retaliated that she was in the same boat. Her mother took the Junior League seriously, so Jane found it blah. Her mother was interested in sport only as a spectator and only at smart events. Jane was bound to be different. She actually played tennis. More, she took tennis seriously.

Jane surprised him by nodding assent to this charge. "Yes," she said, "there's something in that."

Jimmy looked at her. She was sitting opposite him, leaning on one hand. She had been immensely valuable to him. She was the best friend he had ever had. But at the moment he wasn't thinking of that. He was thinking how agreeable it would be to kiss Jane. He was startled and annoyed that he should have such a thought. It didn't belong—not to this situation. If he ever fell in love it would be with an entirely different kind of girl.

"I suppose," he said, "that's why you have no sex appeal." Jane gave him a startled glance. "I mean," he said, "that the sort of girl who goes in for the Junior League really concentrates on that—on making herself attractive to men. You detest the Junior League. So you're bound to have no sex appeal."

"You're really much more simple-minded than I ever suspected," Jane said coldly. "Sex appeal isn't something you have or don't have. It's something you turn on or off, according to circumstances. If you think I have no sex appeal it's because I don't want to have—for you."

"Oh, you don't!" Jimmy said, beginning to get mad.

"Certainly not," Jane said. "You're too young."

"I'm a year older than you are."

"Actually, I'm a woman and you're just a boy."

"Oh, I am, am I?" Jimmy said angrily.

"Yes," Jane said furiously, "just a horribly conceited and arrogant boy." She jumped up. "I can't imagine what's keeping you here," she finished.

"Nothing's keeping me here," Jimmy yelled. "And it'll be a long time before anything brings me back here."

"I hope so," Jane said.

He reflected, going home, that he wouldn't have minded so much if Jane had said those last three words furiously. But she had said them calmly, as if she knew exactly what she was saying and meant to say it. He spent most of his spare time aboard ship composing letters to her. But he tore them all up.

He spent two months near Paris, playing tennis with Frenchmen who understood the waiting game. After Thanksgiving he went to the Riviera with the intention of playing through every tournament he could find. And after a month of match play he discovered that his game had clicked at last. He really had the control he had worked so hard and so long for. He was winning regularly against the best the Riviera had to offer. He was winning as regularly as he had won against college players a couple of years earlier. The time had come to play through the tournament season at home and see whether they could keep him out of the first ranking ten.

He sailed for home in April and made out a schedule that gave him a tournament every two weeks or less, straight up to the national championship in September. He could stand a heavier schedule than men who played a strictly offensive game.

At Providence in June he took two men who had always been able to take him. At Chicago, two weeks later, he won the clay-court title. At Seabright in August he was runner-up to the national champion. He had got a marvelous feeling of power. But he was more and more annoyed to discover that he was singularly unpopular.

The crowds always razzed him. The crowds always cheered when somebody took set point from him. And the sports writers who covered tennis had it in for him. They called him the synthetic tennis player. When he beat some member of the first ranking ten in straight sets the sports writers agreed that Ripley's opponent was off his game. When he lost the first two sets and took the next three sets and the match, they said he was hippodroming.

Jimmy wished he could talk to Jane about it. Twice he wrote a note to her and once a telegram. But he tore up the notes and the telegram. He was afraid she might not answer anything he wrote. If he saw her face to face he could make her answer. Besides, he had an excellent chance to make the Davis Cup team. Even the sports writers admitted that. If he made the team he could go to Jane and tell her how much that three months had meant, and apologize, and she would forgive him.

The Davis Cup committee did not help him to carry out this plan. They picked four men whom Jimmy had beaten. They said he was too new and inexperienced to displace men who had played on previous Davis Cup teams.

Jimmy was furious. It was only after a long argument with himself that he could make himself see that the committee hadn't acted to keep himself and Jane apart. They didn't know about his quarrel with Jane. Nobody except himself was keeping him from going to see Jane.

He argued with himself through the final week of his preparation for the national championship. He was at home again and working out every day at Forest Hills. Jane was only a mile away down the road. A dozen times he rehearsed the scene. He would go down to the Tolliver place and ask for Jane, and when she came in he would say, "Look here, Jane, I've been a fool, and it's no use being a fool." Jane would hold out her hand and they would be friends again. He was practically sure that Jane would hold out her hand and they would be friends again. But what if she were merely polite? What if she were no longer interested in being friends with him?

After all, he could get through without her. He didn't have to talk things out with her or anybody else. He knew that the only way he could salve his feelings was by going in and winning the national championship. He knew they were all scared to death of him. He knew he had a better chance than anybody else. And what if the gallery didn't like him? He didn't care how unpopular he was. He had never gone in for popularity. He didn't want popularity.

He didn't go to see Jane.

He was lucky through the first rounds of the national. He was lucky clear to the semifinals. He met the champion in the semifinals and he hadn't played a set before he knew that he was going to win the match.

The champion was using everything he had, using his fastest service and his fastest forcing shots. He was going great and the crowd was with him. He was going so well that it was quite impossible to stop him. Nobody could have stopped him. But Jimmy knew the old boy couldn't keep it up, knew that the only reason he was trying so hard to keep it up was that he was desperate. He had more speed than anybody else had ever had and it worried him to see the ball coming back when he thought he had put it away.

The champion took the first set at 6–3. He took the second set at 6–4. He ran off the first four games of the third set. The gallery thought it was all over. But Jimmy knew. He knew that now was the time to put on the pressure. The old boy was tired. His legs were beginning to tremble, and when your legs go, the edge of your speed goes. You make more nets and outs. It doesn't matter how good you are, when your legs begin to tremble you make more errors.

Jimmy took the third set at 8–6. The champion came out after the ten-minute rest following the third set determined to end it quickly.

"He's got to end it quickly," Jimmy said to himself, "or lose. If he doesn't take this set I win."

Jimmy took the fourth set at 6–4. The sting had gone out of the champion's shots and the spring had gone out of his stride. His shirt was plastered to his back and his knees were wabbly.

Jimmy could see how the old boy felt. Jimmy had been going a bit himself. But he wasn't corked. He was still as strong as ever. He had only to keep the old boy on the run and it was all over. He had only to keep on getting that ball back and the final and deciding set was his.

They alternated in winning games, each man holding his service, until the score stood two sets all, and four all in the fifth. Jimmy broke through in the ninth game. The score was 5–4 and it was his turn to serve.

"Here is where I go out," he said to himself as he took his stance to serve the first ball.

Jimmy put on more speed than he had been using. The champion was caught off balance. He merely blocked the ball. It came off his racket in a high slow curve that would drop it just over the net. Jimmy sprinted for it. Jimmy sprinted and would have got it if he hadn't slipped and fallen.

He came down headlong. He came down on his neck and shoulder and distinctly heard the bone snap the way a stick snaps when you break it across your knee. He got up with a sudden feeling of nausea. The linesmen came running toward him. They saw that he was hurt. The champion came slowly over to where Jimmy stood. Somebody pulled Jimmy's shirt back.

"It's his collar bone," a ball boy said. "He's broken his collar bone."

"Nonsense," Jimmy said.

The umpire had climbed down out of his chair.

"I'm afraid you'll have to default, Mr. Ripley," he said to Jimmy.

"Not at all," Jimmy said. "I was a bit shaken up for a minute, but I'm all right now."

He started back toward his base line. A fat man with the badge of the tournament committee on his coat lapel came running from the marquee.

"You can't go on," the fat man said to Jimmy.

"But I am going on," Jimmy said.

"We can't permit it," the fat man cried.

Jimmy involuntarily raised his racket exactly as he always did when he poised himself to smash a lob.

"Go back!" he said to the fat man. "Go back there before I crown you!"

The fat man turned and went back. Jimmy walked over to the middle of his base line. The umpire climbed back into his high chair.

"The score is love fifteen," he called. "Mr. Ripley serving."

Jimmy poised himself. He thought rapidly. They were two sets all. He was leading 5–4 in the final set. If he could take this game the match was his. He couldn't raise his left arm at all. The pain was so intolerable he had to keep his left arm against his body, the forearm across his body. He stood there figuring out how he could throw the ball up to serve.

He had a ball in his left hand. He rested his left hand against the buckle of his belt. If he could toss the ball with a slight upward flick and twist of his wrist, he might get it high enough to hit. He tried it. The ball went no higher than his head. Jimmy hit it quickly.

(Continued on Page 133)

Here's an Amazing New Business THAT PAYS UP TO $1,000 A MONTH

A SURPRISING new profit opportunity is now offered to every ambitious man and woman! A sensational new kind of food business has been invented that can be operated by anyone in either full or spare time. Now, almost incredible as it may sound, $400 to $1000 a month is possible in even the smallest cities!

We supply you with equipment and plans for making and selling a delicious new *greaseless* doughnut that is cooked in a remarkable electrical device. Easy to digest and more toothsome than old-style doughnuts ever were. This delicious new dainty—Brown Bobby—costs less to make and sells four times as fast. No wonder so many people without one bit of experience are literally cleaning up fortunes with this new money maker.

You can open a shop; rent cheap floor space in a grocery, delicatessen, lunch counter, drugstore, etc. Or start at home—and make good profits your very first week!

$3,000 in 3 Months
"I made $3000 in 3 months from my greaseless doughnut business!"
Thos. Minch, Fla.

Men and women start in this business daily. You cannot afford to delay. Details will gladly be sent without obligation of any sort. Such an amazing money maker may never be offered you again. Write at once for full plans and details.

FOOD DISPLAY MACHINE CORPORATION
Dept. 18-12, 350 W. Huron St., Chicago, Ill.

This Church Earned Exactly $103.50!

"We cleared $103.50 in our plan," wrote a leader of this Washington church, "and were glad of the opportunity, since we were pledged to raise the last installment on our church debt this year. We hope to use your plan again next year."

Money for Your Church

In the same easy, pleasant way, *your* church organization can also raise money needed for improvements, repairs and other special purposes. Our plan offers to help you earn up to $100.00 or more, by obtaining in your locality new, renewal and gift subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. You'll receive a liberal profit for each subscription and, at the same time, be doing your community a distinct service.

We'll be glad to discuss with you the financial needs of your church. This service is entirely free of expense and obligation. Just write us a letter today for all the interesting details.

The Curtis Publishing Company
400 Independence Square
Philadelphia Pennsylvania

USING FINE OLD AMERICAN NAMES TO SELL WATCHES OF UNCERTAIN PARENTAGE

A man stepped up to the watch counter and addressed the clerk.

"I see you are advertising *Elgin* watches at special prices," he said, exhibiting a large display ad, torn from the morning paper. "I'd like to look at them."

"Certainly," replied the clerk, smiling cordially. "But before you look at the Elgins, I have something very special here I'd like to show you."

"You know," continued the clerk with a confidential air, "we don't always advertise our best bargains. You came in just at the right time. For here's a new lot of very choice watches . . . elegant values . . . which will certainly give you a thrill. Look at this one . . ." And so forth.

Fortunately, the merchant who baits his trade by advertising fictitious sales of well-known American products is not so numerous as he was. But he still exists. So in public interest, as well as in behalf of the reputable jewelers of America, we are publishing this page to let in a little light on his methods.

His plan is simple. He picks out some nationally respected product like the Elgin watch and advertises it at a price on which he could not possibly make a profit.

Customers calling to buy these Elgins are induced by high pressure salesmanship to switch to a watch of uncertain parentage and one that pays this jeweler an abnormal profit. This dealer seldom intends to really make good on his special Elgin price, unless absolutely forced to. He simply uses a fine old American name in connection with "bait price" to bring you to his store.

. . .

As we said, there are not many of these black sheep in the jewelry fold today. For the American jeweler has done more than his share to pioneer the high-plane policies of fair and honorable dealing that now dominate American business.

But still, he will get in, here and there. And to help the jewelers of America get rid of him, or to persuade him to change his methods, we are publishing this page.

His conversion is up to you . . . the buyer. And the help you can give, while very simple, is greatly in your own interest.

It is just this: *Beware of the man who advertises a well-known product (at a cut price) and then tries to switch you over to something else, of unknown parentage.*

ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH COMPANY

ELGIN, ILLINOIS, U. S. A.

© Elgin, 1928

(Continued from Page 131)

The ball went over the net and into the service court. It was a set-up for the champion, of course. He drove it so fast across court that Jimmy couldn't get his racket on the ball. But his service had gone in. He could put the ball in play even if his collar bone was broken. The score was love-thirty. But he still had a chance. He poised himself to serve again.

This time the champion was overeager. He drove ferociously out of court—drove a foot out of court. The crowd yelled so hard that even Jimmy heard the noise as he poised himself to serve again. Well, let them razz him if they felt that way. He knew what the champion would do. He would regret that last error and play it safe, and there was only one answer to that. Jimmy flicked the ball upward as hard as he could against the pain and hit it as hard as he could and ran for the net. He had guessed right. The champion played it right down the middle and Jimmy was there in time to kill it. The score was thirty-all. They were two sets all, and 5–4 in the fifth set, and thirty-all in the game that should decide the match.

The champion got the next point after a long rally. But the champion ran in on his next return of service and Jimmy lobbed over his head—lobbed deep to the corner. The champion's legs weren't what they had been; they weren't quite equal to running back that lob. The score was deuce.

The champion took the next point, but a moment later Jimmy tied him at deuce again. Five times that game went to deuce. Once Jimmy had advantage. Once he needed only one point to win the game, the set and the match. But the champion was ever so cautious. He took that point. In the end he took the game and squared the match at two sets all and 5–5 in the fifth.

Jimmy abandoned caution then. He leaned on the ball. He gave himself the exquisite relief of driving as hard as he could drive. He passed the champion three times at the net. He took that game. He brought the score up to 6–5, and then he couldn't serve effectively enough. He couldn't toss the ball high enough. The champion took that game. He took the set at 8–6, and the match.

Jimmy ran up to the net to shake hands with him. Jimmy smiled. Jimmy saw the champion's lips move as they stood there shaking hands, but he could not hear what the old boy said. There was too much noise. Jimmy felt suddenly as if he were in the middle of all the noise in the world. He started off the court. He couldn't walk so well as usual. He was a bit dizzy. And then so many people tried to help him he had to fend them off with his racket. It was a long way back to the locker room.

The doctor cut his wet shirt away and set his collar bone and lashed his arm down with yards and yards of surgeon's tape. And then Bill came in roaring. Bill always roared and Jimmy had always hated his roaring. But this afternoon it was rather pleasant to hear Bill's roar. Everybody got out of the way so quickly. Bill wrapped him in a polo coat and put him into the back of the big car and drove him home.

Jimmy was sitting up in bed when his father came in to see him. He was a lean man. He had no waistline. He was more than sixty. But his figure was still boyish.

"Comfortable?" his father asked.

"Quite," Jimmy said.

His father grinned. "You were cuckoo to go on playing," he said—"absolutely cuckoo. But you almost got away with it. For about five minutes I thought you had him so flabbergasted that he was going to let you take him."

"Oh," Jimmy said, "were you there?"

"Yes," his father said, "I was there." He grinned at Jimmy. "I didn't know you were such a fool," he added.

"No," Jimmy said, "neither did I."

"You don't know—not until it happens," his father said. "And then you find out you are. At least, all the Ripleys have found out they were."

"Yes," Jimmy said.

His father walked over to the window. He stood with his back to Jimmy, looking out of the window.

"Your mother was like that. She was worse. She was positively reckless. I suppose you don't remember her. You were too young."

"I remember her," Jimmy said. "In my picture of her she's riding a big chestnut hunter—a chestnut with a white star on his forehead and white stockings in front."

"That was Peach Cobbler. That was the horse she was riding the day she was killed."

"Yes," Jimmy said.

His father turned and stared at him. "That was twenty years ago this fall," he said. "You couldn't have been more than four years old."

"No," Jimmy said; "but I remember."

He remembered the October day when they had brought his mother home. Nobody had paid much attention to Jimmy. Nobody had explained to him what had happened. But he had heard people talking. He had heard them say that all the Ripleys rode too hard. He had heard them say it was a wonder all the Ripleys didn't break their necks. He had heard them say the Ripleys shouldn't have let a woman ride so hard.

"There are times," his father said, "when I think that somehow or other I could have stopped her that day. I told her the Peach wasn't properly schooled for a run like that. It was a drag hunt over the stiffest kind of country, and he was a green hunter. But she would ride him. I should have stopped her. Only, I don't know how I could have stopped her."

"You couldn't," Jimmy said.

He saw now how it had happened. He had always thought it was his father's fault. He saw now that it wasn't anybody's fault.

"No," his father said, "I couldn't have stopped her. I should have. But I couldn't. She loved hunting and she loved horses. She'd been brought up on horses and she would have her own way with them."

His father said good night a moment later and Jimmy lay awake thinking. He saw now how it was. His father hadn't had a chance to stop her—no more than that member of the tournament committee had a chance to stop her son Jimmy when he wanted to go on playing with a broken collar bone.

It was only the next morning, when they brought him the Sunday papers, that Jimmy realized what had happened. He had made himself popular. He was a hero. All the papers praised his courage. All the papers told how near he had come to beating the old champion after he had fallen and broken his collar bone.

It gave him a queer new feeling to read what the papers said about him. It gave him an agreeable feeling. He was a little ashamed to admit it to himself, but it gave him a surprisingly agreeable feeling.

He was stiff and sore. But he insisted on getting dressed and taking a walk. He walked down the road to the Tollivers'. Jane was at breakfast. Jane was sitting in the breakfast room alone, with all the Sunday papers.

"Let's go out and sit beside the tennis court and talk," Jimmy said.

"Let's," said Jane. They walked out there and sat down and he lit a cigarette. "So," Jane said, "you're the man who always said it was no use being a fool—it was no use being a fool, and if you ever broke any bones you were going to quit right there and go to a doctor and have them set."

"I didn't know how nice it was to be a fool," Jimmy said amiably.

"Is it nice?" Jane asked.

"Yes," Jimmy said.

"I suppose you've noticed that you aren't unpopular any more."

"Yes," Jimmy said.

"Do you still hate sport?"

"No," Jimmy said, "I don't."

He told her about his mother and what his father had said.

"No wonder you had it in for sport," Jane said.

THE WALLOPS

[*No. 9 of a series. No. 10 will appear Feb. 25, 1928*]

An interrupted bridge party

"Clara, I hate to mention it," said Anne Hart, "but there's a spot on your ceiling. I think something's leaking."

"Oh, my goodness!" exclaimed Clara Wallop. "Lily, you take my hand and I'll just run up and see. I'll bet the water's running in the bathroom."

"I'll bet it isn't," said Lily. "I know the plumbing in this house, and I'll bet a blue monkey it's the pipes leaking again."

"Aren't plumbers terrible," said Mrs. Ashworth. "We had a leak in our dining room last week that just ruined our ceiling."

"Well," said Lily, "you can't blame the plumbers for our leaking pipes; they're all rusted. That's why they leak."

"Ours are rusted too," said Mrs. Ashworth. "I know because we get rusty water. Perhaps it isn't the plumber's fault."

"You ought to hear papa yell about the repair bills," said Lily. "And the plumber keeps telling him to put in brass pipe, but he just won't."

"I suppose there isn't any question about brass pipe," said Mrs. Ashworth. "I know if I were going to build another house I'd put in brass."

Of course she would. Blaming the plumber for rusty pipes won't stop leaks or low water pressure. Why not replace the old worn-out clogged pipe with brass pipe that can't rust?

And all brass pipes are not the same. Alpha Brass Pipe is different from ordinary brass pipe because it contains more copper and lead.

Plumbers prefer it because it cuts cleaner and sharper threads, making leak-proof joints.

It positively cannot rust, and the Alpha trade-mark, stamped every 12 inches, guarantees it for soundness and satisfaction.

ALPHA BRASS PIPE

made from a special kind of

Chase Brass

CHASE BRASS & COPPER CO., Incorporated, Waterbury, Conn.

Cools and Soothes *tender skins*

THE moment Ingram's touches your face . . . you feel the difference. It *cools* and soothes as you shave. It leaves your face refreshed . . . no burn . . . no smart . . . no matter how tender your skin, no matter how dull the blade.

Try Ingram's Shaving Cream. It lowers the temperature of your skin and raises your spirits. Men like its clean, pleasant odor. After shaving you *need* no lotions with Ingram's, the pioneer *cool* shaving cream . . . Ingram's lather takes care of that.

Even the package is different for this different shaving cream. Ingram's comes to you in a neat blue jar . . . with a wide mouth. You can see that you are using just the right amount. No waste. The cap keeps the cream properly under cover when you're not shaving . . . and doesn't roll under cover when you are.

FREE!
7 COOL Shaves for you. Different from all others
Use coupon below.

Over a million men now enjoy cool shaves with Ingram's Shaving Cream. Twice as many as last year. Three times as many as year before last. It won't cost you anything to try Ingram's.

7 Free *COOL* Shaves Await You

Most of the million men who now use Ingram's every day tried it first—at our expense. Be sure before you buy. Let Ingram's prove itself on your own face. Just send the coupon . . . and your 7 free shaves will go to you at once. Or, buy the full-size jar that will give you 120 shaving treats for 50 cents.

Ingram's Shaving Cream

COOLS *and* SOOTHES *as you shave*

Frederick F. Ingram Co.
Established 1885
150–10th Street, Detroit, Mich.
Also Windsor, Canada

I want to find out what goes on when my beard comes off . . . when I use INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM. Please send me the 7 Free Shaves.

Name.....

Address.....

"I haven't any more," Jimmy said. "I see now how such things happen."

"You've changed," Jane said. "You aren't superior any more."

Jane sat with her feet drawn up and her arms around her knees, the way she had sat so often that summer they had known each other. Jimmy stole a look at her. He had always thought she was pretty handsome. But now, looking at the curve of her cheek, he saw that Jane was lovely. He wondered what he would do if she wouldn't let him kiss her. He wondered if he could stand it.

"I'm wondering," Jimmy said.

"What are you wondering?" Jane asked.

"I'm wondering if I could stand it if I tried to kiss you and you wouldn't let me."

Jane sat looking off across the tennis court. Jimmy turned his head and stared at her. He stared at the curve of her cheek.

"I don't know how you will ever find out," Jane said gravely. "I don't know how you'll ever find out unless you try it."

Jimmy put his good arm around her and kissed her. "It's funny," he said. "It's funny that all that summer I never knew that I was in love with you. I was crazy about you and I didn't know it. I liked to talk to you. That's what I thought—that you were a person I could talk to."

"You weren't in love with me," Jane said. "You had to get all sorts of things out of your system before you could be in love with anybody. Don't you remember how bitter and arrogant and insolent you were?"

"No," Jimmy said; "all I remember is how happy I was until you told me you didn't want to be attractive to me."

"I only told you that because you told me I hadn't any sex appeal," Jane said.

"And of course the reason I told you that," Jimmy said ardently, "was because you had so much."

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 26)

A stripling who rounded the corner in haste
Considered her loitering very poor taste.
We're thinning the dead wood out nicely this winter;
What good is a grandma who isn't a sprinter?

Nellie was a lady; last night she died;
Got a brand-new license, and started for a ride;
Maimed a kiddie, killed a dog, hurtled from a bluff;
Now, why couldn't Nellie wait till she knew her stuff!

Bill Jones has joined the band seraphic,
Beyond the state road's tedious traffic.
To him one virtue seemed sublime—
To reach his goal ahead of time.
He lived his creed and now he's dead,
Because he would cut in ahead.

Oh, weep for the passing of Mortimer Mellow,
The pride of his town and a regular fellow;
A leader of men, an official of vision,
He couldn't see straight and avert the collision.
Fresh from a banquet, with toasts à la mode,
Mortimer drove on both sides of the road.

Here lies a party that lately was glad;
Jimmy and Susie and mother and dad.
Sharp was the curve, with a truck in perspective;
Steep was the hill and the brakes were defective.
Isn't it said when the flivver you trusted
Runs up a tree and your family's busted?

Let's drop a tear for Carolyn, so innocent and sweet;
As safe and sane a motorist as you could wish to meet!
Along the intersecting road she drove her car of blue,
But swiftly went to glory when she crossed the avenue.
We never knew her slayer's name, but doubtless he would say
"I'm sorry, but I'm not to blame—I had the right of way."

—*Corinne Rockwell Swain.*

Nightmare of a Man

Who Has Just Toured Through 500—Count Them—Cities, Towns and Villages

"TURN left on red and see our jail; a town of unlimited opportunities. Green is green is green is green; go right on green. No left turns. Stop on white. Go on green. Go on, go on, go on, stop! No parking within twenty-five feet of red. Why turn right at next green? Keep right. Stop on green—no, stop on red, and all left turns on white—only white. Dangerous curve on red turn right at Harry's hot dogs, and come to full stop on red on green. Approaching vehicles on left have right on left for more than twenty minutes between 9 A.M. and red. STOP! GO! No cross streets on main thoroughfares over fifteen miles per hour and all right turns on green. Stop on next white to left for Hartford, Springfield and Boston Route 21, 21a, 21b, and no parking on red when twenty-seven people were killed at this crossing in the last six greens—I mean days—I mean months—I mean GO ON! YOU!**—?#!!x-x!! For hot-duck sandwiches stop at next red house in green field and let's see your registration and no licenses on left turns on white and better take it easy through here, Mac, and better take it easy through here, Mac, and better, better, much better. All turns on green and stop on red and go on white and turn on red and stop STOP! Didn't you see my hand on green and WHERE IN H—— are you; left turn on red ONLY, I said! Red, green, white, STOP—STOP are you blind and turn right on green, red, indigo, violent ——"

—*Parke Cummings.*

DRAWN BY F. M. FOLLETT

Louey—"Yes, Lady! Nowadays ze Barber He Must be ze Artiste! Oh, Yes!"

New York's Leading Hotels

famed for their faultless service
rely on INTERNATIONAL SPEED TRUCKS

The RITZ-CARLTON · · The AMBASSADOR · · The NEW SAVOY-PLAZA

Nowhere must service be so faultless as in the famous hotels of New York. And no factor in this service is more vital than their International Speed Trucks. Luggage can never be late—going or coming—for patrons like theirs.

At the Ritz-Carlton, one of the famous family of hotels known all over Europe and America, International enhances the service to notable guests—and has for years.

For the Ambassador Hotel, also, International Speed Trucks have carried the luggage of some of New York's most eminent visitors—Queen Marie, Prince Bismarck, Lord and Lady Mountbatten, Secretary Mellon, Charles M. Schwab, Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Gloria Swanson—and on and on through the Blue Book of fame and aristocracy.

And now comes New York's magnificent new Savoy-Plaza, offering the best that man can devise or money can buy in service for its discriminating guests. Here, too, baggage is carried surely and swiftly to and from steamer and station by International Truck.

International Speed Trucks can be depended upon to deliver service thoroughly in harmony with the reputation they represent—and they look the part!

Put them to work in your business and their service will please you as it does other firms in all lines of business all over the world.

The International line includes the ¾-ton Special Delivery; 4 and 6-cylinder Speed Trucks, 1¼, 1½ and 2-ton; and Heavy-Duty Trucks, 2½ to 5-ton; Motor Coaches; and McCormick-Deering Industrial Tractors.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
OF AMERICA
606 So. MICHIGAN AVE. (INCORPORATED) CHICAGO, ILL.

INTERNATIONAL
TRUCKS

The Airman commands the world's admiration

COURIERS of the air—dashing, confident men of adventurous spirit. Day after day they wing their fearless way across the sky. They fire the imagination—they symbolize progress.

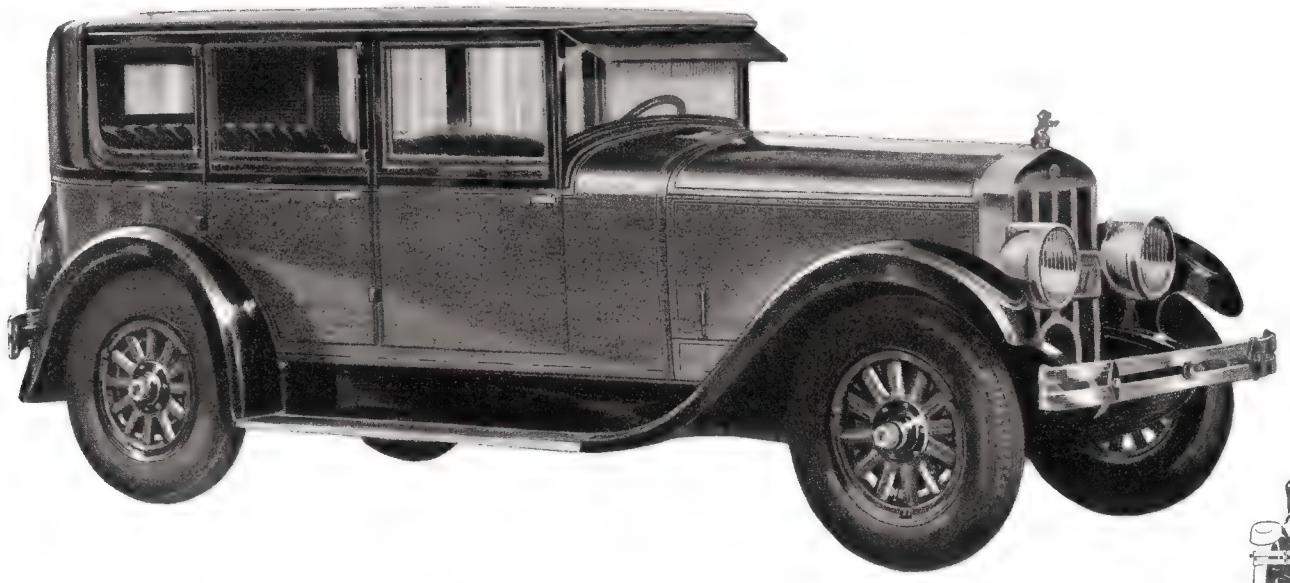
In their epoch-making flights, America's airmen have supplied the final endorsement of air-cooling—the advanced engine-cooling principle so thoroughly proven by Franklin Owners. And now, in the new Franklin Airman, the air-cooled engine is presented to the world in its finest setting—a motor car designed and built throughout in the advanced spirit of the airplane.

Its abundant power and instant acceleration—its long-sustained high speed of a mile-a-minute or better—command the admiration of all who drive fine cars. Scientific lightweight construction and synchronized, 4-wheel, hydraulic brakes guarantee easy handling and sure control.

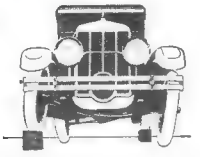
And the world's fastest car in a day's run affords a greater degree of riding comfort than you have ever experienced.

You want the car you drive to reflect the foremost advancements in engineering and performance. Join with the leaders of the new age of fast travel—drive an Airman. Franklin dealers are glad to demonstrate for you—and to explain the favorable terms on which Airman ownership may be arranged.

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, SYRACUSE, NEW YORK



Airman Series FRANKLIN



Flexibility *accounts for Franklin's long life and freedom from rattles and squeaks*

IMPORTED GOODS ONLY

(Continued from Page 25)

natural evolutions in the American scene, are native not only to our soil but to our spirit. For if it should appear that the frauds came from Europe, with tremendous European reputations, with the authority of Europe's centuries of civilized life, the only thing that would remain of the criticism of America would be the statement that in accepting what a more civilized country sent us with its approval we have not been exceptionally critical.

The facts, I may say at once, are remarkably unfavorable to the complainants; if America is on the defensive, history allows her to rest easy. But to avoid misconception, it may be noted that the facts do not prove that all Americans are giants of intellect and exquisites of taste; nor do they prove that everything imported from Europe has been cheap and second-rate; our political ideas, our mechanical progress, our painting, our short stories, our surgical practice, our movies and nearly everything else we possess, have been influenced by Europe. What the facts indicate is merely this—that a considerable proportion of the fallacies to which the American mind has been partial, a like proportion of the bad taste and bad judgment of which it stands accused, are directly to be ascribed to Europe.

On the first point, that Europe is as susceptible to the fraudulent and the unworthy as America is, nothing special need be said, for it will become clear in dealing with our imported charlatans that their success in Europe was colossal. Skipping for a moment the second point—that America has also been hospitable to merit—we come to the essential argument, an argument by facts.

Of the hundreds of available instances of European ideas imposed on America, I choose one general and one specific—a way of looking at life and a system of decoration. For the first I take precisely the one American attitude which is most often noted as proof of our lack of civilization—roughly, our materialism, our incapacity to distinguish between what is ultimately good and what is merely temporarily pleasant. It is impossible to say drastically that this habit of mind is an importation; but it is possible to note that after the fall of Napoleon—at a time when America was still largely Anglo-Saxon, was clearing its frontiers and beginning to create national characteristics—France plunged into an era of financial speculation, the whole energies of the nation being turned to money-making and to spending in ways which have been not exactly the object of enthusiasm in later years. Of that and the succeeding period, Disraeli said: "The European of the nineteenth century talks of progress because by the aid of a few scientific discoveries he has established a society which mistakes comfort for civilization."

Household Horrors

The European, not the American. In the early part of the nineteenth century there were a few very rich men in America; but the American had to go abroad to see the vulgar display of nabobs from India and of French profiteers, to become aware of wealth in the great sense. He learned in the coal mines and factories of Great Britain the brutality with which men could exploit women and children in order to make an extra penny of profit—his own country had not yet become industrial. There, too, and on the Continent, he might have learned how statesmanship and politics were suborned for private gain. If he did not learn to be a materialist in Europe, at least Europe held out before him no other conspicuous ideal of life.

As the other extreme—a purely practical matter. For generations now the horrors of American house furnishings have been exploited. Wittily ascribed to the "late Pullman or early General Grant period," our plush and horsehair and rockers and heavy hangings became a mockery; the very name of parlor is still jeered; it brings up memories of heavy illustrated Bibles and a Hundred Views of the World's Fair, of whatnots littered with conch shells, of stuffed canary birds agitated by imperfect mechanisms, of a Rogers group on the mantel, dreadfully cold, and crayons of grandfather and grandmother. And detail by detail it corresponds to the same room in middle-class England during the early Victorian era, except that there the show piece was more likely to be an object resembling a fire screen, imprisoning between two plates of glass the branch of a tree—waxed for permanence—with an entire family of humming birds and sparrows, neatly stuffed. It took a newspaper campaign by Lord Northcliffe's papers to blast out of the British parlor those remarkably dead-looking bulrushes under glass which were so familiar in the domestic interior long after the Victorian age had ended; and, incidentally, the illustrations to the Bible were by a Frenchman.

Painting and Other Art

The only natural furniture for the American house was either an adaptation of the Colonial or a refinement of the frontiersman's rough chair and table and bed. The furniture which made American homes hideous was an imported article, and to this day American decoration suffers from the same ill. Our houses are filled with furniture proportioned to French drawing-rooms or Spanish bedrooms; our chandeliers are the work of Italian artists thinking about candles and not about electricity; our native system of decoration is only beginning to make itself felt.

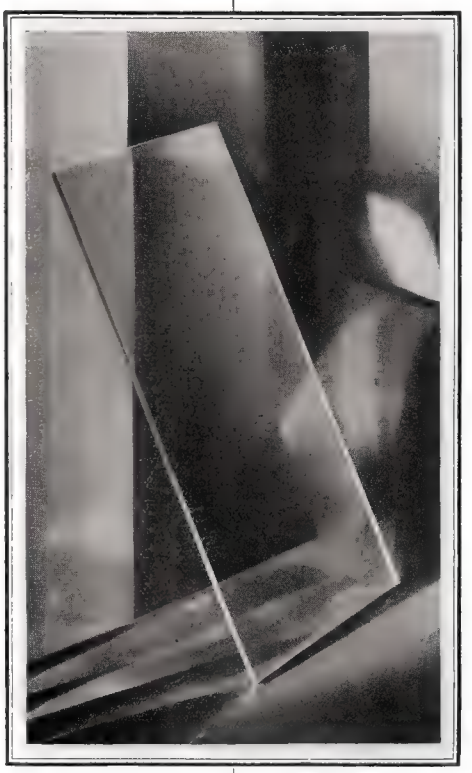
The Court of St. James's and the dressmakers of the Rue de la Paix have, until very recently, created the clothes of the American woman; the sobriety of the Puritan and the neediness of the backwoods could never, alone, have brought into being the hoop skirt, the bustle, the towering headdress, the train, the puffed sleeve and the slit skirt. Likewise the American taste in jewels has been formed abroad, for America did not discover precious stones in great quantities, and lacked gold and silver smiths to worry metals into ornate settings. Nor are we responsible entirely for high heels—still called French and Cuban—and cosmetics; we are responsible, in 1928, for keeping dresses short in spite of the wailings of the *couturiers;* but that is because American taste has begun to assert itself.

It may well be that American taste, untouched by Europe, would be all bad. The fact is that in the arts, where taste is preeminently supposed to operate, we have been meekly subservient to Europe. The dreadful chromos of American homes were as often as not reproductions of European works; the unamiable sculpture of our public parks was often made by Americans who studied in Rome or Paris. For half a century the literary taste of America was formed by European novels, chiefly British, because in those days the law of copyright was a joke and American publishers pirated English books rather than pay royalties to American writers. We read Bulwer Lytton and Eugène Sue because they were famous abroad; and took seriously the aphorisms of Samuel Smiles and Sir John Lubbock, forerunners of the "typically American" newspaper philosophers. All these writers, tremendously influential in Europe, naturally had an effect on the American mind. For generations our theater was entirely imported—plays, players and producers; our opera, with the faintest exceptions, remains French and Italian and German.

It is, by the way, an established canon of criticism that the opera is a hybrid; intellectuals despise it. And it would therefore be interesting to hear from them an

Libbey-Owens

FLAT DRAWN CLEAR SHEET GLASS



THERE is a real difference between "just window glass" and Libbey-Owens flat-drawn clear sheet glass for windows.

Libbey-Owens glass is truly flat, because it is drawn flat from the molten state by the exclusive Libbey-Owens process.

It is a select glass of high transparency which sparkles with the brilliance of its beautiful lustre.

Libbey-Owens "A" quality glass, *for all fine windows,* can be identified by the Libbey-Owens label carried on each individual light. Look for it in buying.

THE LIBBEY-OWENS SHEET GLASS COMPANY
TOLEDO, OHIO

"We feared she would be marked for life!"

"It was at a children's party. My little Ruth was toasting marshmallows at the fire . . . Suddenly her thin dress caught, flared up like tinder.

"She was saved from what might have been disaster by the timely action of the mother of one of the little girls, who put the flaming dress out with her bare hands.

"Ruth had a fearful burn on her arm, and Mrs. X scorched her hand badly . . . We feared the child would be permanently scarred. But Mrs. X knew what to do. She spread Unguentine liberally on the wounds at once.

"Ruth stopped crying . . . The burns healed very quickly. And best of all (I had hardly dared hope), today not a sign of a scar can be seen."

"SUCH an accident will never happen to my child," you say. Probably not. But the fact remains:—yearly, burns take their toll of thousands of little ones—in unbelievable pain, disfigurement—worse.

Even the smallest burn, neglected, may bring its aftermath of deadly infection. Take every precaution. Be ready. Keep Unguentine always at hand!

Unguentine is the famous surgical dressing used by physicians the country over. It mercifully eases the pain of a burn almost as soon as you put it on; it protects the wound, stands continually on guard against infection. Soon, normally, rapidly, the injured tissue is completely healed.

Most remarkable, most consoling of all, with Unguentine, even when the burn is severe, almost invariably *no scar is left.*

Spread Unguentine liberally on all burns, large or small; if necessary, bandage lightly. Invaluable, too, for scratches, cuts and bruises. Keep a tube at office or shop as well as at home. At your druggist's—50 cents. The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, N. Y.

Unguentine

(LEFT)

"ONE day last October, while I was doing some heavy pressing, my electric iron turned on its side. I was pressing with such force when my wrist hit the iron that the burn went very deep . . . The burn became so terribly inflamed I was afraid it couldn't be healed.

"A friend told me to use Unguentine. I got a tube and spread on a thick coat and bound with gauze. I kept this up night and morning.

"In a few days the burn was completely healed. *Without a scar!* I certainly do praise Unguentine."

The surgical dressing physicians use

FREE

—A trusted name

THE NORWICH PHARMACAL COMPANY,
Department S-2A, Norwich, N. Y.

Please send me a free trial tube of Unguentine and "What To Do," by M. W. Stofer, M. D.

Name.....

Street.....

City and State.....

explanation of why America has never created a native opera. Is it possible that our instinctive bad taste keeps us from the most distasteful of artistic forms?

From Fanny Elssler to Adeline Genée, dancers have been well received in America; but this country showed itself, in the past generation, inhospitable to two European organizations of dancers—the Russian and the Swedish ballets. The former, which still exists, is rightly considered one of the glories of Europe—and it has struggled for years for a success which should release it from intolerable hardships, from private patronage, from sudden interruptions; in no sense has Europe as a whole supported the ballet. The other organization was so little supported abroad, and so meagerly praised, that it failed entirely. At the same time American dancing has to an extent been spoiled by other European invasions, teaching a choreography unnatural to us and imposing upon us because of prestige abroad.

Finally, among the arts, one notes that our native style in building was for a time corrupted because our architects, trained abroad, insisted upon putting cornices and cupolas and other incongruities on our early skyscrapers, and that the American style created works of beauty as soon as the European influence was overthrown.

It is not necessary to go through the entire catalogue of corruptions which have come to America from abroad. From type fonts to kitchen utensils we have imported things of dubious artistic value, always receiving them because countries with generations of taste and experience had approved of them. There are other more far-reaching instances of Europe's effect upon us.

From time to time an American evangelist has gone abroad and shocked the British Isles by the violence of his methods. Americans have meekly apologized, unaware perhaps that the whole revivalist system received its chief impulse from Whitefield and the Wesleys—as they are unaware that that typical American, John Alexander Dowie, who called himself Elijah and for a time made a fortune out of the flourishing religious community of Zion City, was a Scot with an Australian background. The millennium by way of religious faith was matched, in America, by the millennium through social betterment—to the amusement of cynical Europeans.

Follow the Leader

The establishment of little communities became so prevalent in this country that it has been taken as a sign of our political immaturity; and the sources of our communities are *(a)* religious: Germany—the Swabian Rapp set the form for dozens of other experiments; *(b)* political and social: England—it was after Robert Owen had succeeded in England that he came to this country and founded a colony which inspired at least a dozen others; *(c)* social-economic: France—the mad ideas of Fourier were imported by nearly a hundred founders of communities after they had begun to work in France.

The critics of America are frequently believers in aristocracy and therefore hostile to socialism; they may note that socialism is the creation of a German who had lived in London and that it has never been so popular in this country as in Germany and France.

America has had its own political mavericks, its currency reformers, agrarian parties, and the like, but its communities, which are the wildest of its experiments, were almost all inspired abroad. The inspiration of free-love colonies was also imported. A Scotchman was for years the most notorious exponent of the doctrine, and was, with the son of Robert Owen, one of the founders of an early workingman's political party in this country.

In return for all these leaders who led nowhere, the United States has sent to Europe the religion of mental healing. In its many forms it is considered so typically American that the German propaganda, before we entered the war, addressed itself to every other sect in the world, but omitted this one. The critics who point to the vogue of mind cure as an instance of American lack of equilibrium forget both its success abroad and its sources in certain European movements of the past.

During the first half of the nineteenth century America was overrun by practitioners of two systems, each of which had far less scientific grounds than the mind cure boasts. The earlier of these epitomizes the entire relation of Europe and America in regard to fakes. It was called mesmerism, the invention of a Viennese physician, Friedrich Anton Mesmer, who went to Paris and practiced upon that sophisticated city a species of flummery perhaps not equaled since the days of the Egyptian high priests. In artificially darkened rooms hung with velours and made fragrant—and stuffy—with incense, Mesmer would arrange his patients around a tubful of water and iron filings, and while they worshiped this grotesque burlesque of a galvanic battery, he cured them of most of the ills they imagined themselves heir to.

Imported Quackeries

Learned bodies protested against the fraud, but the intelligent populace of Paris knew better; and for years they swarmed to Mesmer's office, so that eventually he had to employ assistants to exert his magnetic curative powers. Some thirty years later—it took longer in those days than it does now for a fake to cross the Atlantic—his disciples came to this country and imposed upon "faculties of Divinity and of Physick," as well as on factory girls, sailors, lawyers and other men of mark and esteem.

The queer thing was not that a system with overpowering European prestige should succeed here. It was that Americans picked out of mesmerism the one element which has since proved fruitful—its work with the hypnotic trance; whereas Europe was particularly concerned with the other important element—cures by magnetism—which has proved utterly worthless.

After mesmerism came phrenology, with a parallel course, except that the phrenologists arrived here with the authority of great European institutions of learning, with the accolade of men of science, philosophers and the clergy. In the same years chromothermalism, a queer medical quackery, came to this country from England after being approved by scientific bodies in Prussia, France and Sweden. The medical quackeries were important because, in keeping with the American industrial system, quackery later became a business with large-scale production of miracles—the patent-medicine business. Phrenology and mesmerism were important because in many ways they influenced the development of spiritualism, which in turn affected the later sects of mental healing.

What is significant is the interaction of Europe and America, and the almost universal circumstance of a fraud or a quackery succeeding first in Europe, gaining authoritative support there, and then coming to America. Like art and science, quackery recognizes no frontiers.

It would hardly be safe to name certain recent importations as quackeries. Perhaps it is more gracious merely to say that America has in the first quarter of the present century been exceptionally hospitable to psychoanalysis—which had achieved scientific standing in some European countries; to various systems of Oriental mysticism—which had begun to interest Europe as early as the 1890's; to expressionism in literature and painting—following a tremendous vogue in Germany and France; to a number of remarkably second-rate writers—still living and able to invoke the law of libel; to notorious musical-comedy stars who could neither sing nor dance, but who managed to hold the boards in Europe even after America got tired of

(Continued on Page 141)

Getting your money's worth

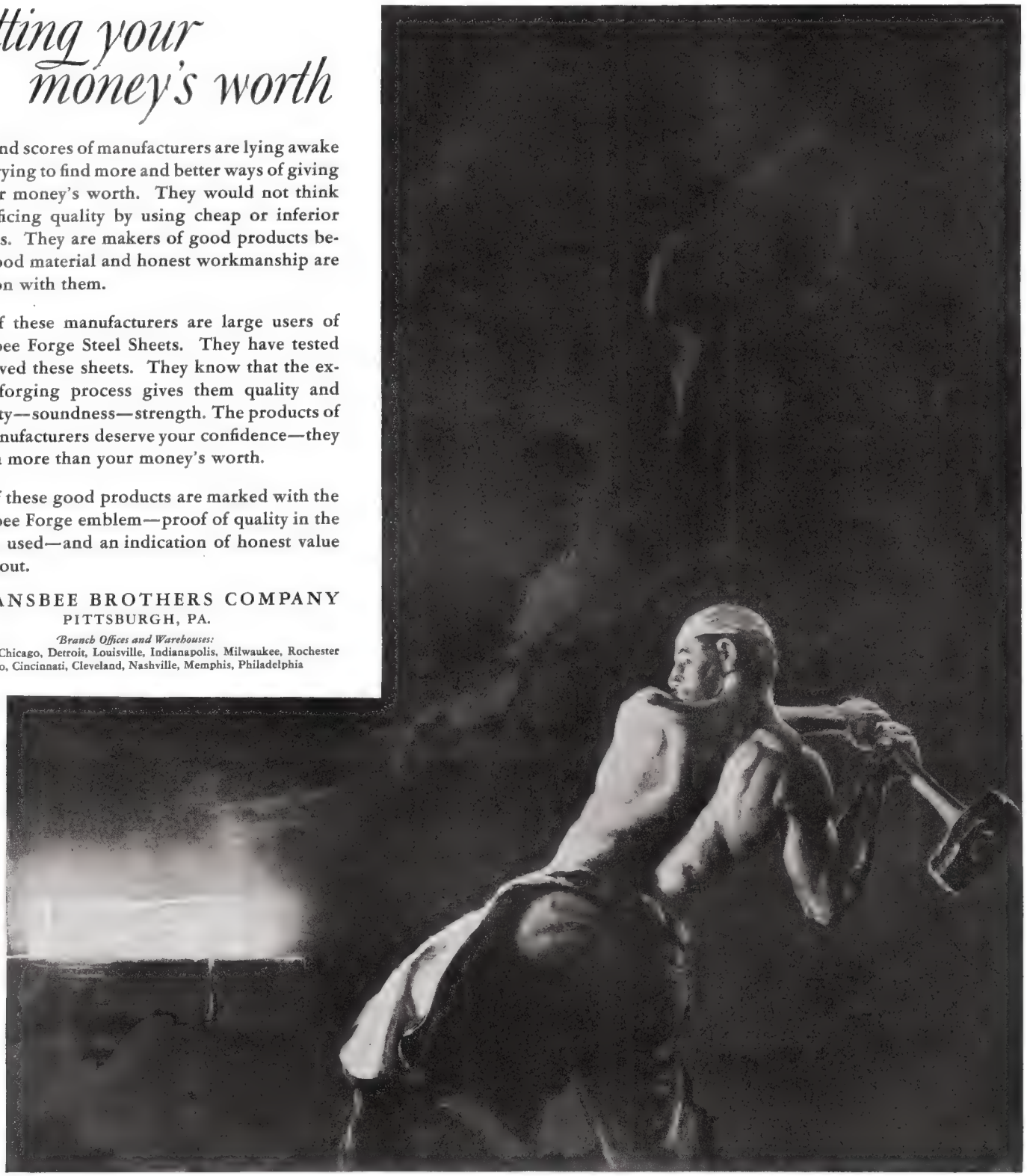
Scores and scores of manufacturers are lying awake nights trying to find more and better ways of giving you your money's worth. They would not think of sacrificing quality by using cheap or inferior materials. They are makers of good products because good material and honest workmanship are a religion with them.

Many of these manufacturers are large users of Follansbee Forge Steel Sheets. They have tested and proved these sheets. They know that the exclusive forging process gives them quality and reliability—soundness—strength. The products of such manufacturers deserve your confidence—they give you more than your money's worth.

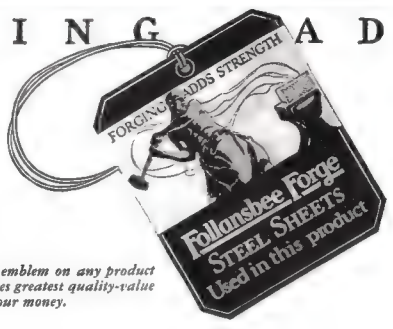
Many of these good products are marked with the Follansbee Forge emblem—proof of quality in the material used—and an indication of honest value throughout.

FOLLANSBEE BROTHERS COMPANY
PITTSBURGH, PA.

Branch Offices and Warehouses:
New York, Chicago, Detroit, Louisville, Indianapolis, Milwaukee, Rochester
Buffalo, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Nashville, Memphis, Philadelphia



F O R G I N G A D D S S T R E N G T H



This emblem on any product insures greatest quality-value for your money.

Follansbee Forge
STEEL SHEETS

$217.50
A YEAR TO
HEAT THIS HOUSE

$112.50
HEATS ITS TWIN
WITH A SPENCER

THE Lowest Cost Heat you can buy

LET'S simplify this matter of savings in heating costs.

Let's forget all about the plausible claims of superior efficiency for one heater or another. If all these claims would stand up in practice, your heat would cost you nothing.

The key to heating costs lies in the cost of the kind of fuel you must use.

No. 1 Buckwheat Anthracite heads the list for economy for the very simple reason that it costs on an average about $7.00 less per ton than egg, stove and nut, though it is exactly the same coal except for size. (Compared with the cost of oil, the difference in favor of No. 1 Buckwheat is even greater.)

Spencer Heaters are designed especially to burn this low-price No. 1 Buckwheat. Ordinary heaters are not. That is why Spencer Heaters can cut your yearly coal bill practically in half, and quickly save their entire installation cost. They have been doing it successfully for thirty odd years.

"The Business of Buying a Heating System" is a fully illustrated book which not only gives you all the information you need to judge the Spencer for yourself, but discusses every important phase of the heating question. It will simplify your whole consideration of the subject. We will gladly send a copy to you upon request.

SPENCER HEATER COMPANY
WILLIAMSPORT, PA.

General Offices:

New York City · Boston · Philadelphia
Baltimore · Buffalo · Rochester · Hartford
Albany · Syracuse · Scranton

Division of LYCOMING MANUFACTURING COMPANY

For Example

In a house that requires 15 tons per year:

15 Tons Egg, Stove or Nut @ $14.50 *(Average)*	=$217.50
15 Tons No. 1 Buckwheat @ $7.50	=$112.50
Annual Saving	$105.00

SPENCER FEATURES

From a magazine above the fire, coal feeds by gravity to sloping grates, in proportion to the amount of heat required.
No blowers or other mechanical contrivances.
Even heat day and night, due to automatic feed.
Equally successful for steam, hot water or vapor.
Type for every need from small home to large buildings.
No night fireman required in large buildings.
Easily installed.
Pays for itself by burning low-priced, small-size coal.
Proved by thirty years' success.
Built and guaranteed by a responsible organization.

Spencer
steam, vapor or hot water
Heaters

Burn No. 1 Buckwheat Coal ~ ~ Averages $7 less per ton ~ ~ Less attention required

(Continued from Page 138)

them; to athletic stars rather vague about the way to earn a living; and to a number of other priceless things and people.

And now to reverse: Has America been always gullible? Is there a strange affinity between Americans and the shoddy and cheap? Are we incapable of appreciating serious, sound, important work? Our present is more important than our past in the answer to this question, but one glimpse of the past is permissible. To avoid prejudice, I quote from a recent history of this country, remarkable for its dispassionate tone, a book holding no commerce with patriotic myths—The Rise of American Civilization, by Charles A. and Mary R. Beard:

"Certainly nowhere in the world was Herbert Spencer's work more cordially received than in the United States. Admirers in America gave him several thousand dollars in 1866 to help in the prosecution of his studies; the sale of his books was larger here than in England; and the Popular Science Monthly, founded by E. L. Youmans, afforded the English philosopher an audience that was astounding in its range and enthusiasm."

And even today it does not seem reasonable to say that Americans appreciate only the work of negligible men. For years it supported two of the finest string quartets in the world and its symphony orchestras today are incomparable.

"Ah," cry the critics, "that is because America has the money."

If that were all, the money might as well be spent on brass bands. When thousands of people fight for seats at a concert, there ought to be at least a suspicion that they want to hear the concert and prefer to spend their money in that way.

Make a list of the principal European composers—have they been neglected here? Stravinsky, Ravel, Respighi, Milhaud have come here with their work; Schönberg has been played, and Prokofieff. They may not all be of the great line of composers, but they are representative of the best in contemporary Europe and are respected by European musicians; we have not despised them or spent all our time on Elgar.

Do the same for writers. The British horror of Ibsen when he was first produced was more violent in expression than any American protest, and it was British, not American, stupidity in regard to Jude the Obscure which turned Thomas Hardy from novel writing. If Hardy, Wells, Bennett and Lytton Strachey are representative of the best in English literature, they can have little complaint of their reception in America. It was in America that a theater undertook to present the entire repertory of Bernard Shaw's plays.

The Americanization of Europe

Or if these men are too old-fashioned and James Joyce is the greatest writer of our time, as his admirers believe, it may be recorded that the critical appreciation of Joyce in this country was more widespread and more sustained than it was in England or Ireland. While this country at large remains a little skeptical about Voronoff and is inclined to hoot at monkey glands—which is precisely how most of Europe feels—it has not been exactly cold to Madame Curie or to Einstein. The psychological setting which made Spengler a best-seller in Germany was not in existence in America, but that difficult philosopher-historian's work was given a hearing. Lawrence's Revolt in the Desert was infinitely more remote from our interests than it was from the British, but the book was a best-seller. Our art galleries are full of the work of the great modern French painters and the dealers manage to sell them.

These things do not indicate the artistic superiority of America; they are cited only as a corrective to any idea that America runs naturally and exclusively to the ignoble. It is perhaps a good thing to remember that a number of the visiting foreigners, and also a number of our own citizens who are displeased with us, find among us an enthusiastic audience.

When Mr. Theodore Roosevelt ventured to criticize the British administration in Egypt, it was put down as a piece of effrontery; when foreigners without his standing and experience criticize us, it is a kindness for which, it seems, we ought to be grateful.

Our hospitality to both the good and the bad in European exports suggests one thing more. In the course of the past ten years there has been a great deal said of the "Americanization of Europe." In England there is talk of a law to compel movie houses to show a percentage of British-made films, not only to protect the industry but to counteract the American influence. In Italy, Mussolini decrees the obligatory appearance of Italian music on all programs, because jazz Americanizes and is not sympathetic to the Italian spirit.

From European Seeds

These are surface indications of something fairly deep in the contemporary European's mind, and one wonders why nothing is said of the Europeanization of America, which has gone on for a century and still continues. From systems of philosophy to systems of naval defense, we are influenced by Europe; and this has gone on so long that in many things it is no longer possible to say specifically, "This is purely an American idea" and "That is a European idea." There is a chance that the very elements in Americanization against which Europe is protesting are only developments, in American soil, of European seeds.

There are, for example, seasons during which it is easier to order broccoli in an American restaurant than in an Italian one. But if our nurture of broccoli made it superior to the original Italian vegetable, and our production became so great that we began to export to Italy, it would hardly be logical to protest that we were Americanizing the Italian cuisine; especially if one considered how hospitable America has been to French and Italian cooking, which threaten the few good systems of cookery we have ourselves created.

If it should happen that our idea of material progress owes as much to French philosophers and British manufacturers as it does to Fulton, Whitney and Edison, the protest against our corrupting influence will have to be modified. If the American tourist who seems so contemptible abroad is only imitating the Englishman of the past century—and keeping up the good old Anglo-Saxon tradition of being rude to foreigners—our peculiar offensiveness ceases to exist.

It is useless to wonder what America would have become had she been left to develop in isolation from Europe; we might have become Chinafied and we might have created a life, an art, a literature wholly outside the sphere of European influence. Actually we have been diverted from our natural course by the successive impacts of foreign populations on our shores—which made possible the speedy conquest of the frontier—and by the impact of foreign ideas and ideals. We have had to assimilate so much and so rapidly that we have not had the leisure to refine; and again and again the prestige of Europe, which sent us supremely fine things, has also foisted on us feeble ideas, questionable taste, quackeries and crazes.

In return we have sent over a few quacks—very few, for the ground was so carefully tilled there that American fakers found it comparatively unfruitful—Edgar Allan Poe, a little plumbing and the movies. The balance of trade is against us.

The finest tool of its kind

Try This Test

Put Auger Bit into chuck of "Yankee" Brace. Bore deep into tough wood. Then pull upward with all your strength. Bit will not come out of chuck.

Guaranteed by the name "YANKEE"

See this wonderful "Yankee" Ratchet Brace at your hardware dealer's. Like all "Yankee" Tools it saves time and labor. Try it and you will appreciate the economy of paying a little more to own the finest tool of its kind.

For No. 2100 is made and finished like a precision tool. The famous "Yankee" Ratchet is smooth, powerful, silent; as smooth-working as the stem-wind of a watch—yet unbreakable. No need to hold chuck to keep it from turning back on ratchet movement.

A finger touch on easy-acting Ratchet Shifter gives right or left ratchet, or rigid. Positive visible adjustment. Dust-proof. Moisture-proof.

Price (10-inch sweep) $8.20

NEW "Yankee" Chuck—most efficient ever made. Ball-bearing, quick centering, and accurate. Holds any bit (round, square, any taper) in vise-like grip. Yet chuck releases bit at a turn of wrist.

Handles are hard rubber and indestructible. Top handle, steel clad, ball-bearing. Sweep handle caps held by patented "Yankee" method, preventing excessive handle play. Brace is finished beautifully in keeping with its perfect mechanism.

"Yankee" Bit Extension No. 2150
Price (18-inch) $2.30

Stands abuse and follows through. Bit held by socket. No jaws to break. No loosening and pulling out of bit in work. And bit in "Yankee" Socket can't jam. Fits any brace. Lengths: 15, 18, 21, 24 inches. Holds large range of bit shanks.

"Yankee" on the tool you buy means the utmost in quality, efficiency and durability.

Write for FREE "Yankee" Tool Book

Shows how "Yankee" Tools make work easier: Spiral Screw-drivers. Plain Screw-drivers. Automatic Push Drills. Ratchet Breast, Hand, Chain, and Bench Drills. Ratchet Tap Wrenches. Vises with removable base, etc.

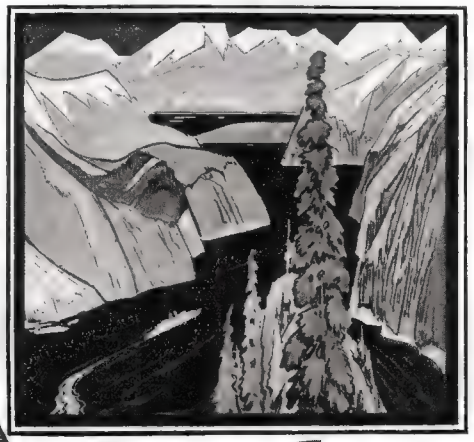
Dealers Everywhere Sell "Yankee" Tools

NORTH BROS. MFG. CO. Philadelphia, U. S. A.

"YANKEE" TOOLS

Make Better Mechanics

CANADIAN NATIONAL—TO EVERYWHERE IN CANADA



The spirit of '98 still lives in Alaska and the Yukon

Visit the land of the '98 "gold rush"—land which inspired the thrilling tales by Rex Beach and the word-songs of Robert W. Service.

Follow, in comfort, the trail of the hardy adventurers who amassed fortunes overnight or who staked their all and failed. From Skagway through the White Horse Pass, reminders of these historic days are seen on every side.

Enthralling in its history, Alaska's scenic grandeur is unparalleled. Here lofty, snow-capped mountains pierce the sky. Giant glaciers reflect the gorgeous beauty of the Northern Lights and the midnight sun. Everywhere about are the ancient totem poles of a departed race, and blanketing the landscape is a carpet of wild flowers, brilliant beyond description. Take a trip to Alaska this summer. Cruise through a thousand miles of sheltered waters. Visit Ketchikan, Wrangell and Juneau en route.

Reduced rates from all U. S. A. points in connection with Canadian National Railways to Vancouver. Optional routes. Compartment Observation Cars radio-equipped. Superior Dining Car Service. Stop-over at Jasper National Park. Fare, Vancouver to Skagway and return, including meals and berth—a ten day voyage—$90. All outside rooms. Mail the coupon.

Canadian National operates 22,681 miles of line reaching every important city and seaport in the Dominion of Canada

CANADIAN NATIONAL
The Largest Railway System in America

OFFICES

Boston 333 Washington St.
Buffalo 11 So. Division St.
Chicago 108 W. Adams St.
Cincinnati Dixie Terminal Bldg. 49 E. Fourth St.
Cleveland 948 Union Trust Bldg.
Detroit 1259 Griswold St.
Duluth 430 W. Superior St.
Kansas City 706 Grand Ave.
Los Angeles 607 So. Grand Ave.
Minneapolis 518 Second Ave. So.
New York 505 Fifth Ave.
Philadelphia 1500 Chestnut St.
Pittsburgh 505 Park Building
Portland, Me. Grand Trunk Ry. Sta.
Portland, Ore. Pacific Building 302 Yamhill St.
St. Louis 314 No. Broadway
St. Paul 83 East Fifth Street
San Francisco 689 Market St.
Seattle 1329 Fourth Ave.
Washington, D.C. 15th & I Sts. N.W.

Please send me your free booklet on Alaska. S.E.P.-1
Name.....
(If student, state grade)
Address.....
City.....State.....

OLD YARDSTICKS

(Continued from Page 5)

restricted that a fight of financial giants was likely to result in a rise or fall of several hundred points in the price of a stock in a single day.

In the meantime the pendulum has been swinging back. Consolidations of large interests are once more regarded with favor. Production is exceeding even the most optimistic estimates of a few years ago. Competition is of a type never before experienced. Corporation leaders have adopted a policy of opposition to any plan aiming to reduce wages, and as a result labor troubles have almost entirely disappeared. All hopes for the future are established on plans to eliminate waste and increase efficiency, and the little fellow in business is finding it hard to keep up with his powerful rivals.

Contrast the modern office with that of yesterday containing a letter press, glue pot, roll-top desk and palm-leaf fan. Now electrical fingers do bookkeeping, quickly sort records, tabulate tirelessly and speed up the typewriter. Compare the insides of an old pig's-bristle watch with the delicate mechanism of the twentieth-century product, which has screws so infinitesimal that a thimble will hold 20,000. Each of these minute screws has a beveled gear, a slot and a spiral thread, and weighs twelve thousandths of a grain.

Politics' Golden Age

The reason we have been able to perform such tasks is that we have developed ten mechanical horse power for every member of our population. The strength of the American citizen has been multiplied forty times. Even the water power we have harnessed represents a total of energy exceeding that of all the people residing in Great Britain.

To perform America's work with human hands would require sixty times as many adults as are now living on the face of the earth. A single new electrical plant located in the shadow of New York is capable of sending out streams of electrons that will perform work equivalent to the combined efforts of 10,000,000 men.

Instead of building subways with picks and shovels, ponderous creatures of steel have been substituted for the muscles of man and beast. Some of the traveling cranes employed are 200 feet long and two stories high. Electrical railways hoist the material, which is carried to convenient points to create new acres of city land worth millions of dollars. The machines used in the manufacture of a modern subway were unknown fifteen years ago. Miles of pipe carry energy in the form of compressed air to hundreds of tools that dig and lift.

On every side are new things and better ones. The latest frosted bulb for supplying us with illumination is practically shockproof, provides glareless light and furnishes 12 per cent more illumination for each dollar than the lamp of four years ago. The scientifically bred meat animal now utilized as a source of steaks and roasts would make two of the skinny longhorn steers of 1880.

The miner has increased his output of coal from one ton to seven in forty years; the lumberman his output from 100 square feet of timber to 750 square feet; the ironworker from 500 pounds to 5000 pounds; the maker of shoes from half a pair to 10 pairs; the glassworker from 55 square feet to 3000 square feet; and the producer of paper from 20 square feet to 20,000.

As indicative of the changed order, one need only point out that the hourly rate of wages in the United States has increased from an index of 90 in 1907 to 259 in 1927. On the same basis the hours of work per week have decreased 10 per cent. Wages have gone up far faster than the cost of living. We now pay $1.64 for what cost $1.00 in 1914. But for each dollar received in wages before the war we now receive $2.31.

Present prosperity is reflected in many ways. The conveniences of yesterday are regarded as the necessities of today. About 10,000,000 of our citizens now own a large part of the stock of many great corporations. There has been a 5 per cent increase in the percentage of people attending American schools and colleges. And while it will be a surprise to some, it is nevertheless true that our churches now enroll a larger proportion of the population than ever before in history. Church membership since 1891 has increased 130 per cent, while population has grown only 80 per cent. In 1850 only one person in six belonged to a church; now one in three is a church member.

We still have to contend with dishonesty in the high places of business and government. But for every disgraceful happening in recent times, one may point to a far more shocking crime in years past. Bad as we are, ours is a Sunday-school era compared with the golden age of graft that covered the half century commencing about 1840.

In this period we had our Black Friday, the Orange riots and numberless other sensational happenings. Ballot boxes were stuffed and elections stolen. Henry Clay and James K. Polk both received many thousand more votes in our chief metropolis than there were qualified voters. A prize fighter named Morrissey was elected to Congress, and Isaiah Rynders, the champion intimidator of the day, was made a United States marshal.

The famous Boss Tweed became a power toward the end of this gilded age, and Denis Lynch, in his interesting description of the period, tells how Tweed and his associates got away with $200,000,000, and would probably have gained control of the United States Government, as well as the Empire State, if it had not been for confessions made by important members of the gang. The courts were in Tweed's hands, and the judges issued decrees as commanded. One of them frequently held court in a house of questionable character.

Unloading on the Public

Those were the days that led up to a condition that gave New York City the title of the Modern Gomorrah. Great preachers like T. DeWitt Talmage and Henry Ward Beecher decried the city's vices. Red lanterns gleamed from the windows of disreputable houses that operated without molestation so long as the owners paid the assessments imposed by their political overlords

The $7,000,000 spent on equipment for the first New York Subway was expanded by the promoters into $35,000,000 when the stock was turned over to the public. One group of transit enterprises was subjected to a stock padding that increased the paper value from $85,000,000 to $500,000,000. These things were common during the reign of the grim generation that passed out with the commencement of the present century.

All of which indicates that we have not gained wealth at a sacrifice of character, and that while our present shortcomings are numerous and of serious import, we are not doing business on a lower plane of public and personal honor than in the past. Before touching on the dangers that threaten, and before speculating on the future, let us proceed in an orderly way to develop a reasonably accurate conception of current life.

One of the difficulties of the present moment is the inability of the average American to get his bearings in the new environment that has suddenly opened up around him. When he is told that eleven great American industries have shown a 68 per cent average increase in productivity in twelve years, that 58,000,000 people in the United States enjoy the advantages of motor cars, and that we have 18,000,000 telephones and 7,000,000 radios, he takes it all merely as a matter of fact.

(Continued on Page 145)

Let the KRISS KROSS Man Treat You to Keen, Cool Shaves For Life!

*Except Durham Duplex

MEN, would you like to know how you can make shaving so easy and comfortable that you will really *enjoy* it? Would you like to say goodbye to torturous hacking, and sore, burning faces? Are you tired of experimenting with different kinds of blades, razors, shaving creams and lotions, trying to figure out some combination that will get off the whiskers and leave the face intact? Does it make you mad to have to buy two or three packages of blades a month to get even half-satisfactory shaves?

Then meet the KRISS-KROSS Man! He carries the answer to your shaving problem right in his pocket. Let him show you how KRISS-KROSS Stropper will make even an *old* blade give you a shave so smooth and cool that you can hardly believe it. Use any razor—any blade—any shaving cream. If your blade has a KRISS-KROSS edge, you're in for the slickest shave of your life.

It takes exactly eleven seconds to strop a blade with KRISS-KROSS. Just slip the blade into the stropper and give it a few turns. Do it *after* shaving if you like. (It's really easier, quicker, and a lot less expensive than wiping it off on a guest towel.) Then the blade is ready to zip through tomorrow's crop. And if you repeat the operation every time, you may easily expect to get 30 or 60 shaves out of a single blade! That means that you spend at the most not over a dollar a year for blades where you used to spend ten or twelve! KRISS-KROSS actually pays for itself in a very few months!

Don't look for KRISS-KROSS in stores. It is sold only through trained representatives whose business it is to show you how you can get the most out of it. If you don't know who your local man is, mail the coupon below for full information. We have a special offer now in force that includes a wonderful KRISS-KROSS 3-Way Razor, given WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE to every new KRISS-KROSS owner. Comes with five special-process blades. Get yours now. The coupon brings full details without obligation. Mail it today!

In All the World No Other Stropper Like This!

IF you have never used a stropper for your safety blades, you will be amazed at the difference it makes. No barber would ever think of shaving you with even a brand-new razor without stropping it first. And if you have used some other stropper, don't condemn them all until you have seen KRISS-KROSS! For KRISS-KROSS employs an entirely new, patented principle! It actually duplicates the stropping stroke of a master-barber, but with an unerring precision that no human hand could ever attain. Eight magic grooves of genuine shell horsehide leather strop your blade *on the diagonal.* An ingenious, almost uncanny mechanism flips the blade back and forth in true barber style. An automatic pressure device makes it strop heavy at first, decreasing gradually to a feather-like finishing stroke. No wonder it gives blades the keenest cutting edge that steel can take! Just test KRISS-KROSS once and you'll see why it makes blades give the coolest, slickest shaves imaginable, and makes them last for months and even years!

How would YOU like to make $50 to $200 Every Week as a KRISS-KROSS Man?

We need more live men who want to earn big money showing KRISS-KROSS in their vicinity. Nine out of ten buy KRISS-KROSS at sight. Loughren built up a business in Florida that paid him $5300 last year. Many earn $30—$60 a day. Even spare-time workers, office and factory men are doubling their incomes this easy way. Check bottom line of coupon and mail it now for the most astonishing money-making plan you ever heard of!

Rhodes' KRISS KROSS STROPPER

RHODES MFG. CO., Dept. B-392,
1418 Pendleton Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

RHODES MFG. CO., Dept. B-392, 1418 Pendleton Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Send me details of KRISS-KROSS Stropper and your Free Razor Offer. This does not obligate me in any way.

Name .....

Address .....

☐ Check here if interested in becoming a KRISS-KROSS representative.

The Tank with the Flag
- an object lesson for Industry

It was always the same story—the tank with the flag "got most of the hell" as the doughboys said. The fury of fire and steel was focused upon it—for the tank with the flag was more than mighty power. That flag was *control*—it flashed out orders that made many tanks forge ahead as one—it was the *control* that decided how effectively the brute force of the squadron would be used.

In Industry today there are millions of horsepower—*brute force*—the working capacity of electric motors. Like the tanks in battle, this brute force must be accurately controlled to be truly effective. The *control* is vitally important. It merits concentrated attention. That is why keen industrial leaders are specifying Cutler-Hammer Motor Control for their plant equipment. And that is why successful machinery builders feature Cutler-Hammer Control on the motorized machines they sell.

The CUTLER-HAMMER Mfg. Co.
Pioneer Manufacturers of Electric Control Apparatus
1259 St. Paul Avenue Milwaukee, Wis.

Thirteen Times The Manpower of Industry Hidden Away in Electric Motors

Electric motors in America's industries today provide working capacity equal to 250 million workmen. That is more than 13 times the actual number of men employed. How effectively this army of "unseen" workers is used, to bring down costs is determined by the care with which Motor Control is selected.

The commanding officer of a tank squadron maintains control of operations by a flag signal.

POWER WITHOUT *CONTROL* IS WORSE THAN WASTED

CUTLER HAMMER

The Control Equipment Good Electric Motors Deserve

(Continued from Page 142)

What invention has actually done to soften the rigors of life is seldom appreciated except in times of emergency. Recently a fire in a Western town put the local telephone service out of commission for thirty-one days. Immediately the authorities were forced to install a flash-light system to provide communication with the police and fire departments. One victim of an auto accident bled to death before they could get a doctor. Burglaries increased and business profits were curtailed. Suddenly time had turned back fifty years.

The New Era of Transportation

Foreigners lay emphasis on the everlasting rush of the American business man, failing to understand that the telephone is largely responsible not only for his high rate of speed but for his present position of leadership in world industry. A short time ago in Paris I desired to make a call to Havre, about 100 miles away, and was told that the call could be put through in approximately five hours, nearly twice the time required to go from Paris to Havre by train.

We are mocked because of our desire to better conditions, and are criticized for continually tearing down to build anew. But when we examine the progress of nations that have lacked what we call nerves, it becomes more clear than ever that it is our restless dissatisfaction with the present scheme of things that has made possible our rapid advance to the present high scale of living.

Think of transportation facilities today as compared with 1829, when engineers reporting to the Massachusetts Legislature about a proposed line from Boston to the Hudson River stated that the easiest and most convenient speed of traveling would average about three miles an hour, making it possible to accomplish the journey of 200 miles in four days. Now the total value of our railroads is in excess of $22,000,000,000. They haul in one year 414,000,000,000 tons of freight one mile at an average cost of less than a cent per ton per mile. If a man could carry 100 pounds at a load, it would take him three days to transport for one mile the same weight that the railroads carry for less than a cent.

Out in Butler County, Kansas, recently, they conducted a traffic count on one of their main highways. In sixteen hours 3262 motor vehicles passed, but not a single horse or mule. Where could there be any greater evidence of the almost complete motorization of life in America today?

In a succeeding article I shall discuss in more detail the current advances of science and research, telling of the almost unbelievable accomplishments of new methods and machines. But here in our present discussion let us deal with the more general factors that are influencing trends and shaping the life of tomorrow.

It is no easy matter to picture the years ahead, as is evidenced by the difficulties experienced by our best engineering talent when they undertake to project into the future the curve of production of a single industry. The efforts of leading statisticians to fix our time of arrival at a saturation point in the automobile industry have been entirely unavailing to date. Large fees have been paid to expert consultants by coal companies interested in knowing when the curve of consumption will start climbing again. Science took a hand in coal-combustion practices a dozen or more years ago and the resulting savings have been so great that, while heat-consuming industries have expanded at a record rate, coal consumption figures have remained stationary.

Though fuel economies will continue, it looks as if the cream is off so far as immense coal savings are concerned. Recent improvements in electrical plants have made it possible to generate as much current with one pound of coal as was formerly generated with three pounds. This immense saving and also that of 30,000,000 tons by the railroads will not be duplicated in a hurry. Coming water-power developments will deal mostly with smaller projects or with big ones so isolated that very little coal will be displaced. The peak of natural-gas production has been reached, and the top of the curve of oil production, for all time, is probably at hand.

Such radical developments as the mixing of gases, low-temperature carbonization and the liquefaction of coal on a commercial scale will proceed to realization so slowly that the economies effected will be more than offset by the country's natural growth, and will be almost negligible so far as the nation's total coal output is concerned.

But in this matter of prophecy, how helpless we appear in the light of the lessons of history. We let ourselves believe that we are shaping our own destiny, when in fact we are helplessly whirling about on a surging tide of puzzling developments. It would be better for us if we got rid of the idea that famous people possess infallible judgment. Schemers are always playing on the gullibility of their friends and followers. The ancient oracles were the powerful organs of tainted news. Their prophecies represented tricks of the priests to aid their political schemes. The Delphic Oracle, instead of being a single individual, was really an institution.

Loose talk continues to find ready ears. Whoop-it-up dinners are becoming more frequent. Everything possible is being done to banish all fear concerning the ultimate effects of new methods and institutions created for the purpose of increasing consumption.

The Element of Surprise

The wrecked hopes of people who have given heed to random predictions have littered the path of every business advance. In view of the increasing complexity of commerce and trade, one may well ask if the necessity for caution and original thought is not greater than ever before. A few politicians who may place the success of their party above the welfare of the nation's industries may upset all calculations. A group of powerful speculators with subcellar methods can give us a most unexpected slap. Human nature may start to cut up without rime or reason and no living soul can clearly see the final outcome.

Then there is the ever-present element of surprise from unexpected scientific achievements. Shortly after the discovery of the Leyden jar, the most famous electrician of the day expressed the belief that the subject of electricity would soon be exhausted. The introduction of the first incandescent lamp brought a precipitate drop in the stocks of gas companies, because folks were told that very soon there would be no further use for gas.

A man once sat by his fireside and noted that the slag of the fuel had become transparent. This started him on an investigation that led to the discovery of glass, which has renewed our worn-out eyes, made it possible to heat our houses and at the same time let light into them, given us containers for liquids and foods, bulbs for incandescent lights, and magnifying devices to bring into our range of vision not only the most distant stars but some of the smallest germs that prey on the vital tissues of human bodies.

Mendel never dreamed what he was doing for humanity when he started his study of heredity by experimenting with a few garden peas. The discoverer of metallic calcium had no idea that this seemingly useless metal would find service as a generator of hydrogen in deep-sea sound-detecting devices during the war. The people who converted gasoline from a smelly nuisance around oil refineries into a wonderful fuel never realized how greatly their work would influence world transportation.

If there is one point on which we should be clear today it is the truth that there is no such thing as a product, a process, or even a faith that does not alter with time. Who would have thought a few years back that place welding on the railroads would save them $2000 a mile; that an improved

The FLORSHEIM SHOE
Refined
Seeing your shoes as others see them will convince you that FLORSHEIM SHOES are an asset to your appearance—their quality is always apparent.
The shoe for the man who cares
The MODE—Style M-269
Most Styles $10
THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY
Manufacturers Chicago
The Florsheim SHOE

Craftsmanship in Metal
The Sanymetal Symbol
Herman Kregelius, Architect
For this
Immense Outdoor Pool
FOR the new Woodland Hills Bath House in Cleveland—possessing one of the largest municipal pools in the world—Sanymetal Dressing Room Partitions were naturally chosen, as representing the last word in sanitation, durability and economy.
These same features make Sanymetal Partitions a wise investment for your offices, your factory, or your toilet rooms.
The complete line of Sanymetal Products covers office partitions, factory partitions, toilet, shower, and dressing compartments, hospital cubicles, and metal costumers. We shall be glad to send you details on new and interesting designs of any of these products. Write direct to Partition Headquarters—
The SANYMETAL PRODUCTS COMPANY, 1720 Urbana Road, Cleveland, Ohio
Partition Builders since 1915
New York Office: 536 E. 133rd St.
Representatives in principal cities
Sanymetal
OFFICE AND TOILET T.M. REG PARTITIONS

Demand PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

For over fifty years "Phillips Milk of Magnesia" has had the unqualified endorsement of physicians and dentists.

"Phillips Milk of Magnesia" is markedly efficient as an Antacid, Laxative, and Corrective.

Always insist upon genuine Phillips Milk of Magnesia.

Each bottle contains tested and proved directions; also authoritative list of uses.

"Milk of Magnesia" has been the U. S. Registered Trade Mark of The Charles H. Phillips Chemical Co. and its predecessor Charles H. Phillips since 1875.

THE CHARLES H. PHILLIPS CHEMICAL CO., NEW YORK AND LONDON

Would YOU Accept $2.22 for Each Spare Hour?

If you have one or two unused hours every day—it makes no difference whether in the morning, afternoon, or evening—would you accept $2.22 for each of them? *That's what we have paid John W. Richards of Wisconsin for representing our subscription interests in his locality.*

Why Not Do What Richards Did?

Although Richards had had no experience along sales lines, he clipped a coupon like the one below, and became our representative in his locality. He could give only two hours a day to subscription work, or a total of 48 hours each month. Yet his profits totaled $106.80 in one month, or approximately $2.22 per hour.

Money talks, and sometimes it makes pretty convincing conversation! You can listen to more like this, straight from your own pocketbook, by representing *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* in your vicinity. Put your unproductive hours to profitable use without losing any time. Send this handy coupon for full details, TODAY!

Investigate This Opportunity

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
396 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Please tell me how I may earn as much or more than Mr. Richards.

Name.....Age.....
(PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS)

Street.....

City.....State.....

method of water treatment which prevents the formation of scale in boilers would effect a railroad economy of from fifteen dollars to thirty dollars for each engine run of 600 miles; that the development of a department of synthetic chemistry by a single corporation would result in the production of nearly 2000 fine and rare chemicals for domestic consumption; that one cracking process in the gasoline industry would reduce the cost of motor fuel by a large fraction; and that the successful completion of experiments giving us rustless metal products would bring about an immediate change in the basic methods of numerous large manufacturing interests?

Who would have believed a short time ago that the experiments being undertaken with the idea of producing a partial vacuum would eventually result in the creation of an industry producing and selling more than a million dollars' worth of glass-contained vacuums each week? This line of research has given us new types of suction pumps, thermometers and incandescent electric lamps. It has increased power-plant efficiency and made possible radio broadcasting, transcontinental telephony and the use of the X ray.

And the end is not yet, for although we have been able to produce a vacuum where only one out of every 10,000,000,000 molecules remains, nevertheless this same vacuum still contains in each cubic inch twenty times as many molecules as there are people on the face of the earth.

Not very long ago helium gas cost $1500 a cubic foot. There was not more than ten cubic feet available in the world. Now this same gas is produced for about two cents a cubic foot and we have enough of it to satisfy our needs for commercial uses as well as for national defense.

It is less than a decade since railroad executives regarded the motortruck as a sort of nuisance that need not be considered in the light of a real competitor. Now they are happy over the advent of the motortruck because it has relieved them of much of their unprofitable short-haul business, and in addition has made possible the scrapping of thousands of miles of costly short-haul railroad tracks. A few years ago the average daily railroad freight-car movement was twenty-four miles per car—now it is thirty-one.

An Oriental Delicacy

Truly science has leveled walls and changed viewpoints. The family of a farmer in Nebraska may profit greatly from a rise in the price of wheat brought about by a scourge of locusts in Argentina. A short time ago the outlook for American companies canning sardines was not hopeful. Then one enterprising executive took a trip to the Far East, looked the ground over, and left several boxes of sardines with a native dealer who seemed to have imagination. Now the Oriental taste for sardines has developed to the point where it takes 85,000,000 cans to satisfy the demand. The Asiatic now regards the sardine so highly as a delicacy that frequently he buys only a single fish—hardly a mouthful—which indicates how great are the marketing possibilities on the other side of the earth notwithstanding the low purchasing power of the individual.

The hue and cry that has gone up over the drift of people from farm to city supplies striking evidence of the average person's ignorance concerning the true significance of current change. The farmer is entering into a new day of accomplishment and his mind is undergoing a complete revolution. This is indicated by the construction of rural hospitals, libraries, clubhouses, churches and schools. Merchandising in the modernized farming community has been put upon the same scientific basis of service that exists in the metropolis. In ten years the number of university students studying rural sociology has increased from 2000 to 20,000.

During the past decade more than 300,000 farms in the United States have been electrified. This means that tens of thousands of electrically operated machines are now being employed for milking, churning, hatching chickens, cleaning and washing. It is estimated that last year our farmers saved $30,000,000 in labor by substituting machines for hired hands. The greatest saving has come through the increasing use of the combination machine that does both harvesting and threshing. About 45,000 of these machines have replaced more than 130,000 high-priced farm workers, who were not only often undependable but who provided a problem in drudgery for the rural housewife.

By substituting machines for hand labor the cost of harvesting and threshing a square mile of wheat is reduced from $1950 to $225. In addition, there is a saving of as much as three bushels per acre over the old method.

The machine speeds up the harvesting operation and because of quicker marketing reduces the farmer's need for credit. Furthermore, it permits him to prepare the seed bed for the succeeding crop at an earlier date, lessening the danger from the Hessian fly.

Going East to Pioneer

How different is all this from that time when a traveler, passing a deserted shanty in the West, found the following note pinned on the door:

Fore miles frum a nabur; twenty-five miles frum a post offis; twenty-five miles frum a r. r.; 180 miles frum timber; haf a mile frum water; God bless our home. We're going East to get a fresh start.

The other day New York shook hands with New Jersey, not by way of the old-time ferry across the Hudson but by means of a great vehicular tunnel which probably represents the most spectacular engineering feat of the twentieth century. The motorist may speed through this marvelous tube without experiencing any sense of depth or being aware that he is passing far below the bed of a mighty river.

Where is the seer who can tell us how this achievement will affect the economic structure of two great states? Several cities now become a vital part of the largest concentration of population and wealth the world has ever known. Tens of millions of dollars will be expended immediately for new warehouses, piers and terminal facilities. Other millions will be saved in the handling of perishable freight. Capacity is available for taking care of 15,000,000 vehicles annually, which may travel from state to state with safety in an underground atmosphere that is surprisingly clean.

Style has become supreme. Money is being spent for articles that have beauty rather than the time-honored appeal of durability. Everything from oilcloth to the gas range is being given the artistic touch. Retail stores are playing up fashion points in preference to prices. The hands of genius, which once served only the rich, are now being made to serve the masses.

Certainly it is an astonishing era. We are planning and inventing a hundred times faster than it is possible for us to execute. We started out a few years ago to make the world safe for democracy and ended up by creating a dozen dictatorships. Some of our most widely circulated newspapers are founded on policies that not only magnify but foster those human weaknesses that are responsible for many of our ills. In many places a sober story about public affairs of great moment has small chance in competition with the salacious details of a private scandal. First came papers for people who think. Then came others for those who do not think. Now we have dailies for a great army of folks who either cannot or do not want to read.

We have developed the improvident habit of trying to remedy every ill by creating a law. People are running in circles trying to keep pace with the legislative machinery. If all our laws had been typed on a ribbon of ticker tape and unrolled by

(Continued on Page 149)

Straight to the land of gold led the Overland Trail of '49

—the Overland Route today follows that direct pathway

The most dramatic movement of peoples in American history took place in 1849-50, year of the spectacular gold rush to California.

The bulk of heroic migration entered California by the Overland Trail, crossing the lofty Sierra Nevada range close to Lake Tahoe and Donner Lake.

When the western link of America's first railroad to the Pacific Coast was completed in 1869—Central Pacific Railroad, forerunner of Southern Pacific—it followed this direct route to the Land of Gold.

Southern Pacific's "San Francisco Overland Limited" today bears you smoothly over that Overland Trail of history—over the Rockies, by rail across Great Salt Lake, through the West's wide spaces, over the Sierra, past American River Canyon, and down across Central California,—63 hours, Chicago to San Francisco.

In the historic winter of 1849-50, for a thousand miles over prairie and mountain, one pioneer campfire twinkled to another along the Overland Trail.

Only Southern Pacific offers Four Great Routes to the Coast

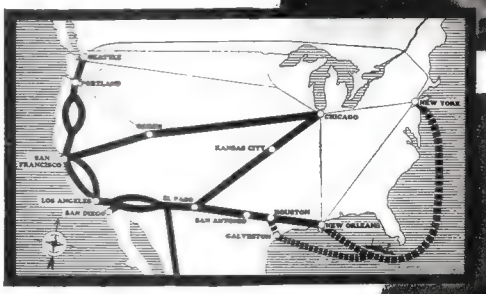
All *four* of Southern Pacific's great routes follow the best natural routes pioneered by frontiersman and covered wagon.

SUNSET ROUTE, New Orleans to San Diego, Los Angeles and San Francisco, crosses Louisiana, Texas, and the great Southwest with its colorful Apache Trail Highway, and enters California by its sunniest approach. This is the route of "Sunset Limited," famed round the world.

GOLDEN STATE ROUTE, the direct line from Chicago to Southern California via Kansas City, follows the Longhorn Trail of song and story to El Paso, where it effects juncture with Sunset Route straight for Los Angeles (or San Diego via Carriso Gorge). No train excels the distinguished "Golden State Limited." None is faster, Chicago to Southern California.

SHASTA ROUTE from the Pacific Northwest into California via Portland and Crater Lake, is for travelers to the Coast by northern railroads. This route, of outstanding scenic interest, follows the pioneer Oregon-California stage coach line. It offers the "Cascade," notable new train.

Go one route, return another, and see the whole Pacific Coast. Stop over anywhere.



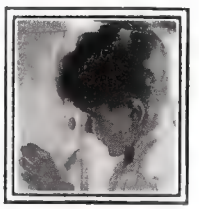
Southern Pacific

Write your name and address in margin, tear off, and mail to E. W. CLAPP, Traffic Manager, Dept. A-2, Rm. 1022, 310 S. Michigan Blvd., Chicago, for folder, *"How Best to See the Pacific Coast."*

Is their food as *safe* as it *seems*?

Patented June 30, 1925

Millions of tiny air cells in Alaska's cork insulation save your food in summer, protect its flavor in winter, safeguard your family's health the year around.

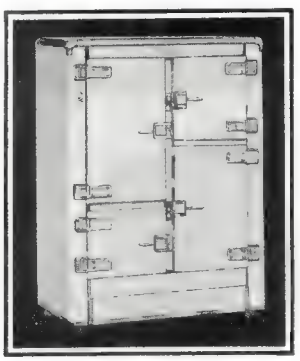


Every time you look through the little cork wall window in the front of your Alaska, you are reminded of the duty which the genuine cork insulation faithfully performs, in keeping the heat out, *the cold* in *and ice bills* down.

MANY WOMEN think all foods which *seem* beyond suspicion are safe to eat. But scientists now sound a note of caution. Even greater danger lies, they say, in those *fine shades* of food spoilage which give no warning sign. For such foods may be served day after day, with no thought of their menace to health.

Years ago Alaska experts determined to build a home refrigerator which would keep food *utterly* safe . . . One that would keep fruits and vegetables firmer and more appetizing; meats, broths and other foods more wholesome and delicious.

So they gave it extra thick walls, insulated with high-grade cork. They fitted this pure, clean cork so tightly and solidly between the sturdy walls that even tiniest niches and crevices were snugly filled.



Cork was selected because it is endowed with millions of microscopic air cells. In the Alaska each of these myriads of tiny air cells does its part to keep cold *in*, heat *out* and ice bills *down*.

That's why the Alaska prevents even those *fine shades* of food spoilage. That's why there's a lifetime of *complete* food safety and finer food flavor in its uniformly frigid, circulating dry air.

So you may be sure *your* Alaska has this better insulation, a small cork wall window is provided, through which you can actually *see* the cork.

This little window lifts Alaska's insulation above all suspicion. No fear that faulty insulation may endanger the health of your family. Instead, you buy the Alaska with complete confidence. Look for this little window, found only on the Alaska. It is the sign of the *genuine*.

Alaskas also offer immaculate interior and exterior finishes of smooth porcelain or enamel; easily cleaned round corners; rugged construction and hardware; beauty unsurpassed.

Late model Alaskas adapt themselves perfectly to either ice or electrical refrigeration and are scientifically designed to maintain lowest temperatures.

Make sure your old refrigerator has close fitting doors, good hinges and clasps. Be certain it properly preserves food, protects health and saves ice. If in doubt, see your Alaska dealer. Alaskas are obtainable in all sizes, styles and prices. The Alaska Refrigerator Company, Muskegon, Michigan.

ALASKA

Cork-Insulated Refrigerator

ALASKA'S GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY—50 YEARS BUILDING FINE REFRIGERATORS

(Continued from Page 146)

Lindbergh on his flight to Paris, sufficient tape would have been left unfurled again to span the ocean. The waste of time, effort and wealth from enactments that fetter but do not protect is beyond computation. Our legislative mills have become our costliest manufacturing plants.

It is easy to criticize an age that is devoted almost entirely to handling things material. Humanity's troubles have nearly always resulted from the inability of people to mold human nature. Education has failed completely to change the prevailing policy of giving the public just what it wants. If nudity packs the theater, that's what the producer supplies, and he justifies his action on the ground that he is a business man, not a philanthropist.

It is our ruling classes, not our ignorant people, who get us into trouble. It is our highly moral citizens who show an ability to develop the largest degree of indignation and hate. It is our best minds that often exercise the rankest kind of stupidity in lauding national tendencies that are destructive. That is why we are never free of international disputes. Great figures abroad lent their superior mental faculties to antecedent plans that brought on war.

There is nothing to be gained from shutting our eyes to plain truths. Very few will deny that money has been elevated to a position of authority that is not justified by its true worth. There is very little evidence of any definite trend away from plans and policies that for centuries have brought misfortune to the peoples of the earth. We regard with displeasure and suspicion the every act of a foreign firebrand and yet view with complacency the vigorous activities of a vicious yellow journalism.

But all this is not alarming. It merely proves that piling up gold is the easiest part of the job of creating a superior civilization. So many people prefer to live on the lower animal level. They enjoy bodily rather than mental exercise and would be amused by the suggestion that as much pleasure might be derived from arduous intellectual occupations as from patronizing night clubs, prize fights and sensational literature. From this point of view our machine age is inadequate.

But if we will only make it our business calmly and carefully to examine our shortcomings and not get swelled up over our recent successes, then we may be able to meet successfully the dangers that threaten America's present position of world leadership. In spite of eugenics, we shall go on breeding slow minds and quick ones, for each type seems to have its place. Some of our people will be soft-headed and others will be silly sentimentalists. But to say we are degenerating into a race of weaklings is to state an untruth. Exhaustive tests indicate that we still retain the sight and hearing of the savage, notwithstanding arguments to the contrary.

Efficiency and Culture

Let us not be too greatly disturbed over the dire predictions of the literary lights of Europe with respect to America's future. They say ours is a road leading to a new Dark Age. The primitive will reassert itself. Each new civilization only represents a fresh start, and there is no essential difference between a new beginning that took place 10,000 years ago and one that commences today.

As proof that we are following a route that has been traveled before, it is pointed out that the colonization of America has been quite like that of ancient India. Our life has taken the character of a military régime and we are coming more and more to resemble a race of conquerors. They say that in our offensive against foreign countries we use bullets of gold instead of lead, and that this is in keeping with our new industrial spirit.

It is further asserted that our religion is that of work, and that this form of faith will survive only as long as prosperity continues to increase. Eventually technical progress will defeat itself. A congestion of motor cars will make it easier and quicker to walk than to ride. The purely American culture that will soon come into being will be based on leisure, as have all the cultures of the past, and the idle apostles of this new culture will grow in numbers and power until they will repudiate the religion of work. Then it will be disclosed to the world that the road of efficiency is not always the road to happiness.

On and on go the philosophers. They insist that our ideal is becoming purely Indian. Our music and religious revivalism and sense of humor are all showing the influence of the negro. Our rush and bustle express the restlessness of a soul out of harmony with itself. Mother Earth is stronger than man and we are being dragged down to the level of the native. As we lose our original vitality the spirit of the aborigine will increasingly assert itself.

These are some of the arguments used to support the belief that Europe and America are drifting apart; that Americanization of the world is becoming more remote. It is declared that already we are as far removed from our Pilgrim Fathers as the average European is from the medieval knight.

But why should we take these fantastic forecasts seriously? Where in the past was any civilization constructed on a foundation that bore the least resemblance to that on which we are erecting our present era of industrialism? At no time in history has the population of any country been made up of such a mixture of races as ours.

A Factor in History

Never in any previous civilization were technically trained minds available to direct the utilization of the natural resources of the earth. Through all the centuries of the past the planet on which we live has remained practically virgin. The scientist is a new factor in history. Coal, oil and water power played no part in the cultures of yesterday. Early man could not substitute machines for the work of his hands, and he knew nothing of methods and agencies to provide rapid communication and transportation. People in one part of the world were ignorant of what others were doing. It took 1000 years for the secret of silk manufacture to get from China to Spain.

Yesterday is dead, and never will the same conditions return. The present preeminence of the United States has not come of accident or resulted from the fortunes of war. Long before 1914 the march of America to a position of leadership had already commenced. Intelligent investigation of the facts and figures then available would have disclosed to anyone that the old standards of international comparison were on their way to oblivion. The common phrase "back to normal" is nothing more than an empty use of words.

We can no more picture what lies ahead than our forefathers could visualize a day when electricity would enable them to see inside opaque bodies, speak round the world and look across the widest of oceans. We are commencing to comprehend the immense amount of time and effort that has been given to uniting mind and matter in a single body, and this makes us believe that the destiny of humanity is beyond our present powers of understanding. It is already apparent that the advances we have made will be as nothing compared to what the future will disclose.

Current changes are so rapid and revolutionary that it is no wonder the lay mind has become confused. Endless difficulties seem to arise when we try to make old theories fit today's conditions. Yesterday the farmer was supreme. Land ownership was the one sure evidence of stability. It is only natural therefore that a cry of alarm should go up when 600,000 people turned from our farms to our cities in a single year. "Here is early indication of the decay of agriculture," said the critics, "and this marks the first stage of a national decline."

But the truth is that the trend from farm to city is a healthy movement, signifying

FAMOUS FEET

..how they're kept free from corns

BEATRICE ROBERTS' *Famous Feet*

"I adore pets! Horses, dogs and kittens. But I have no use for a pet corn."

So writes Beatrice Roberts . . . the charming Miss Manhattan.

"In these days a corn seems like a silly grievance . . . with a drug store on almost every corner and Blue-jay as easy to get as postage stamps."

. . .

Always the safest and gentlest way to end a corn, Blue-jay for 1928 offers new refinements. A creamy-white pad instead of a blue one. A more flexible disc for the awkwardly placed corn. And a new and improved package! . . . One plaster usually ends the corn. But even the rugged "old-timer" seldom needs more than two . . . In the new package at all drug stores. *For calluses and bunions use Blue-jay Bunion and Callus Plasters.*

THE *New* Blue-jay

THE SAFE AND GENTLE WAY TO END A CORN

© B. & B., 1928

Can You Use EXTRA CASH?

Since 1923, Miss Margaret G. C. Boultbee, of Canada, has made money for new clothes in this easy way.

$20.40 in one month, $37.80 the next month—that's how much Mrs. Gertrude M. Cope, of Washington, made just *in spare hours.*

RIGHT now, with spring well on its jolly way, with so many new things you'd like to buy—couldn't you use an extra $25.00 or $50.00? You can readily earn this much and more acting as our subscription representative for *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman.* No experience or capital necessary. Your cash earnings can begin as soon as our spare-time offer reaches you. And here are some of the advantages you will enjoy:

Profit from the start.

Work wherever and whenever you please.

Renewals pay as generously as new.

Bonus paid to real workers.

No business experience needed.

Make money as you make friends.

Fill Out This Coupon and Mail It Now

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
397 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

I'd like the same chance to make money. Without promising anything, please send me full details of your cash offer.

Name..... *Age*.....
(PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS)

Street.....

City..... *State*.....

A Token as Everlasting as Love Itself

NOTHING is too lovely to express the heart's tribute for a loved one. What more fitting expression of such devotion could be chosen than a Guardian Memorial.

Possessing a rich beauty and strength as everlasting as love itself, Guardian Memorials pay high tribute to the memory of loved ones who have gone.

From the eternal hills of Vermont comes Barre Granite and from choice blocks Guardian Memorials are hewn. Skilled craftsmen shape and polish them from only the most carefully selected stone.

Guardian Memorials will withstand for centuries ice, and sleet, and storms. In them you have security and satisfaction.

With each memorial, we furnish a guarantee bond pledging ourselves to replace that Guardian Memorial if *ever* it develops imperfections of any sort.

Guardian Memorials are distributed exclusively by reliable retail memorial dealers.

See the memorials themselves. Or write to us for the booklet, "To Mark the Place with Beauty Forever." Be sure to get this booklet now for your Memorial Day considerations. You will find in it a wealth of material to help in making your choice. A post-card will bring you a copy free. The Jones Brothers Company, Inc., Dept. A-2, 10 High Street, Boston, Mass.

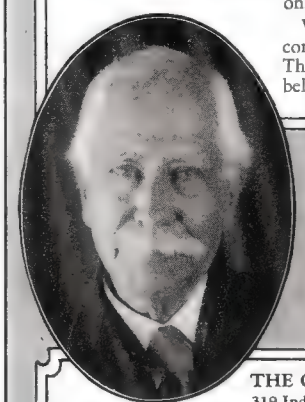
GUARDIAN MEMORIALS
of Everlasting Beauty
Registered trade-mark

BILLS, and more bills! And so many things you'd like to buy! Where is the money to come from? If you are like most of us, you're probably wondering. John S. McEvoy of California wondered too—and now he knows how to earn extra money whenever he has a few spare hours.

Earn up to $1.50 or more an hour

Mr. McEvoy wrote to us—just as you are invited to do—for an appointment as our local subscription representative. We were not only glad to have him represent us but we gave him all needed supplies entirely without cost. He was able to start making money the very day he heard from us. And just recently he told us that a single sale, which took only a few minutes to make, netted him $1.20.

Why not investigate our cash offer—its commission and bonus features—for yourself. There's no obligation, and the coupon's just below.



INTERESTED IN MORE MONEY?

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
319 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Please tell me what you'll pay for my spare hours.

Name..... *Age*.....
(PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS)
Street.....
City..... *State*.....

that machines and factory methods have begun the big job of releasing millions of farm hands for work that will be more fruitful. In no other way could the food problem of tomorrow be handled. In spite of wars, epidemics and disasters, the population of the world has trebled in a century. In another century the total will probably reach 5,000,000,000, and then only two and a half acres of arable land will be available to support each person. The present movement toward motorization has come to include farming none too soon.

Let us go ahead with plans to increase food-producing capacity while others waste time trying to regulate population. Although birth rates decline as education increases, the span of life goes on lengthening in even greater proportion, thanks to the accomplishments of science. The old and widely accepted Malthusian theory sets forth the idea that the growth of population is kept on a level with the food supply by such natural checks as moral restraint, vice and misery. But investigation discloses that the increase of births is constantly greatest in that portion of society which is the least educated and nearest to poverty. This shows the danger of accepting the conclusions of early sages. It is a wise plan to convert farms into food factories.

It is the development of America's unmatched resources that has completely destroyed the idea of equality among nations. It is for this reason chiefly that ours is the road of destiny. With less than 7 per cent of the world's population, we originate and control 40 per cent of the world's mineral production. We have multiplied our per capita consumption of metals and fuels fifteen times in fifty years.

The Dead Sea Comes to Life

Now we come to the greatest test to which any people has ever been subjected. Not only our country but the earth has become a small and intimate place. Coal is the basis of civilization, and we have enough of it to give us a favorable trading position with the rest of the world through the coming century. But in a few decades our lead, tin, zinc and copper will be practically exhausted. Six years will probably show a great change in our oil situation.

Our hope for the future lies not in new mineral discoveries but in devising better methods of recovery and use. We must increase the durability of copper, steel and other metals. Aircraft and other developments necessitate revolutionary changes in alloys. With all the speed possible we must perfect some particular kind of alloy to meet each form of corrosion. The importance of this line of research is indicated by the fact that in the petroleum industry alone the loss from corrosion has totaled $100,000,000 annually, adding about one cent a gallon to the cost of gasoline.

America's prosperity is substantial, but it can be preserved only by unrelaxed effort and the exercise of eternal vigilance. Competition will soon be coming from unexpected sources. Even the Dead Sea is coming to life. This historical body of water contains recoverable salts having an enormous value.

The sultans of Turkey poured priceless gems into secret rooms in their palaces and thought themselves smart in their display of foresight. But their prejudice against foreign enterprise and scientific knowledge caused them to miss a commercial opportunity probably unsurpassed on the face of the globe.

Soon the Dead Sea, under British control, will be pouring forth a continuous stream of potash, bromides and chlorides, which will upset some of the best-laid plans of chemical companies in America and Germany. Palestine will become a land flowing with gold instead of milk and honey. The primitive pastoral land that gave birth to Christianity will soon buzz with industrial activity. The powerful German-French cartel that has the world by the throat so far as potash is concerned will likely find its grip broken. A blazing sun will convert the saturated brine into staple chemicals, while the River Jordan, which has a fall of nearly 1000 feet in 90 miles, will supply the electrical energy necessary to transform the Holy Land into a veritable industrial Utopia.

All which tends to prove the futility of forecast in this period of amazing change. It shows the fallacy of any notion that the United States has reached a millennium in business.

We live in a totally new environment. Current conditions were never so favorable. Prosperity has extended to the lowliest workman. We are commencing to recognize that the largest opportunity for government is in education rather than in trying to legislate into existence an era of morality. Private initiative is encouraged. The Santa Claus idea of government, which proposes that business shall be brought under Federal ownership and operation, has lost its force.

Old Yardsticks Still Useful

To what will the pendulum now swing? Will it be a breaking down of tariff walls? Will foreign propaganda succeed in destroying our prestige in the markets of Latin America and the Far East? Will we find that great leaders are wrong in asserting that improved banking laws have freed us of drastic readjustments in general trade? Shall we look back with regret on the activities of some of the newly formed financial corporations, called investment trusts, that are using a large part of three-fourths of a billion dollars of the public's money in the operation of blind pools in the stock market?

Not every old yardstick must be discarded. Many of the time-tested principles, preachments and philosophies of business will again come to be respected as representing sound policies of conduct. Not even full pockets can make extravagance a virtue. There are times when money-making appears to be the easiest thing in the world, but such moments are transient.

America's advances are surely gratifying, but occasionally there comes a day when we need to be warned against accepting ready-made opinions. In turning to mass methods and the centralization of authority we must not permit the individual to disappear in the crowd, or submit to any imprisonment of his intellect.

The surest thing in the world is change. We laugh at the customs of yesterday. Doubtless we are now making a great fuss over achievements that will appear ridiculous in the light of tomorrow's developments. We are surrounded by loose talk. The cheapest thing on earth is prophecy. Most people would get along better if they had more eyes and fewer ears. The need of the moment is a return to more originality of thought on the part of the individual.

One may well doubt that prosperity has become perpetual. The worst thing that could happen to the United States today would be for Americans to let go the hand of caution.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr. Parsons. The concluding one will cover new developments affecting the course of life and industry.

FROM A COLD START - to a RED HOT RUN

THAT'S the everyday experience of the valves in your motor car. Bathed in a flood of flaming gas—hammering on the engine block so fast they would look like nothing but a red blur could you see them—they must never fail to open and close the doors of power with every whirl of the crankshaft.

Poor valves—old, worn, much reground valves—cannot stand up to the test. Let them go to the scrap heap and give your engine new life with a set of Thompson Valves—the first choice of many great builders of airplanes, automobiles, trucks, tractors and motorcycles.

THOMPSON PRODUCTS, INCORPORATED
CLEVELAND and DETROIT

Thompson Valves, King, Shackle and Tie-Rod Bolts, Tappets, Drag Links, Tie Rods, Starting Cranks and Brake-Rod Assemblies.

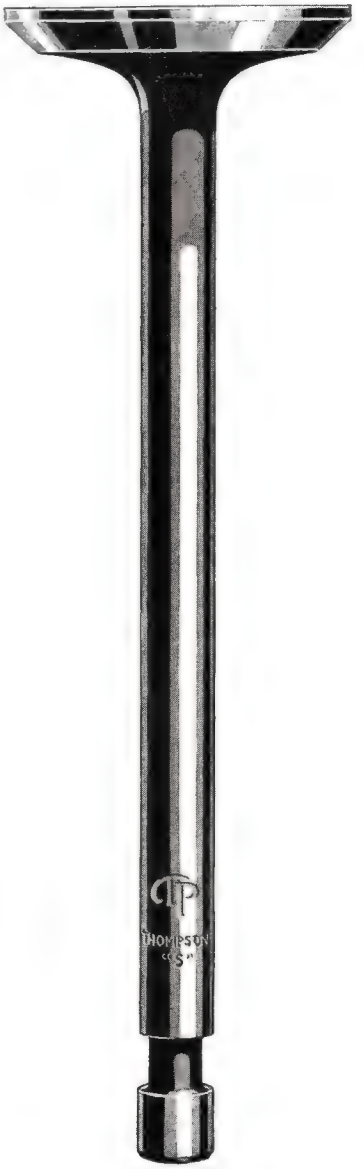
Engine power depends on perfect sealing of this VALVE

in this HOLE

If the valve doesn't seal perfectly, you will not get proper *compression* before the spark, and will lose part of the *force of the explosion* when the spark ignites the mixture.

Only the highest grade valves, like Thompsons, can endure the fierce heat and high speed of modern engines and continue to seal perfectly without frequent regrinding and early replacement.

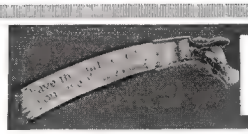
LEAKY VALVES MEAN LOST POWER
Fully explained in our booklet, "The Valve at the Heart of Your Motor." Write for it.



Thompson Valves

This Thompson Products trademark identifies Thompson Valves, Bolts and Starting Cranks.

These products are sold for replacement by jobbers and garages. Ask your repairman.



"Surely," I thought, "this ammonia will spoil the finish and leave ugly spots. But fortunately I had used KYANIZE Floor Enamel on both the floor and the chair, and to my joy the ammonia had not the slightest effect on the rich, lustrous surface"—Mrs. Irma Engel, Dayton, Ohio.

Here's The More Pleasant Way to Make An Old Floor New—

NO heavy sickening odor while applying, no unsightly laps and brush marks are *reasons* why you'll insist that you get KYANIZE Floor Enamel. But there are other reasons equally important and they all combine to make KYANIZE Floor Enamel do a truly wonderful job on old or new floors. Yet it isn't hard work.

Just brush this smooth sanitary enamel on, that's all. As you brush you'll see scratches, scars and stains disappear under a leather-like coating of tough, ever-wear lustrous enamel. You can use it on all woodwork and for floors outdoors, too, because KYANIZE Floor Enamel is absolutely waterproof. Use it anywhere you want a brilliant, glossy, hard-drying and long-wearing enamel—on old pattern-worn linoleum, walls, woodwork, shelving, porch, lawn and garden furniture, wagons, implements and cement floors. It beautifies and preserves. Its application is true economy.

BOSTON VARNISH COMPANY
24 Everett Station
Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

Special $1.00 Offer

Send 10 cents for our new booklet, "The Charm of Painted Things," or if your dealer cannot supply you with KYANIZE, send $1.00 for a special trial can with brush and booklet included.

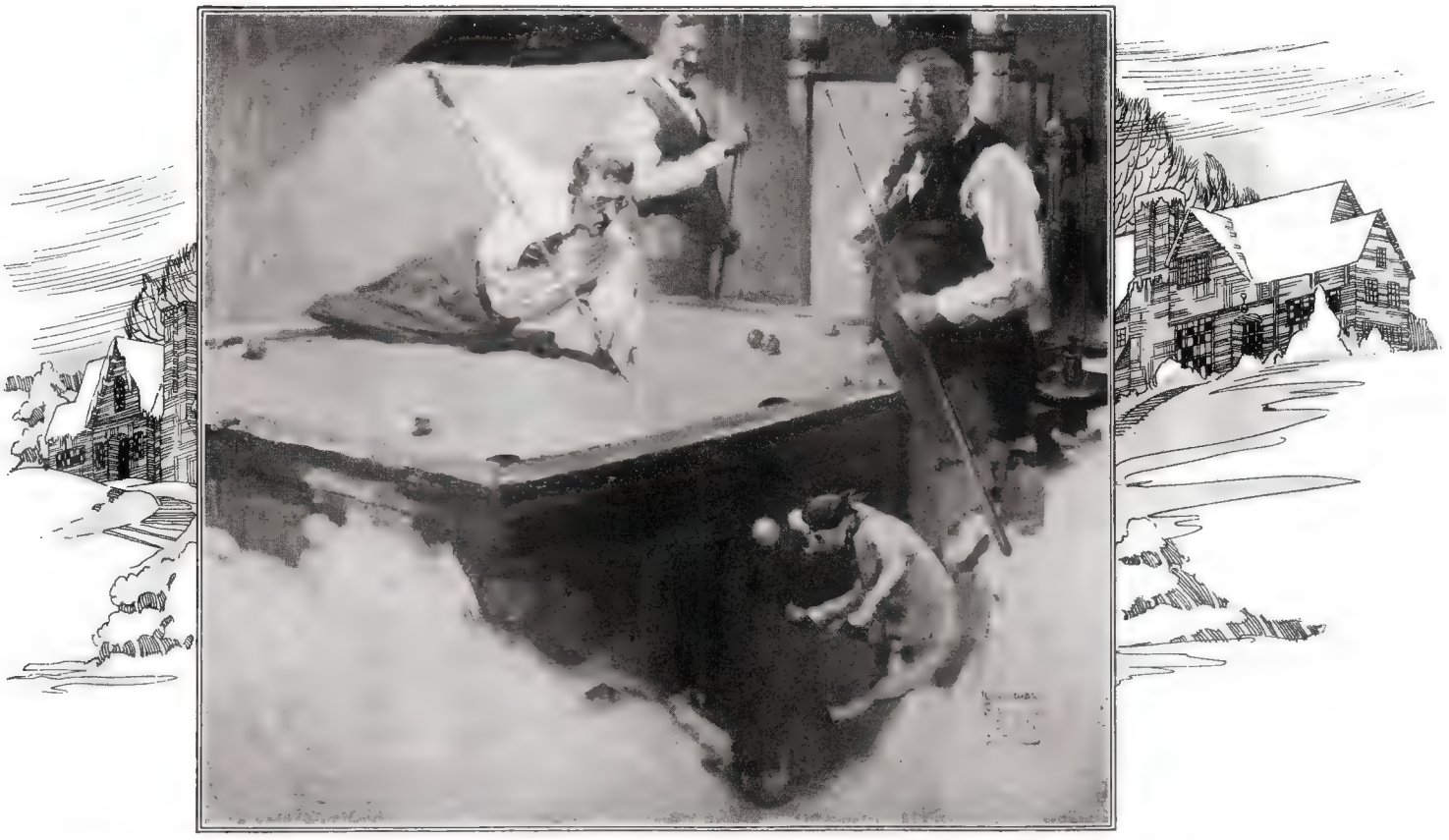
If your dealer does not carry KYANIZE Floor Enamel send us his name and ONE DOLLAR and we will forward to you, postpaid, a full pint can of this master enamel for old floors, including brush to apply it, and the "Charm" book. Mention color you desire: Dust Drab, Light Yellow, Warm Gray, Navy Gray, Dark Yellow, Rich Red, Tile Green, Golden Brown, Mahogany Red.

Index of Advertisers

February 11, 1928

	PAGE
Alaska Refrigerator Company, The	148
Alexander Hamilton Institute	117
Allen & Co., Inc., S. L.	111
American Writing Paper Co., Inc.	113
Armstrong Cork Company	43
Arnold Shoe Co., M. N.	89
Atlas Portland Cement Co., The	74, 75
Auburn Automobile Company	120
Bassick Co., The	124
Bauer & Black	149
Beuoy, Geo.	117
Boott Mills	117
Boston Varnish Company	152
Bryant Heater & Mfg. Co., The	153
Bulova Watch Company	100
Bunting Brass & Bronze Co., The	154
Burgess Battery Company	50
Burroughs Adding Machine Co.	71
Cadillac Motor Car Co.	34
Campbell Soup Company	27
Canadian National Railway	142
Caterpillar Tractor Co.	88
Chase Brass & Copper Co.	133
Chevrolet Motor Company	77, 78, 79, 80
Chicago Solder Company	90
Chrysler Sales Corporation	60, 61
Clark Grave Vault Company, The	126
Coca-Cola Company, The	97
Coleman, Watson E.	121
Colonial Manufacturing Co.	70
Congoleum-Nairn Inc.	32
Cook Co., The H. C.	121
Corbin, P. & F.	122
Creo-Dipt Company, Inc.	114
Crofut & Knapp Company, The	56
Cudahy Packing Co.	IV Cover
Cutler-Hammer Mfg. Co., The	144
Decker & Cohn, Alfred	1
Dixon Crucible Co., Joseph	66
Dodge Brothers, Inc.	69
Eaton, Crane & Pike Company	82, 83
Edison, Inc., Thomas A.	112
Elgin National Watch Company	132
Farber, Inc., S. W.	46
Faultless Caster Company	92
Fisher Body Corp.	39
Florsheim Shoe Company, The	145
Follansbee Brothers Company	139
Food Display Machine Corporation	131
Ford Motor Company	107
Franklin Automobile Company	136
French Company, The R. T.	96
General Electric Company	108
Gilbert Chocolate Company, John O.	65
Glover Co., Inc., H. Clay	45
Graham Bros.	64
Great Northern Railway	58
Hammermill Paper Company	47
Heinz Company, H. J.	103
Hershey Manufacturing Company	40
Hewes & Potter, Inc.	110
Hodgman Rubber Company	121
Hood Rubber Company	130
Hudson Motor Car Company	54, 55
Hunt Pen Co., C. Howard	101
Hupp Motor Car Corp.	37
Ingersoll Watch Co., Inc.	59
Ingram Co., Frederick F.	134
International Harvester Company of America	135
Interwoven Stocking Company	93
Johns-Manville Corp.	119
Johnston Company, Robert A.	156
Jones Brothers Company, Inc., The	150
Kelly-Springfield Tire Company	98
Kraft Cheese Company	III Cover
Lacey & Lacey	121
Larus & Brother Company	48
LaSalle Extension University	121
Lehn & Fink, Inc.	155
Libbey-Owens Sheet Glass Co., The	137
Libby, McNeill & Libby	29
Mabie Todd & Co.	95
Marchant Calculating Machine Co.	106
Mennen Company, The	123
Nash Motors Co.	67
National Kei-Lac Co.	121
National Kraut Packers' Ass'n, The	68
North Bros. Mfg. Co.	141
Norwich Pharmacal Co., The	138
Oakland Motor Car Co.	41
Old English Wax	53
Paramount Famous Lasky Corp.	44
Parker Pen Company, The	II Cover
Pepsodent Co., The	51
Phillips Chemical Co., The Charles H.	146
Piggly Wiggly Corporation	127
Pinaud Incorporated, Ed.	104
Postum Company, Inc.	116
Procter & Gamble Co., The	2
Quaker Oats Company, The	91
Radio Corporation of America	63
Real Silk Hosiery Mills, Inc.	49
Rhodes Mfg. Co.	143
Rutland Fire Clay Co.	117
Sanymetal Products Company, The	145
Schenck Printery	121
Scripps-Howard Newspapers	52
Seiberling Rubber Co., The	85, 86, 87
Sheaffer Pen Company, W. A.	105
Sikes Company	62
Simoniz Co., The	109
Sinclair Refining Company, Inc.	72
Smith-Lee Co., Inc., The	129
Southern Pacific	147
Spencer Heater Company	140
Students Travel Club	121
Switzerland Cheese Association	128
Taylor Instrument Companies	115
Thompson Products, Incorporated	151
Thompson's Malted Food Co.	118
Timken Roller Bearing Co., The	57
Udylite Process Co., The	102
Universal Pictures	38
U. S. Playing Card Co., The	42
Vacuum Oil Company	31
Wander Company, The	125
Webster Co., Inc., F. S.	121
Willard Storage Battery Company	94
Williams Co., The J. B.	99
Williams Mfg. Co., The	111

While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index



Where "the Pup is Furnace Man"

—that Home is the Envy of the Neighborhood

BRYANT Automatic Gas Heating needs no more attention than a good 8-day clock. A pup can do all your furnace tending!

Other households struggle with temperamental heating systems, and tolerate the discomfort of a home that is first too hot and then too cold. The family in the Bryant Gas Heated home sits back, healthy, happy, and comfortable, with no furnace cares whatsoever.

Exact, uniform warmth is automatically maintained, day and night, within a single, thermometer-measured degree of the temperatures you select.

A single match is your winter's "kindling" with Bryant Gas Heating. No fuel deliveries, fuel shoveling, ashes or dirt; no fuel storage; no noise of roaring flames, or odors. The basement can be transformed into a useful, livable part of the home.

BRYANT GAS HEATING

© BHMC

THE BRYANT HEATER & MFG. COMPANY
17885 St. Clair Avenue Cleveland, Ohio

Cost?

The cost of Bryant Gas Heating depends upon the size and construction of your home; the gas house-heating rates of your local gas company; and the coldness of the winters in your community. To most people it is a surprise to find how very moderate the cost of this luxurious heating service really is.

An expert gas heating engineer from the nearest of our 37 local offices will gladly see that you are supplied with a dependable estimate for your particular home. This estimate will cover the cost of the proper gas boiler or gas furnace, installation, and your probable gas fuel bills. Just tell us—or tell your gas company—that you would like to "let your pup be the furnace man."

The purchase of a Bryant Gas Heating plant can be arranged on the pay-as-you-enjoy-it plan of extended deferred payments.

Do you build a machine?

ARE you aware that the most extensive and important research in bronze bearing metal alloys in the history of industry is being constantly carried forward in shop and field by this Company?

The results are manifested daily in money saving, labor saving, and improved products in 5000 manufacturing plants from which come automotive vehicles, machine tools, and mechanisms for use in farms, shops, factories and homes.

Bunting engineering counsel and Bunting Bushing Bearings reveal to the largest users in the machinery field advantages which they did not know existed. And these same benefits have been made readily available today to the manufacturer whose bushing bearing requirements are few and infrequent.

If you are a consumer of finished bearings or bearing metal in any quantity whatever, you can probably learn something of interest and value by communicating with this Company on any of the following products:

Special Alloys, Designs, and Sizes — *364 Standard Sizes in Stock* — *341 Sizes of Automotive Replacement Bushings*

Bronze Backed Babbitt Lined Bearings (All of above completely machined and ready for assembly) — *88 Stock Sizes of Phosphor Bronze Cored and Solid Bars* (In the Rough)

THE BUNTING BRASS & BRONZE CO., TOLEDO, O.

Branches and Warehouses at

NEW YORK	CHICAGO	PHILADELPHIA	SAN FRANCISCO	BOSTON	EXPORT DEPT.
276 Lafayette St.	2015 S. Michigan Ave.	1330 Arch St.	198 Second St.	36 Oliver St.	TOLEDO
Canal 1374	Calumet 6850-6851	Spruce 5296	Douglas 6245	Hancock 0154	OHIO

BUNTING
PHOSPHOR BRONZE
BUSHING BEARINGS
PATENTED

The Poets' Corner

Creators

WHEN God created the world, 'tis said, it
sprang of the thought of His brain;
From the dream of His heart's unfathomed
power sprang forest and hill and plain,
Sprang river and ocean, beast and man,
and ships upon the sea;
And every atom, each blade of grass, was
rich with divinity.
And God alone knows all His world—the
infinite, lovely thing—
He only can see it all around like a bauble
hung from a string:
Continents veering down the void, the
Himalayas in light,
And the cities that we mortals set like
glowworms in the night. . . .
When God created the world—'tis said,
moreover—He gave to man
The wing of vision, the lift of heart to envisage
creation's plan,
The strength to conceive the earth anew;
where great horizons begin
To see after Him, to walk after Him, the
worth of His world to win!
But each grew wise in his little way, huddled
in camp and town,
Hot in pursuit of his small conceit and the
bruit of his own renown;
Each set a trap for his fellow men, and found
himself caught fast;
Each whistled for a wanton wind, and blamed
the awakened blast.
Not only blamed the blast, but worse, included
all the sky!
One cursed the day that he was born; one, the
day that he must die!
'Twas a hard and bitter world, one vowed—
so blind in his tirade
He didn't perceive that the world he meant
was only the world he made.
For now there are a million worlds, one for
each man on earth,
And it's the kind of world he knows that
weighs what a man is worth;
While still God needs His utmost star to mark
the true world's rim.
Now what a man is and what a man does
makes what the world is to him.
And this is in truth the Fall of Man who
takes the part for the whole,
And the breaking of a single bone for the
breaking of his soul!

—*Harry Kemp.*

A Girl

EYES where dreams
Are hidden deep.
Here is a girl
With a heart asleep.

But I know
As I look at her,
How a sleeping heart
Can wake and stir.

Can wake and stir;
And hearts are brittle.
Heart in her eyes
Sleep on a little.

—*Mary Carolyn Davies.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

IS fully protected by copyright and nothing that appears in it may be reprinted, either wholly or in part, without special permission. The use of our articles or quotations from them for advertising promotions and stock-selling schemes is never authorized.

Table of Contents

February 11, 1928

Cover Design by Elbert McGran Jackson

SHORT STORIES — PAGE

The Wonders of Science—*William Hazlett Upson* . . . 3
The Gun in the Archway—*Leonard H. Nason* . . . 8
It's No Use Being a Fool—*Lucian Cary* . . . 10
The Governor's Grocery Bill—*Margaret Culkin Banning* . . . 14
Them's Wyandottes—*George F. Worts* . . . 16
Coral—*Joseph Hergesheimer* . . . 20
The Anti-New York—*Nunnally Johnson* . . . 35

ARTICLES

Old Yardsticks—*Floyd W. Parsons* . . . 5
A Queer Way to Make a Living—*Fontaine Fox* . . . 6
The Ivory Industry—*W. O. McGeehan* . . . 12
Imported Goods Only—*Gilbert Seldes* . . . 25
"Roamin' in the Gloamin'"—*Sir Harry Lauder* . . . 33

SERIALS

An American Banker (Second part)—*Jesse Rainsford Sprague* . . . 18
The River Pirate (Third part)—*Charles Francis Coe* . . . 22
The Glory of Kings (Conclusion)—*Ben Ames Williams* . . . 28

MISCELLANY

Editorials . . . 24
Short Turns and Encores . . . 26
Getting On in the World . . . 102
The Poets' Corner . . . 154

A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

A letter from Miss Adela T. Jones of Olympia, Washington

Dear Sirs:

Since I have been using PEBECO Tooth Paste, my teeth have become whiter than when I used other brands. I am so delighted! My teeth were not in such good condition last year. They were taking on a yellow look, which will mar any woman's appearance. The use of PEBECO has enhanced them a hundred per cent. The constant use of PEBECO will make the dingiest looking teeth turn white, and make it possible to converse with friends without offending them.

Truly,

(Signed) ADELA TERRY JONES

For thirty years PEBECO *has gained each year new thousands of users. Constantly the mails bring letters of praise.*

Thousands are grateful for its salty tang

Shining teeth a fresh sweet mouth

WHAT a joy it is to know that all day long your mouth is sweet and fresh. Your teeth white and charming.

A great medical authority, fighting unhealthy conditions of the mouth, found that the most common cause of trouble was a slowing up of the mouth fluids which keep the mouth safe from acids.

So he developed the formula of Pebeco with its special salt to keep the fluids healthily active.

At the first touch of Pebeco in the morning, a cool invigorating taste refreshes your mouth. Its salty tang summons the mouth fluids. For hours they bathe the surfaces of the teeth, between the teeth, the whole mouth. The bedtime brushing renews their activity for the night. No wonder your breath stays fresh and sweet, your teeth and gums sound.

Made by Pebeco, Inc., a division of Lehn & Fink Products Company. Sole distributors, Lehn & Fink, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J. Distributed in Canada by Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited.

Free Offer:

Send coupon today for generous tube.

Keeps the mouth young . .

Lehn & Fink, Inc., Dept. L-86, Bloomfield, N. J.
Send me free your new large-size sample tube of Pebeco Tooth Paste.
PRINT PLAINLY IN PENCIL

Name.....

Street.....

City.....*State*.....

(THIS COUPON NOT GOOD AFTER FEBRUARY, 1929)

© 1928, Lehn & Fink, Inc.

FOR VALENTINE'S

Johnston's

CHOCOLATES

© 1928

NEW YORK CHICAGO MILWAUKEE MINNEAPOLIS OAKLAND

"And now for our favorite spread"

There's nothing just like this delightful new food, Nukraft. It is one health food that children really love to eat, but it is equally beneficial to all. For Nukraft is a product of science combined with the cheesemaker's art.

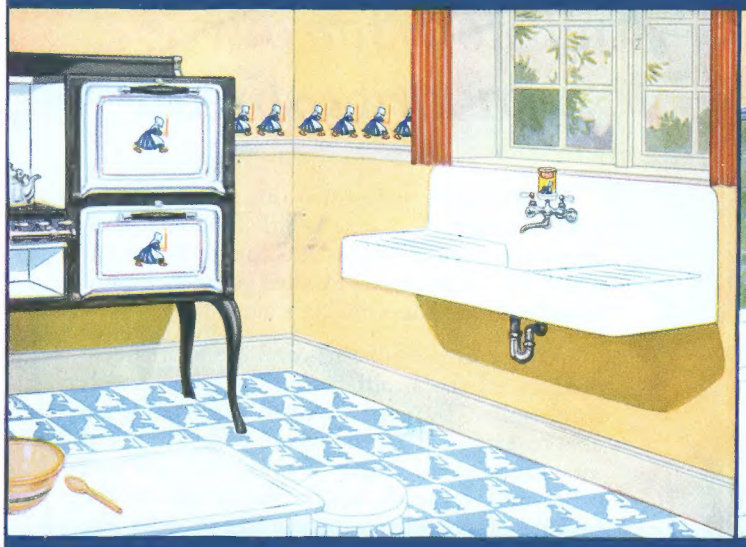
At last we are able to combine in a cheese product all the health-giving qualities of rich whole milk. By a special Kraft process, we are able to extract from the whole milk additional vitamins, lactose (sugar of milk), calcium and other milk minerals which we include in the making of Nukraft; a product that looks like cheese, tastes like cheese, but which, because of its additional food value, could easily be termed a super cheese.

But Nukraft will win you by its wonderful flavor alone. You can use Nukraft wherever cheese would be used. It spreads, melts, dissolves and blends readily with other foods; therefore is ideal for all cooking purposes. And because of the regulative qualities of lactose (sugar of milk) it is as digestible as milk itself. Try one package of Nukraft—the children will remind you to get it in the future.

CALCIUM—Nukraft is especially rich in calcium, even more so than an equal amount of milk or cheese. Scientists have lately discovered facts about calcium which they consider make it more vital as a food element than the widely discussed vitamins. The unfortunate part is that so few foods contain calcium at all, and only two—milk and cheese—have it in the right proportion. And calcium, they tell us, is the prime essential for sound teeth and bone structure; a fact that makes it readily understood why calcium is considered such an all-important item in the child's diet.

KRAFT CHEESE COMPANY, *General Offices,* CHICAGO

Old Dutch is perfect for enamel and porcelain ~

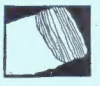


Doesn't scratch ~
preserves the surface and assures

Healthful Cleanliness

Porcelain and enamel have a highly glazed surface and their beauty is dependent upon keeping that surface clean and free from scratches. Old Dutch is the perfect cleaning agent because it erases dirt and removes dangerous impurities, assuring not only spick and span appearance but *Healthful Cleanliness* as well.

There is nothing else like Old Dutch. Its fine, flaky, flat-shaped particles do not scratch; they protect the smooth glazed surface and remove the invisible impurities and germs along with the visible dirt, stains and discolorations. This assures *Healthful Cleanliness.*



This drawing of a highly magnified Old Dutch particle shows how they work. A clean sweep without marring the surface. Like thousands of tiny erasers, they remove all uncleanliness.

Cleaners made of gritty material scratch. This drawing of a highly magnified gritty particle shows how grit mars the surface and makes scratches that are catch-alls for dirt. Avoid gritty cleaners.

Use Old Dutch—it is the safe, sure way to *Healthful Cleanliness.*

Removes the dirt—not the surface

The Symbol of Healthful Cleanliness

©1928 The C. P. Co.